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DOLCE NAPOLI.

DOLCE NAPOLI.

NAPLES: ITS STREETS, PEOPLE, FÊTES, PILGRIMAGES, ENVIRONS, &c., &c.

£3688

BY

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London:

(Published for the Author by the)

CHARING CROSS PUBLISHING COMPANY,

LIMITED,

5, FRIAR STREET, BROADWAY, E.C.

1878.

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PREFACE.

DOLCE Napoli—sweet Naples! If my subject be not altogether new, it has not been written threadbare. Whilst the works that have appeared on Rome are legion, those on Naples are comparatively few; there is not, so far as I am aware, a single one that can be called complete, which, like Story's 'Roba di Roma,' touches upon every subject interesting to the visitor. In this volume will be found all the information concerning the place and the people that I have been able to collect during a residence of six years. These are no "impressions," or notes taken on the wing, but experiences, a perusal of which will enable the pilgrim to assert with some degree of truth that he knows Naples "like a book." In my opening chapter, "At the Window," I have endeavoured to give the "local colouring," and, by gradually screwing up the reader's nerves to Neapolitan pitch, to prepare him for the hurly-burly of "The Streets." In the "Villa and Chiaja," "Society," and "Villeggiatura," I give him a glimpse of the life led by the upper classes; and, that he may not be too quick in making invidious comparisons between their ways and manners and those of his own countrymen and countrywomen, I now and again gently

remind him that neither are *they* immaculate. In "The Populace" I have portrayed the Neapolitan lower orders as they are in the flesh, which is slightly different to what they are represented by the artist, dramatist, and romancist of the period. Instead of describing Pompeii as it is, which the visitor can see with his own eyes, I have described it as it was before its destruction, basing my account on the writings of the most accredited authorities. Of the remaining chapters nothing need be said.

If you, friend Ignotus, take half—a quarter—as much pleasure in reading 'Dolce Napoli' as I have taken in writing it, I shall have every reason to be content.

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BRANCH OF THE ATLANTIC

DOLCE NAPOLI.

CHAPTER I.

AT THE WINDOW.

O dolce Napoli,
O suol beato,
Ove sorridere,
Volle il creato ;
Tu sei l' impero
Dell' Armonia
Santa Lucia !,
Santa Lucia !*

HALLO ! what's all the row about? Has Bedlam broken loose ?

Ah ! to be sure, I am in Naples, and my bed-room window "gives" on the Santa Lucia, one of the noisiest thoroughfares of this, the noisiest city in Christendom.

Sleep being out of the question, let me e'en make a virtue of necessity—turn out like a man, and open the window.

What a morning for mid-winter ! What a flood of sunshine ! What a view ! The deep blue waters of the bay sparkling in the sunlight, the fire-scathed sides of old Vesuvius, the rugged peaks of Monte Sant' Angelo, the precipitous cliffs of Capri in bold relief against the azure sky, the entire line of coast from Torre del Greco to the Punta della Campanella so clearly defined, that

* "Santa Lucia !" the first song the stranger hears the day of his arrival, the last on that of his departure—the "Home, sweet Home" of the Neapolitans.

with the naked eye I can distinguish the houses at Vico and Sorrento, eighteen miles distant. Very gay and animated is the scene. Looking seawards there are besides a steamer, and three square-rigged vessels bound outwards, an English yacht beating inwards, a score of lateen-sailed market craft darting hither and thither, and fishing-boats innumerable.

And if the bay present an animated appearance, much more so the street beneath my window. It is teeming with life, and the hubbub is bewildering; for, noisy at all seasons, the Santa Lucia is particularly so at Christmas-tide, when Neapolitans of every degree, but more especially the lower orders, think themselves in duty bound to make merry, and to show their merriment by kicking up as much uproar as possible. Men shouting, women screeching, children squalling, bagpipes squeaking, and, high above all the din and clatter, the cries of the peripatetic vendors of fish, fruit, vegetables, toys, and Heaven alone knows what besides.

Let me see if I can espy some of my old friends and acquaintances. Ah! here come those harbingers of merry Christmas, the *zampognaro*, or bagpiper, and his partner and fellow-performer, the *cennamellaro*, or flageolist; for as the swallows herald summer, so do these picturesque tatterdemalions the approach of the Feast of the Nativity and the rejoicings of the New Year. Leaving their lairs in the Calabrias and Basilicata towards the end of October, a fortnight later they begin to make their appearance in the streets of Naples, or in good time for the first of the two great feste—that of the most Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, and thence until the close of festivities the squeaking of their pipes is incessant. Shakspeare had a just appreciation of the music of these same Neapolitan zampognari, where, in 'Othello,' he makes the clown speak thus:—

"*Clown.*—Why, masters, have your instruments been to Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus? . . . . Are these pray got called wind instruments? . . . . Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I 'll away. Go! vanish into air; away!"—*Othello*, Act 3, Scene 1.

Speak i' the nose they do with a vengeance. It were hard to say which is the more objectionable instrument of the two, the *zampogna* or the *cennamella*. As he of the pipes pours forth the

first notes of the Novena, you vow that anything more hideously discordant cannot be; but when his mate joins in you quickly alter that opinion. The squeaking of the zampogna is merely irritating to your nervous system; the shrill squeal of the cennamella pierces you through and through like a knife. But tastes differ. To a Scotch ear the music would doubtless seem exquisitely sweet and soothing, and the Neapolitans enjoy it mightily. The zampognari are prime favourites with all classes of the community, more especially with the great unwashed, and whenever they halt to play, they are surrounded by an admiring and appreciative audience. Not a family so poor as to be unable to afford a few soldi to pay these sound-compelling vagrants for playing the Novena before the little shrine which in Neapolitan households has superseded the altar to lares and penates, and without whose holy protection no Neapolitan would consider himself safe. The amount paid to the zampognari for playing a Novena depends on the social status of the householder, and varies from ten soldi to five lire, for which they are bound to go through their performance once daily, or nine times in all; but as the said performance rarely lasts more than five minutes, the number of shrines they do in the day is considerable. Their honorarium is too small to permit of any waste of time, and the rapidity with which they run from one side of the street to the other, up staircases and down staircases, is a caution to lamplighters. Having their own particular patrons, for whom they play each succeeding Christmas, they have no need to solicit custom, and they go straight from one house to another, as fast as their legs will carry them.

At the first intimation of their approach, the goodwife hastens to light the lamp or candles pertaining to the shrine, and summons the different members of the household. Followed by his *alter ego*, the cennamellaro, in marches the zampognaro, down go the faithful on their knees, the musicians piously cross themselves, and with a preliminary squeak or two the anthem commences. The performance is vocal as well as instrumental. Now and again zampognaro or cennamellaro will bawl out a verse of the Christmas hymn in honour of the Virgin Mother, with a force of lung that completely drowns the squeaking of

the pipes, and makes the tinsel decorations of the shrine to quiver. On the last day of the Novena, their piping over, the small boys who follow them about from house to house raise a cry of "*Paga,paga*" ("Pay, pay"), whereupon the padrone hands them the money due, and generally some indigestible cake into the bargain; then, with a profusion of *buone feste* and *a rivederci* they go their way rejoicing. What with the money they receive from their regular patrons, and the odd coppers they collect by playing in front of the different hotels and at street corners, they manage to scrape together a nice little sum during their month's sojourn in the capital—sufficient to keep them and their families in comparative idleness until the weather has become warm enough to permit of their labouring in the fields without discomfort.

Enough, my friends, enough! There are some coppers for you; and now, in the words of the immortal bard, "Put up your pipes in your bag. Go! vanish into air; away!"

Other zampognari there are—the *zampognari co' pupi*, the zampognari with the dolls,—but they are few in number, and will soon be numbered amongst the things that were. The piping of these wretches is simply diabolical, and their personal appearance is on a par with their music. In steeple-crowned Calabrian hat, sheepskin breeches, gaudy waistcoat, blue cloak, and impossible sandals, the zampognaro proper and his fellow-performer have at least the merit of being picturesque, but there is nothing picturesque about the *zampognaro co' pupi*. His rags hang together more by the force of attraction than by the presence of stitches, and he has a famished, hang-dog look pitiable to behold. His stock-in-trade consists of bagpipes, a board some four feet in length, at one end of which a short stick is inserted perpendicularly, and a couple of dolls attached to a string. One end of this string is fastened to the point of the stick, the other to the zampognaro's leg, by motion of which he causes the suspended puppets to perform an idiotic dance to the melancholy droning of his zampognar.

"O sapò! O sapò!" That is the cry of the *cenciaiuolo*, and there he goes. The cenciainolo is the Neapolitan ragman, but instead of "Rags! rags!" his cry is "Soap! soap!" that being the

principal commodity which he offers in exchange; for although ready to purchase for cash, if required, he is rarely called upon to make specie payments. His customers being for the most part the poorest of the poor, the rags they have for disposal are too small in quantity to permit of their being sold by weight. They have no alternative but to take something in exchange—soap generally, a very little of which goes a long way with Neapolitans. The cenciaiuolo is open to the smallest transactions; not a rag so infinitestimal as to be unworthy his attention; not a shred of any textile fabric for which he declines to make a bid. If it be not worth the minutest particle of soap, he will offer a few lupine beans—an article of diet much affected by the street Arabs, as being at the same time both filling and cheap. A handful of lupines, with copious draughts of tepid water from the nearest fountain to swell them, is a common breakfast with these young ragamuffins. It is not every day that they can afford such luxuries as bread chestnuts or roasted maize; and when the *quattrini* are wanting, they have to content themselves with lupines or something equally cheap and satisfying. To the penniless *guaglione*, the cenciaiuolo is a good genius standing between him and starvation. Other dealers in cheap comestibles insist upon cash payments; but he is ready to take something in exchange for his lupines, and it is indeed hard times when that something cannot be found or stolen. And it is not alone to the hungry street Arab that the cenciaiuolo is a beneficent being. Right dear is he to many children of a higher grade—youngsters whose parents can afford to buy them bread, aye, not unfrequently macaroni; for in his basket, besides soap and lupines, he carries dolls—not such dolls as one sees in toy-shop windows, but solid earthenware images. For these, known as *pastorelli*, there is just now a brisk demand, it being the Novena of *Gesù Bambino*, the season of *presepe*, or representation of the stable at Bethlehem on the night of the Nativity, wherein they figure as the different personages of the sacred story.

Like all public characters, the cenciaiuolo has his detractors. Neapolitan householders will tell you that, although ostensibly a ragman, he is in reality nothing better than a receiver of stolen goods, who makes a living, not by the exchange of soap,

lupines, and pastorelli for rags and remnants, but by purchasing whatever domestic servants can pilfer.

Bare-legged, bare-chested, in Phrygian cap, linen drawers, and jacket of coarse brown cloth—the garb of his caste any time these two thousand years—with a basket in one hand and a bucket in the other, the fisherman trots past. It was from a being precisely similar in dress and personal appearance to our friend yonder that Diomed's cook was wont to purchase the fish for his master's table; from just such another as he will the cook of the period, two thousand years hence, make his purchases, that is, always presuming Naples to have escaped the fate of Pompeii, and civilization not so far advanced as to have completely levelled class-distinctions, and so compelled Diomed and his peers to become their own cooks and purveyors.

A hard-working man is the Neapolitan fisherman, and a frugal. To the ordinary observer his labours seem unceasing. During the earlier hours of the morning he is scouring the streets of the city, and making the welkin ring with his cry of "Pesce, pesce!" At midday, when the weather permits, he will be found on the beach, hauling away at the warp of the fine-meshed seine, used for the capture of small fry, or mending his nets on the drying-ground. In the afternoon he is hard at work getting the gear aboard his boat; and when the sunsets in the west he is off to the fishing-grounds, there to remain until day-break. He takes his rest when and where he can. To enjoy a snooze it is not necessary that he go home and turn in: the lava flags of the Mole, the coping of the sea-wall, the thwart of his boat, or, better still, the sandy beach, is good enough bed for him; the southern sun warmer than any blanket. As with his rest, so with his nourishment; he takes it *al fresco*, his table a stone, in lieu of knife and fork his fingers. The solid portion of his repast consisting usually of a hunch of bread with a few olives or fruit in its season, a knife would be superfluous; and the wine he affects tastes better when drunk without the medium of a glass, in Neapolitan fashion, by holding the bottle at arm's length above the head, and allowing the liquid to fall in ruby stream into the mouth opened wide to receive it.

Great is the difference between the fisherman of the Porto di

Massa and the *pescator dell' onda* of the operatic stage. Both sport Phrygian caps, and have the smallest quantity of cloth compatible with decency in their nether garment; but there the resemblance ceases. Instead of being the gayest of the gay, the noisiest of the noisy, the Neapolitan fisherman is, for an Italian, particularly quiet and undemonstrative. Twice a year, in June on the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, and in August on that of Santa Maria della Catena, he eases off the main sheet and makes merry in true sailor fashion; but on the remaining hundred and one red-letter days of the Roman calendar his Phrygian cap is anything but conspicuous in the crowd of holiday-makers that throng the numerous taverns in the outskirts of the city. To dance the tarantella requires physical exertion, of which he has more than enough in the pursuit of his calling, whilst singing *barcarole* is a sheer waste of the breath required to raise his cry of "Pesce—pesce frische!"

Little in common with the hard-working fisherman just gone by has that dirty, ragged, famished-looking rascal who is making such frantic gestures to attract my attention. Were I a stranger to the place and the people, I should imagine him, from the way he keeps throwing back his head and rapping his mouth with his closed fingers, to be a madman. As it is I have no difficulty in recognizing the *mangia maccaroni*. The *mangia maccaroni*, or macaroni-eater, is one of the most objectionable of the many human pests with which the stupidity of a certain class of travellers has inflicted the city. Seeing in the shop-windows photographs of impossible lazzaroni eating their macaroni *modo Napolitano*, Brown, Jones, and Robinson must needs behold with their own eyes how the feat is accomplished. "Such fun to see the beggars bolting their food like anacondas, and that sort of thing, you know." So, on their return to the hotel, they impart their wishes to their good friend and counseller, the porter, who hastens to gratify them. The mangia maccaroni, who seems, like the vulture, to scent his food from afar, and to be always at hand when required, is beckoned, a large dish of *pasta* is given him, and, to the delight of the trio, he does his best to make a beast of himself by allowing length after length to slip down his throat without so much as an attempt at mastication.

Equally importunate, but, in consideration of his infinitely more poetic vocation, pardonably so, is that other obstruent of the side-walk, the bouquet-seller. The bouquet of camellias which he holds up for my inspection, measuring, at a guess, fourteen inches in diameter, would in London or Paris be considered cheap at thirty francs: he offers it, I can tell by his upturned fingers, for three, which he rapidly reduces to two and one, on perceiving from the motion of my hand that I am not altogether unacquainted with Neapolitan pantomime—not quite so green as I look. Notwithstanding the cheapness of his bouquets, his customers are comparatively few. Southern Italians have the most extraordinary aversion to flowers. Their odour is sufficient, they affirm, to poison the blood, to induce fever; and the start of horror which they give on entering a room where each table and console has its bouquet is very amusing. Were it not for foreigners, who, guided by home prices, think a monster bouquet for three francs ridiculously cheap, and pay it cheerfully, the florist would starve. Thanks to them he manages to make a living; but how difficult he finds it to do so, how he dreads and resents competition the murder of Mr. Hind, an Englishman long resident in Naples, who in an evil hour attempted to undersell the trade, clearly proves. After repeated warnings to the effect that if he continued the experiment he would be murdered, murdered he was by his own gardener, acting, there can be little doubt, on instructions received from the guild of florists in secret conclave assembled. Although highly improbable that the retailers—the flower-hawkers were implicated, their interests lying all the other way, the very sight of one of them brings to my recollection the horrid business in all its sickening detail. Praise be to Allah! he accepts the Neapolitan sign, negative—a backward motion of the hand beneath the chin—as final, and moves away.

Prosaic though his calling, infinitely more picturesque than any bouquet-seller, male or female, is the sun-embrowned peasant, who, guiding his heavily laden donkey by the tail, comes so blithely along the Paludano. No lack has he of customers, for vegetables there is always a demand; the quantity sold is prodigious. The Paludi, or market-gardens

proper, which lie outside the Porta Capuana, on either side of the Strada Nuova di Poggio Reale, do not furnish a tithe of the green food requisite for the city's consumption. The entire Campagna is one vast market-garden ; from Ischia, Procida, and the country around Pozzuoli, tons upon tons of vegetables are despatched daily to the capital ; whilst Sicily, erewhile the granary of Rome, has, since the introduction of steam, become the forcing-house of Naples. Never ending, still beginning, are the labours of the horticulturist; one crop is cleared away only to make room for another, and prices are low in proportion. A cauliflower three sous, a water-melon five, tomatoes one sou and a half the pound, cabbages, lettuces, cucumbers next to nothing, presuming the diet to be purely vegetable, "How to live upon sixpence a day" is, in Naples, the easiest of problems. For half that amount the vegetarian can live like a — a rabbit.

Driving the milky mothers before him, see another well-known character—the *caprajo.* Like the fishermen, thoroughly conservative is he, utterly opposed to all modern innovation and improvement. Year in, year out, twice every day—at seven in the morning and four in the afternoon—he drives his goats through the city's crowded streets, just as the capraji, his predecessors in the milk line, drove their goats through the streets of Neapolis in the reign of the Cæsars. Behind the age is he, and lamentably ignorant of the commonest usages of the trade. Milky-white's best friend, the cow with the iron tail, is to the stupid fellow a pump pure and simple ; whiting is prepared chalk ; sheep's brains are sheep's brains, excellent in the shape of a *frittura.* In dealing with him a lactometer is unnecessary : he milks his goats in the streets or courtyard beneath your window, and, if that be not sufficient evidence of his probity, will, on a sign, lead one of the herd up to the door of your apartments and milk her under your very nose. Meeting a goat on the staircase is, in Naples, not a whit more surprising than meeting a dog or cat : in the more ancient quarters of the city it is of every day occurrence. Your porter of the old school would no more dream of excluding from the palazzo, of which he is the guardian, the goat that gives the milk, than would the Irish peasant the pig

that pays the rent from the ancestral mud cabin. The caprajo and his goats are free of the house, from cellar to attic.

Luckless Corydon of the pavement, to live in this subversive nineteenth century! Of little avail is it that you are hard-working, honest, peaceable, content to do as your fathers did before you, and only asking to be let alone. Public opinion is adverse to you; and to public opinion you will have to yield. Your goats, highly picturesque on the mountain sides, are a nuisance in the city: they impede the traffic, and monopolize the sidewalks. A little while, and the decree of ostracism will be pronounced against you and them, as it has already been against many another time-honoured institution, and your cry of "Chià! chià!" and the tinkle of goat bells will be heard in Naples streets no more.

Until the city shall be better supplied with water than it is at present, safe from municipal legislation and interference art thou, O *acquaiuolo.* Thirsty souls are the Neapolitans; innumerable the *acquaiuoli*, or water-sellers, of whom there are three kinds—the *acquaiuolo immobile*, the *acquaiuolo ambulante*, and the *portatore di acqua.* Our friend with the barrow and earthenware bottles across the way belongs to the third category. He is a water-seller, wholesale and retail. He will serve a glassful, flavoured with a squeeze of lemon-juice, or contract for whatever quantity may be required daily for family use, three francs a month being the usual agreement. His customers are numerous. When good water from the Fontana del Leone can be obtained for two sous per diem, few care to drink that supplied gratis by the Carmignano Aqueduct, concerning whose purity there are doubts.

A *tamburinaio*, with a pyramid of tambourines of all sizes on his head; a *reverendissimo*, in tasselled hat and red stockings; a *zoccolaro*, with a basket of clogs; an *oliandolo*, with a skin of oil slung across his shoulders; Phrygian-capped *facchini*, bending under heavy burdens; priests in black; monks in brown; sailors in blue; soldiers in grey; the million in motley, passing and repassing before the window.

An organ on wheels, with the dread words "Figlia di Madama Angot" inscribed thereon: it is high time to retire.

CHAPTER II.

THE STREETS.

HOWEVER travellers may differ in their opinions as to the beauties and blemishes of dolce Napoli, on one point they seem to be agreed—that her streets are the dirtiest and most foul-smelling in the world. One cannot be twenty-four hours at any hotel without becoming painfully aware of the fact. At all hours of the day, but more especially at meal-times, the dirt and stenches of the city's streets form the favourite topic of debate with the assembled guests. It is a subject of which they never weary. Let the starting-point of the conversation be the cone of Vesuvius or buried Herculaneum, the fragrance of the Sorrentine orange groves or the exquisite purity of the water in the Grotta Azzurra, ten chances to one that before dessert is on the table it will have worked round to the smell of the sewers, the filthy state of the gutters. To hear them all talk, one would be led to suppose that in the particular city whence they individually hail dirty streets and evil odours are not. The Cockney declares the filth of the streets to be scandalous "by Jove!" the American guesses the state of the port is a caution; the Berliner vows that the stench from the sewers is *schrecklich;* and so on all along the line, *nemine contradicente*, for if there be any one at table who thinks differently, he wisely withholds his opinion. When I chance to be present there is at least one who does so, and that one is myself.

Alone in my sanctum, emboldened by knowing that I am for the nonce in an overwhelming majority of one, I take up the cudgels in behalf of the much-maligned streets of Naples, and

assert that their uncleanliness and offensiveness are vastly exaggerated.

That the streets of Naples are the filthiest and most foul-smelling in the world is, I am told, everybody's opinion. Then everybody must be a very great traveller. The world is wide, many are its cities; and to have visited them all so as to be in a position to speak from personal experience, he (everybody) must from first to last have covered nearly as much ground as the Wandering Jew or one of Mr. Thomas Cook's couriers. Strange that in all these wanderings he should never have seen a city which for badly swept streets and evil-smelling sewers can compare with Naples! With a half, a quarter, the experience accredited to everybody aforesaid I can enumerate a dozen great cities whose streets are less cleanly swept, a score where the exhalations from sewer and gutter are more offensive.

Of the one thousand four hundred *strade, vie, vichi, vicoletti, larghi, salite, calate, rampe, supportici, foudaci* comprised within the city's limits, the *ordinary* sight-seer will not, when on his grand visiting rounds, be *forced* to traverse more than fifty. I am obliged to lay particular emphasis on the words ordinary and forced, to prevent exception being taken by my friend, the extraordinary sight-seer, who must go everywhere, poke his nose into everything, who is never happy except when he is miserable, or can find something wherewith to find fault. To thirty out of these fifty streets, comprising those leading to the railway station and to the churches in the more ancient quarters of the city, the sight-seer's first visit will be his last, for unless he be one of the irrepressibles, on the hunt for bad smells and other grievances, there is absolutely nothing to take him there a second time. His daily walks abroad will be confined to the Villa, the Riviera di Chiaja, the Strade S. Caterina di Chiaja, Toledo, S. Carlo, S. Lucia, and Chiatamone, the Piazze del Plebiscito, del Municipio, della Vittoria, and della Pace, all of which are kept as free from dirt as it is possible for streets to be kept where the traffic is so considerable. In the principal thoroughfares scavengers are hard at work the livelong day, sweeping up and carting away the dirt; and to find any accumulation of refuse, the side streets, where no sane foreigner is ever

seen, must be visited. If the Neapolitan Street Commissioners be deserving of censure, it is not the Londoner or New Yorker, always the loudest in their denunciations and animadversions, who should sit in judgment. When I call to mind the disgraceful state of the London streets in rainy weather, or still worse after a fall of snow, and the filthy condition of many of the leading thoroughfares and of all the poorer streets in the "Empire City," I can only marvel at the cool assurance of their respective citizens. The sewers of Naples are, owing to an insufficiency of water wherewith to flood them, undoubtedly very offensive; but when it comes to a question of smells, it is a moot point whether our great London sewer, the Thames, is very much sweeter, whilst, for the diversity and pungency of their stenches, the sewers of Berlin, Constantinople, and Rio Janeiro blow those of Naples higher than a kite. Comparisons may be odious, but it is only by instituting them that one can arrive at the truth.

Ts-s-s-s! ts-s-s-s! ts-s-s-s! Crack! crack! crack! "Want a kerridge?"

If there be any changes for the better since my last visit to Naples, it is evidently not in the behaviour of the *carrozzelle* drivers. They are greater pests than ever. No sooner am I espied leaving the hotel, than there comes a volley of hisses from the adjacent stand, a carrozzella dashes from the ranks and pulls up right in front of me, and I am motioned by the swarthy highwayman on the box to jump in. That, with money to pay for a carrozzella, I prefer to walk is of course out of the question. The man who walks when he can afford to ride must be either a madman or a miser, and his excellency is presumedly neither the one nor the other.

"Not want him!—impossible. His excellency must be bound somewhere; if not to the Museum or Capodimonte, to Baiæ, Resina, Pompeii, Castellamare, and wherever it may be, he is the one to take him in less than no time. Where will his excellency find a cleaner carrozzella—a better horse? Just watch him go."

Off he starts at full speed up the street, turns in full career, and is back alongside me before I have advanced ten paces. It

is in vain that I tell him I have no need of his services; he is not in the least discouraged. Again and again he returns to the charge, and it is not until I have recourse to strong language that he stops worrying and drives away amidst the derisive cheers of his fellows.

In supposing the Dublinites to be the "car-drivingest" race in existence, Thackeray made a grand mistake. As employers of wheeled conveyances the Irish fall far short of the Neapolitans. Much as Paddy dislikes walking, walk he will sooner than spend one-half his available capital for a "set-down." Not so the Neapolitan. He will cheerfully disburse fifty centimes of his last remaining franc to avoid footing it from one end of the city to the other; or should he be completely out of funds he will hang about until he can prevail on some coachman or carter going his way to give him a lift gratis. He has seldom very long to wait, for in the matter of accommodation and elbow-room he is not exigent. Should all the seats be occupied, he will sit on the shafts or on the springs, coil himself in the net swung beneath the body of the vehicle, or hang on behind. So long as his feet do not touch the ground it is all the same to him: indeed, the more uncomfortable his position the more he seems to enjoy it. It is almost invariably the last to mount, he who is obliged to balance himself on one toe, or to hang on by the eyelashes, that is the life and soul of the party.

In the wiles he employs to secure a fare, in the familiar way in which he enters into conversation with that fare, in his quickness of repartee, and in his free-and-easy comportment generally, the Neapolitan cocchiere bears a very strong resemblance to his Irish brother of the whip. To convince the incredulous listener that the sorry nag in the shafts is the splendid goer he warrants him, he drives furiously down the street, and pulls up with a flourish, in precisely the same manner as Larry Doolan of the Irish jaunting-car; and as the aforesaid Larry, after one or two side glances to assure himself that his passenger is "convarseable," proceeds to open the way for more familiar intercourse by reverting to the merits of the animal he is driving—how he is half-brother to Comether, who won the Bathershin steeple-chase—how he has trotted fourteen Irish miles within the hour by the

watch—how knowing, and playful, and kind he is,—so does Lorenzo of the carrozzella expatiate on the merits of his pony, and recount his marvellous performances. Both are alike voluble, mendacious, witty, cunning, reckless, and cruel. In their treatment of animals generally, and of the poor beast whose good points they so incessantly proclaim more especially, it would be hard to decide which of them is the more merciless. Owing to the impunity with which he can torture the brute creation, the Neapolitan is perhaps a shade the worse of the two. For him the provisions of "Martin's Act," which so effectually check Mr. Larry's little outbursts of temper, have no terror. Punished for beating his horse indeed! *Che diavolo!* is the brute a Christian that he should be treated with so much consideration? And the blows descend with greater rapidity and force than ever. Not to be a Christian, *i.e.* a human being—to have no soul either to be saved or damned, is sufficient to justify any amount of ill treatment. To be without a soul is to be devoid of feeling. Animals don't suffer like human beings,—his priest says so; and to this canon of the Holy Catholic Church, if to no other, he gives his most hearty assent. Cruelty to animals being in the eyes of Mother Church no deadly sin to be expiated by prayer and fasting, and the Italian version of our Martin's Act a dead letter, he is at liberty to flay his horse alive if he be so minded; and that he does not go quite so far is through no fear of punishment present or future, but that the brute is worth a certain number of ducats which he can ill afford to lose. In calculating his patient's powers of endurance he is a very Grand Inquisitor. He knows to a blow how much castigation the wretched creature can stand without succumbing, to a pound the load he can drag without dropping from exhaustion, and what that load is must be seen to be believed: a rat of a pony in a corricolo, atop of which fourteen inhuman bipeds are perched, being no uncommon sight in Naples,

The Santa Lucia of the song, which, to the twanging of the light guitar, is bawled at all hours of the day and night beneath the traveller's window, is not the Santa Lucia of to-day, but of thirty years ago. Prior to 1846 Santa Lucia was the street of all others where the manners and customs of the Neapolitan

lower orders could best be studied, it having been at one and the same time the market, refectory, and ridotto of the gayest, noisiest, most vagabond, and most picturesque portion of the populace. From one end to the other were ranged stalls for the sale of all comestibles dear to the Neapolitan stomach, and booths whereat could be purchased almost every article requisite for the habiliment and adornment of either sex. Here, in the zenith of his glory and popularity, was to be seen the vendor of macaroni, holding the white steaming lengths of *pasta* in close proximity to the glistening eyes and watering mouths of the hungry multitude, whose ravenous longings he would still further heighten by a maddening description of the super-excellence of the article which he had at that precise moment the honour of submitting to their inspection; and here likewise, during the season, was the head-quarters of the scarcely less popular *mellonaio*, or seller of water-melons, who, with a huge slice of the refreshing fruit in either hand, would offer to his patrons the triple gratification of a feed, a drink, and a wash (with the rind) for the small sum of one grano. *Cu nu rano magne vive e te lava faccia.*

At all times and seasons, but more especially on warm summer nights, the narrow thoroughfare would be so thronged as to be well-nigh impassable, for the spot was as attractive to the penniless vagabond as to the well-to-do artisan, though he could not buy, he might at least have a sniff gratis, and feast his eyes on the delicacies exposed for sale. The place was a permanent Barthelmy Fair, and to its bygone delights and attractions the mind of the middle-aged Neapolitan reverts when singing "Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia." It was, I have said, his market, refectory, and ridotto; I may add, his pharmacy likewise, as it was from the sulphur spring on the beach below that he procured the correction to his excesses, gastronomic and the rest.

Sing Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia. What was there in the wide world to compare with Santa Lucia! Alas for the good old times! the glory of Santa Lucia has departed. The widening of the street by the Bourbon Government in the year of grace 1846 was the first great misfortune that befell it; the tramway the last; and now the Santa Lucia is the Santa Lucia no longer. It has

become so horribly clean and respectable, that no man having a particle of self-esteem would care to be seen there. I speak as a proletaire. Speaking as a bloated aristo, I regret to say that, notwithstanding all the pains that have been taken to make the street sweet and attractive, it still falls far short of my standard of perfection. Though four-fifths of the stalls wherewith it was once encumbered have disappeared, those of the dealers in oysters and *frutti di mare* are still extant, and there is always an ancient and fish-like smell pervading the atmosphere, which to my over-sensitive nose is far from agreeable. The hygienic labours of the municipality have not as yet effected much improvement in the condition of the little port; its waters are black and fetid, whilst the quay, although no longer the rendezvous and lounge of the tag-rag and bobtail of the entire city, is still the discussion forum and attiring-place of the wives and families of the boatmen, fishermen, and porters of the quarter, who, when not quarrelling and fighting, employ the shining hour in searching each other's tresses for small game, of which there is apparently an abundance. Nimble of finger, tenacious of grip, heavy of hand, is the Luciana. In the fights for which the street is celebrated, it is the women, not the men, who by their valour sustain the ancient reputation of the *quartiere* as the most bellicose of Naples—the one that holds the belt. No clawing-matches for them. When a Luciana comes to blows, it is with the determination of leaving something deeper than a scratch on her adversary's visage. On the challenge being given, off comes her *soccolo*, or clog, armed with which formidable weapon she strikes ding-dong at the head, or rather the heads, of the enemy, it being seldom that a fight is confined to the two originators. The viragoes of the neighbourhood sniff the battle from afar, and rush to the spot—sides are formed, and there is a "free fight." Far sweeter and more harmonious art thou in song than in actuality, O Santa Lucia!

Despite its closed shutters, gay and pleasing to the eye this bright morning is the pink-tinted southern façade of the Palazzo Reale. Pity that it should be unoccupied,—that King Victor Emanuel cannot, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird, be in two places, Naples and Rome, at the same time, or rather omnipresent, for

that each royal palace, from the Alps to Cape Passero, should be gladdened by the light of his jovial countenance he would have to be in fifty. In and around Naples I can count no less than seven—the Royal Palace, the palaces of Capodimonte and Portici, the villas at Quisisana and Bagno d' Ischia, the castle of Procida, and last, not least, the palace of Caserta, one of the largest, if not the very largest, royal residence in Europe.

The new kingdom of Italy, however poorly off in other respects, is richly endowed with palaces, as the king knows to his cost, it being out of his royal appanage that the money for keeping them all in repair has to be furnished. The sum devoted annually to this particular service, although large, is not half, not a quarter, sufficient for its proper performance, and signs of neglect and decay are already painfully apparent in by far the greater number of royal residences throughout the land, more particularly in those of the Neapolitan division. His Majesty preferring the quiet of Capodimonte to the city's noise and turmoil, the Royal Palace is not much benefited by his periodical visits to Naples. Except for the honour of the thing, there might just as well be no Royal Palace at all, its sole use at present being to serve as main guard-house for the citizen soldiery, who, to judge by their faces, find little pleasure in the military duties which interfere with the more peaceful and profitable labours of desk and counter.

Alas for the olden times! sighs the retrogradist, as he passes by—the olden, the good old times before the advent of the Savoyard, when Naples had a court, and when the sound of revelry was nightly heard within those now silent and deserted halls. The olden times! muses, in his turn, the liberal—the olden times before the advent of our Re Galantuomo, when through the railings on either side of the portal yonder the cannon grinned, whilst in the courtyard beyond could be seen the troops drawn up under arms, and ready, at a moment's notice, to charge the malcontents assembled in the square outside; the olden times—the times of King Bomba, when the people were kept in subjection by the guns of St. Elmo, when the streets swarmed with spies and *sbirri*, the prisons were crammed with political offenders, and no man, however inoffensive,

was safe from arrest; the olden, the thrice-accursed time gone with the Bourbon, thanks be to Heaven, never to return! A thousand times preferable deserted halls and closed shutters to Bourbon tyranny and misrule. That every one shall be satisfied is, of course, out of the question. Those worthies who sit, blue and shivering, under the portico of S. Carlo, each man with his stock-in-trade, consisting of a rickety table, an inkstand, some sand, half-a-dozen sheets of coarse paper, and a few pens before him—the *scrivani publico*, or public letter-writers—consider themselves especially aggrieved by the change of dynasty; for has not the decree gone forth that every child must henceforth be educated; and when all shall know how to write, what will become of them? Education—ruination! it is the same thing. They cry before they are hurt. Let the schoolmaster do his best or his worst, the ignorance of the masses will outlast their time. However it may fare with others, they will always be able to earn a crust. Every man for himself, and after us the deluge.

The Toledo, or Via Roma, as it has been re-named, in the full swing of Christmas festivity and ferment.

Though it be not extremely long, nor exceedingly broad, nor exceptionally uniform, nor excessively picturesque—one of *the* streets of the world is unquestionably the Toledo, for, if nothing else, it is inexpressibly Neapolitan, and therefore out-and-out the liveliest, noisiest, free-and-easiest thoroughfare in all creation. Its right to be so considered is not unfrequently disputed by the captious traveller. It is not half as imposing as Oxford Street; not as lordly as Unter den Linden; not as elegant as Broadway—noisy it is, and crowded; but, to make a street, something more than uproar and jostle are requisite. And so thought I on seeing it for the first time. Bewildered by the movement, stunned by the noise, my temper tried by being hustled at every turning, the world-renowned Toledo seemed to me a very overrated street indeed. Throughout its entire length I could discover nothing to praise, much to censure. But now that my eyes, ears, and nose are, to a certain extent, Neapolitanized, and my precious nerves strung to Italian pitch, it appears to me under a totally different aspect: its right to princely street rank I dispute no longer. Princely

though it be, the Toledo is not a street that I care to frequent; for, notwithstanding my Neapolitanization, I still prefer quiet to noise, abundant elbow-room to crushing, and I have, besides, a not unreasonable objection to walking with one foot in the gutter. To-day I shall escape the latter humiliation, for the street is lined with a double row of stalls and booths, and the gutters are inaccessible. In Italy, as in France, Christmas is the appointed harvest for small traders. For the space of a week they are permitted to carry on their business in the city's main artery, to cry their wares, and to obstruct the circulation. In Paris they are free of the Boulevards; in Naples, of the Toledo. The strength of Neapolitan lungs being, to French lungs, as three to one, the roar of the Boulevards at this festive season, multiplied by three, gives the diapason of the Toledo. Shades of Stentor! was ever heard such a din? Did not authorship oblige, I would think twice before setting foot in such a pandemonium. As it is, courage, for-r-r-wards, march!

Outside the Café d' Europa the usual assemblage of officers, newsvenders, matchsellers, and stick-hawkers. In the matter of cafés and restaurants, Naples is behind the age. Bad is the best; the European reputation of the Europa entirely undeserved, unless, indeed, bad cookery and a superabundance of tobacco-smoke be a title to distinction. So detestable are Neapolitan restaurants that innkeepers might safely omit that terrible clause in their respective notices, whereby the habitual absentee at meal-times is made liable to additional room-hire, for no man in his senses would care to dine out a second time. The *table d'hôte* must be bad indeed where the dinner is not better than that procurable for a like amount at the Grand Café or the Europa. Dine at fixed price, and you dine with Duke Humphrey; dine *à la carte*, and you have Neapolitan dishes with French names, and an "addition" worthy of Vefour or the Café Anglais.

The confectioners, on the other hand, are as much above par as the restaurants are below it. No finer establishment in Paris or Vienna than this of Caflisch, the Naples Siraudin, and everything so cheap that a Neapolitan lady might be pardoned for asking, à la Princesse de Lamballe, "Why do the people clamour for bread when such delicious beignets are to be had at the pastry-

cooks'?" To cry for bread when cake is procurable would be excessively un-Neapolitan. For sweets of every description these Southerns are "whales." Every Church festival of importance has its appropriate goody, the twelvemonth's gluttony being brought to a triumphant finale by a grand Christmas revival of the entire series, with the addition of *susamiello* and *struffolo*, abominations made of flour and honey, sufficient to try the digestive powers of an ostrich. I draw the line at ostrich. It would require something more indigestible than susamiello to derange a Neapolitan stomach. Its gastric juices are sufficiently potent to assimilate anything and everything, from fennel to a slice of Woolwich Infant. Were an ostrich, free of the fair, so excessively stupid as to go in for cheap confectionery, he would begin to feel queer ere he had disposed of half-a-dozen billfuls: not a *guaglione* in the crowd but could stow away a full stomach-load of the same, and something over, without discomfort.

"Come buy! come buy! come buy! Buy my pots, pans, and kettles, my lamps, my crockery, my cutlery, my haberdashery, my stationery, my toys, my trinkets." "Oh, my fine oranges, my fine chocolate, my fine caramelle! Come buy, come buy, come buy!" What is there from a pin to an anchor that one cannot buy at this great Christmas fair in the Toledo? Whether it would be wise to invest is another question.

Considering the crass ignorance of the masses, book-stalls are surprisingly numerous. Here is one round which half-a-dozen people are congregated, each man deeply immersed in the volume of his selection. What can they have found so very interesting? What may be the intellectual pabulum provided for the million? Just what one would expect. Works sensational in excess of works devotional; works devotional, of works sentimental; works sentimental, of works instructional, which last are so few in number as to be completely out of the running. The sensational literature is of that soul-harrowing, blood-curdling description known amongst us as "Penny Dreadful," ferocious brigands and vindictive Sicilian and Calabrian nobles figuring in lieu of the gentlemen of the road, 'artless earls, and 'aughty barons dear to the English penny-a-liner.

It is, I perceive, on trash of this description that four out of the six persons at the book-stall are regaling themselves. The fifth in order, a priest, is deep in theology,—so deep that not a single word uttered within carshot escapes him. The sixth and last is admiring the rough woodcuts which adorn 'La Donna Bianca' ('The Woman in White') of Mr. Wilkie Collins. Owing to the deficiency of native talent, publishers and newspaper editors are obliged to have recourse to the translator; and the writings of Collins, Cooper, and Miss Braddon are as familiar to the Italian novel-reader as are those of Dumas, Victor Hugo, and George Sand to the English. His acquaintance with English literature seldom extends beyond the limits of the highly sensational. The national taste is not sufficiently cultivated, refined, to appreciate the healthy, edifying fiction of such writers as Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, and George Eliot. Italians read novels for amusement, not edification: when they want a homily, they go to their parish church. The sayings and doings of a female bishop and the mild moonings and spoonings of country curates would set them yawning; the philosophizing of Daniel Deronda gives them the headache, and the exploits of Hereward the Wake send them to sleep. To find readers on this side the Alps, a novel must be highly spiced and cheap; at thirty-one shillings and sixpence, at one guinea, at half a guinea, not a dozen copies would be sold. Two francs is about the figure, and even at that price the demand is limited. From five sous to one franc is the price per volume of the popular literature exposed for sale at this book-stall; yet, with the exception of the priest, who has invested ten sous in theology, buyers there are none.

'I Promessi Sposi,' Ione, Dante, Tasso, Virgil, 'The Life and Martyrdom of Saint Holocaust,' romance, poetry, the classics, theology, what style of work is it that his honour . . . .

A street of large, lofty houses, rather than of palaces, is the Toledo. The city has little to show in the shape of architecture, and the finest specimens, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Vanvitelli, Fuga, and Fontana, are not in the Toledo, but in the side streets. In its entire length, from the Largo San Ferdinando to the Ponte della Sanità, a distance of two miles, are only three palaces worthy of

notice ; not a single church. The houses are mostly six-storied, with gloomy courtyards and gloomier staircases. They are built of tufa, faced with piperno, and stuccoed, according to the taste of the proprietor, any colour from grey to vermilion.

The shops are small and unattractive ; in the entire city are not more than a score above mediocrity, and of these, photographers and jewellers for the most part, by far the greater number lie Chiajawards. Not in the stateliness of its churches and palaces, nor in the magnificence of its shops, but in its surging tide of humanity lies the glamour of the Toledo. Genoa is a city of palaces, Rome of churches, Milan of shops, Naples of exuberant vitality ; and of all its fifteen hundred streets, the fullest, the gayest, the noisiest is, during Christmas week, the Via Roma già Toledo.

At my present rate of progression, it will take me a couple of hours to reach the Museum. The crowd is a good-humoured crowd ; but to be hustled and jostled, however good-humouredly, for a couple of hours on a stretch is beyond my powers of endurance. Enough is as good as a feast—better, in the present instance ; so, instead of advancing, let me wheel to the right, and by the Strada Montoliveto gain that very dirty and disreputable quarter known as the Basso-Porto.

The Strada di Montoliveto is one of those half-dozen back streets which the stranger is obliged to enter more than once, for in it stands the Post-office. Cleaner streets there are, and dirtier ; the Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, where is the Paris General Post-office, for one. Those who cry "Oh! faugh! pooh!" at every step they take in the Strada Montoliveto had better not follow me into the adjacent Strada di Porto.

Have I anything about me worth stealing? Nothing but a pocket-handkerchief, which for safety I will put in my hat. Then here goes.

To the butchers'-stalledness and decayed-vegetableness of Whitechapel, the fishiness and sliminess of Billingsgate, the raggedness and slatternliness of Drury Lane, the out-of-window-clothes-hangingness of Bethnal Green, add the multifarious stenches of Cologne and the charivari of the second noisiest Italian city ; multiply by two *ed ecco* la Strada di Porto. The people's market,

it is so crowded with buyers as to be well nigh impassable. Four times in the year—during the last three days of Carnival, at Easter, Martinmas, and Christmas—the lower orders have a "tightener"; and, of these four tighteners, tightest is the Christmas tightener, for it is a tightness induced by an unlimited consumption of *capitone*, of all known tighteners the most tightening—capitone eel, not to be confounded with cappone capon. Sooner than forego capitone at Christmas, the Neapolitan will sell the bed from under him; Christmas without capitone is to him no Christmas at all.

"O capito, O capito." No need to bawl yourself hoarse, my friend; your merchandise requires no chanting: nor yours either, O Pizzaiuolo; it speaks for itself. *Pizza maledetta!* had thy originator choked himself with the first mouthful he ate of thee, none, save the members of the medical profession, would have had reason to mourn his fate. Pizza, dearest of all comestibles to the Neapolitan palate, much hast thou to answer for; indigestion art thou in its compactest, deadliest form. It required not the creative powers of a Caramel to bring thee into existence: Mother Eve might have conceived thee, or Sarai. Take of dough as much as is sufficient unto thee, and to the thickness of thy thumb with thy hands flatten it; anoint profusely with oil of olive, and dab in pieces of garlic, anchovy, strong cheese, rancid bacon, and whatsoever else may be highest in flavour and lowest in price; put into a hot oven, bake, and thou hast a pizza. Eat thereof hastily, and repent at leisure.

The lady whose table is next to that of the Pizzaiuolo is another purveyor high in popular esteem—the *vendatrice di polipi*. In these earthenware pots are stewed purpetielle (polypi), which, for indigestibility, rank next to pizze. All is fish that comes into the Neapolitan net: high and low eat greedily of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles, with us tabooed as unclean—carrion, only fit for dogs. What a thing is popular prejudice! I have seen a compatriot turn pale-green on being told that the dish over which he had been smacking his lips a minute previously was *calamaja* (sepia). "Sepia! cuttle-fish! How very disgusting! Out of England one can never be certain what one eats." The man who ate the first oyster was assuredly not a Briton.

What has this fellow seething in his cauldron? Blessed if it isn't snails. Snails! At the next stall I shall find a hell-broth of snakes, lizards, and scorpions. A plateful? Not if I know it, worthy Maruzzaro. For an Inglese I am not over particular as to what may be the component parts of a dish, provided it be good. But an alimentary line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw it at snails and monkeys. Chestnut soup (*allese*), stewed pig-skin (*côtina*), pig's in'ards boiled with pepper-pods (*zuffritto*), roasted corn-cobs (*spighe*), ditto the cones of the stone pine, and any number of stalls for the sale of the national macaroni. For a carlino one can have a *dîner complet—hors-d'œuvre*, soup, fish entrée, vegetable roast, dessert, and a glass of Asprino. What more can the proletary desire? Has he a sweet tooth; there is the vendor of caramelle ready to supply him with the stickiest of lollypops, or to play him odds and even until one or other shall be cleaned out. Does he want a smoke; for a sou he can buy sufficient cigar ends to make his head swim. A high old street is the Strada di Porto, but just a little too lively for some people. It is so for me. What with the crush and the noise and the smell, I begin to feel dizzy. Twice, to my knowledge, have my pockets been overhauled by nimble fingers, and baulked in his designs on my purse and handkerchief, who knows whether some artful dodger may not make a snatch at my hat? It would be useless to cry "Stop thief!" for, to judge by appearances, they are all thieves or worse. In no city that I have visited do I remember to have seen such a number of villainous faces. Men with the impress of the galleys in every lineament and gesture; women with nothing feminine about them except their hair and clothes; children, very limbs of Satan: knife-disfigurements, black eyes, bruised faces; wretchedness, vice, dirt, foul language: a very gehenna this Basso-Porto.

Although the air be impregnated with the odours of stale fish, tar, and bilge-water, sweet by comparison is the Marinella—the Naples Wapping. Yon building is the fish-market, but to find fish it must be visited during the earlier hours of the day. If along the Genoese coast the Mediterranean be a *mare senza pesce*, a fishless sea, it is not so along that of Naples. The markets

are supplied with an abundance of fish of very fair quality. Besides tunny, sword-fish, *scorno*, *palamita*, conger, skate, and other coarse descriptions, there are turbot, John Dory, soles, gurnet, red and grey mullet, whiting, gar-fish, mackerel, *ombrina*, *dentice*, *dorata*, *murœna*, various varieties of rock-fish, and any quantity of sardines and anchovies. The crustacea comprise lobsters, crayfish, spider-crabs, and prawns, and the shell-fish (*frutti di mare*)—of which the Neapolitans are inordinately fond—oysters, sea-urchins, cockles, scollops, mussels, razor-fish, and *vongola*, whereof an excellent soup is made. Whatever else may be lacking, fish there is enough and to spare.

Those stalwart wights who are basking like so many brown lizards in the sunshine are either fishermen or sailors—the "lazzaroni" of the intelligent traveller. If fishermen, they have been hard at work all night; if sailors, they left Castellamare, Meta, Sorrento, or whatever port they hail from, at daybreak, and, fair weather or foul weather, will be back there again before night. Lazy rascals! Yonder are their boats drawn up on the beach, very picturesque with their lateen sails, but hardly the right build for heavy weather. With a depth of keel altogether disproportionate to the sail they carry, it is surprising how seldom they capsize or are driven out to sea. In beating to windward their headway is to their leeway about equal.

If first impressions be lasting ones, that travellers should persist in calling Naples the dirtiest and most foul-smelling of cities—the sink of nations—is not so inexplicable after all. Arriving by rail, he enters it by the quarter of the Mercato, one of the very dirtiest, and to reach his hotel is obliged either to follow the Marienella along two-thirds of its entire length, from the Porta del Carmine to the Piazza del Castello, or else zigzag through the labyrinth of narrow streets behind it. The houses along the route are squalid, their occupants dirty and ragged; the traffic is so great, that to keep the roadway even moderately free from filth would take an army of scavengers; the smell from sewer and gutter is highly objectionable. But, from the day of his arrival to that of his departure, there is, as I have already observed, nothing to take him in that direction a second time, unless, indeed, he wants to purchase terra-cotta vases or glazed

tiles ; and he can find them elsewhere. For majolica and Capodimonte ware he must hunt the foreign quarter, and he won't discover much that is worth having even there. Capodimonte is as scarce in Naples as point lace in Venice, and as dear. Poor Naples! The foreigner could not leave your one national manufacture alone : Royal Sèvres could not brook a rival.

The Largo del Mercato, the scene of Masaniello's rebellion, and the execution of Conradin, is highly interesting to the historian and the antiquary, but not particularly so to me at the present moment. I have had enough of markets and market-folk for one bout, and would any day prefer paying to see the Piazza del Mercato, and Masaniello, and his brother *fruttauoli* on the operatic stage than the real thing gratis. The historic square is cleaner on canvas ; the stage dresses are more picturesque, the stage voices more harmonious. "Behold how brightly breaks the morning! Tra-là-la-la!" I had better be tra-la-laing homewards.

The port crowded with shipping, and evil smelling. With an almost tideless sea it cannot well be otherwise. To compare its condition with that of our own ports and harbours is sheer absurdity. Time enough to do that when the tides of the Mediterranean shall be high as those of northern seas. The outer harbour is less fetid and less safe. When it blows hard from the southward and westward the position of vessels at anchor or hove short with stern hawsers to the mole is highly precarious. Some four years since, during a heavy gale, the new mole was damaged to the tune of a million francs, the shipping at anchor inside escaping by a miracle. Had one hawser parted, every steamer on the tier would have been lost. Far safer outside than in, when the fierce *libeccio* is blowing.

In the military port half a dozen ironclads alongside the slips, amongst them the much-belauded and uncompleted Duilio. Will she ever be ready for sea and action? and when she is, whose flag will she first honour with a shot from her hundred-ton guns? Will she come to grief, like the Affondatore and the Rè d' Italia, or, as the Italians firmly believe, sink every foe? One thing may be predicted with tolerable certainty, viz., that the building and equipment of a few more like her will drain the national exchequer

drier than the driest dry dock at Spezzia or Castellamare. Walls of her type are costlier than those other walls, wherein every brick is a man, every man a brick.

A great improvement, the pulling down of the unsightly barracks which half concealed the Castel Nuovo. Its five massive mediæval towers can now be seen from the adjacent piazza, which has likewise benefited in no small degree by the demolition. I do not know whether the inhabitants of the neighbouring Sestiere del Porto are of that opinion. I should say not. The enlargement of the square, the planting of trees, the dispersion of the purveyors, slop-sellers, and cheap Jacks who did business there, and, above all, its increased cleanliness, must be thoroughly disgusting to such Bohemians as themselves. As some slight compensation for the injury done them—as a set-off against all the embellishments and cleansings—the theatrical caterers to the million and exhibitors of prodigies human and bestial are graciously permitted to set up their booths within its precincts. Although no longer the people's market, it is still their playground and the head-quarters of the gallanty-shows in which their souls delight. To judge from the pictures hung outside the different booths, more wonders are to be seen in the Piazza Castello than Jules Verne in his wildest flights of fancy ever imagined. I have seen whales, have had a hand in their capture, but never in my whaling experiences did I see such a whale as the one here depicted. Her length, estimated by that of the whale-boat, which with one stroke of her flukes she has sent sky high, must be close on four hundred feet, and her girth in proportion. One such whale as that would more than fill the biggest whaler out of New Bedford. At one-eighth "lay" the captain would be a made man; at one hundred and thirtieth every green hand on board have a hatful of dollars. Here are seals the size of hippopotami, snakes longer than the very longest snake yarn ever told by western trapper, gigantic gorillas carrying off Hottentot women to their leafy harems, and human monstrosities of all shapes and sizes. Wombwell is distanced; Barnum outmonstered.

Close by, in the Piazza del Municipio, is the National Theatre; the realm of Pulcinella,—San Carlino. The original Pulcinella,

the lineal descendant of the Atellan farcers, is supposed to have been a certain Paulo Cinella, a native of Acerra, who came to Naples with Charles of Anjou. Whoever he was matters little; sufficient to know that he is, and that his home is San Carlino. And although frequently honoured by the royal presence, a dirty, ill-ventilated, incommodious home it is. The entrance is so low that a tall man can barely stand upright; the passages so narrow that a broad-shouldered one has to edge his way. Considering the accommodation, the price of admission is preposterously high—twelve francs, sometimes more, for a box; a seat in the pit, one franc fifty. The plays, which are written expressly for the theatre, are farces of the broadest kind, or parodies of the opera, operetta, tragedy, comedy or melodrama most in vogue, the principal characters being five in number—Pulcinella, Don Asdrubale, Don Alessio Tartaglia, Sciosciammocca, and Il Guappo. In every piece the chief *rôle* is that of Pulcinella. On him mainly depends its success or failure. It is his wit, rather than the assumed stupidity of Sciosciammocca or the bombast of the Guappo, that gives the go and convulses the house with laughter. For the support of the character, qualifications of no ordinary kind are requisite, and Pulcinella—Pulcinella of San Carlino—is a man of mark. Petito, who died on the boards a twelvemonth since, was, in his way, quite as important a personage as the Syndic; and there are few people long resident in Naples who have not at some time or other heard the exclamation, "Ecco Pulcinella!" Between Atellan Pollicenus and Neapolitan Pulcinella is little resemblance. The characteristics of the one were hooked nose, double hump, and fangs: the costume of the other consists of white blouse, trousers, and conical hat and black half-mask, with a hooked nose of moderate proportions. Our English Punch has much more affinity to the Atellan buffoon than Neapolitan Pulcinella. Between the Atellan farces and those of San Carlino the erudite discover a most remarkable similitude. The sallies of Pulcinella are those of Maccus to a shade. Were they uttered in Oscan instead of Neapolitan, difference there would be none.

Of the witticisms of Maccus I wot nothing; Pulcinella I know like a book. His character is none of the best. Were his wi

no better than his morals, he would be a most contemptible knave. Ignorant, braggart, blustering, cowardly, gluttonous, indolent, an admirer of everything base, a ridiculer of all that is pure and noble, the only good part about him is his cheerfulness, which is imperturbable. He has something to say upon every social topic, can mimic with equal fidelity the peculiarities of his sovereign and the pirouettes of the *prima ballerina*, pokes his finger into everybody's pie, and is the type of the stage Neapolitan, which bears the same resemblance to the genuine article as does the stage Irishman to Paddy from the county Cork. Sciosciammocca is a young man, so very green and unsophisticated as to be unable to distinguish the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, and a constant source of worry and trouble to Pulcinella and the rest. Don Asdrubale is the heavy father; Don Alessio Tartaglia a country priest and dreadful stutterer. The Guappo—well, the Guappo is a gentleman of sufficient importance to have a paragraph all to himself.

The Guappo is no extravagant creation of the mimographer, but a real character, who can, or could, be seen any fine day strutting along the sidewalks. He was the "Dandy Jem" of Naples, the Adonis of the blackslums, and the tallest talker, the greatest swaggerer, and the veriest poltroon in existence. His costume, when in full fig, consisted of a light blue cap, in shape resembling those worn by couriers, and balanced upon three hairs; crimson tie, loosely knotted; short jacket, black, blue, green, or brown, according to taste, but invariably furnished with an outside pocket for the display of a gorgeous bandana; light waistcoat, sky-blue trousers cut à la Jack Tar, and white boots with black tips. Across the broad expanse of his waistcoat was festooned a gold or gilt chain, sufficiently massive to hold a sloop; on his index finger glittered more rings than were sported by the lady of Banbury Cross; in his hand he carried a tasselled walking-stick of formidable thickness. Where he procured the money for the purchase of his gorgeous apparel and ornaments, and to treat the lady of his affections, he best knew. The sources of his revenue were as great a mystery as were those of the Nile; it would almost seem as though he had solved the problem of "How to live like a gentleman upon

nothing a year." As he went swaggering along, flourishing his cane, or stood laying down the law to the poor mean cusses who worked for their living, few unacquainted with his true character would have doubted his ability to hold his own in a rough-and-tumble. But the Guappo was the ass with the lion's skin. When blows were imminent all his courage oozed out at his fingers' ends and, vowing the most dreadful threats of vengeance, he would sneak away. The cowardice of the Guappo, the gasconade of Pulcinello, and the quiet appropriations of Sciosciammocca are much relished by San Carlino audiences. In their actions they see nothing to condemn. Pulcinella is Pulcinella, Sciosciammocca Sciosciammocca, the Guappo the Guappo, just as, in an English pantomime, clown is clown, and harlequin harlequin, in whose delinquencies there is nothing deserving of censure, much to bray-voo. To say that the people applaud because they are all tarred with the same brush, as I have heard it said more than once, is a libel and an impertinence; to style the acting "exaggerated," a proof of unfamiliarity with the manners of the lower orders on the part of the critic. Exaggerated it would be, unquestionably, on an English stage. But an English stage is not a Neapolitan stage, nor are Neapolitan ways English ways. To Italians the acting of Charles Mathews in 'Patter *versus* Clatter' would seem spiritless. To them the English character is one of extremes. When Milordo is not furious at having been cheated by some one, he is just a degree warmer than a frog, a "wabble" more lively than an oyster. "With what were you most struck when in England?" I once asked a Neapolitan. "With the total absence of pantomimic action in conversation," was the prompt reply. To watch a priest or lecturer addressing an audience, without so much as lifting a finger to add force to his remarks, is the funniest of sights to a Neapolitan.

So wonderfully expressive is the pantomime of the San Carlino actors, that to follow the plot a knowledge of the dialect is unnecessary, the slightest familiarity with the ordinary gestures of the people enabling one to do so; but, to appreciate the questionable jokes of Pulcinella, not only must one be master of the language, but thoroughly "up" in all the *cancans* of the

day. Although the audience be mainly composed of the lower middle-class, Pulcinella has most distinguished patrons. King Ferdinand, whose tastes were none of the most refined, delighted in the conversation of the Buffo Altavilla; and it would seem as though King Victor Emanuel preferred the dirt and discomfort of the little theatre to his gorgeous box at San Carlo. Few notabilities leave Naples without having paid San Carlino one visit; and for most people, whether distinguished or the contrary, one visit will be found enough. Alas for Pulcinella! alas for the national drama! the edict has gone forth that San Carlino shall be pulled down, its site being required for municipal improvements. What is the world coming to, when the most time-honoured institutions are thus ruthlessly improved from off the face of the earth?

Unless something be done, and that speedily, the rival house, San Carlo, will collapse of itself. Notwithstanding its high renown, for two seasons there have been closed doors. It is now about to be reopened under a new *impresario;* but whether he will be able to make it pay better than his predecessor, the much-maligned Musella, time alone will tell. The real truth of the matter is, that operatic stars demand so much nowadays for their services, that no managers, save those of London, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and New York, can afford to engage them. It is only by raising the prices of admission, already high, that it can be managed; and the public won't entertain the proposal. They want first-rate music at second-class price: they can't get it, and are wroth. At San Carlo the artists are seldom above mediocrity; the ballet is quite second-rate, and, when the performance meets with anything approaching approval, a proud and happy man is the *impresario.* Poor *impresario!* he is the most unpopular man in Naples. Do what he may, he signally fails to give satisfaction. If he open the house, his selection of operas is pretty sure to meet with adverse criticism. Why, instead of giving them this opera and that, does he not give them that opera and 't other? Just think of his having engaged a worn-out tenor like ——, and a soprano like ——, who has no more voice than a peacock! And then the *prima ballerina!* As ugly as sin and as old as Methuselah. The orchestra is good,

but no thanks to him, &c., &c. If he keep the house shut he has no enterprise whatever, he is a stupid oaf, a *birbante*. In the matter of opera the Neapolitans are not easily pleased. They will listen patiently to French artistes murdering Lecocq and Offenbach at the Sannazaro and the Teatro Nuovo, but they show their disapproval most unmistakably when the performance is below par at San Carlo. The French are not expected to have voices, to know how to sing; but there is no such excuse for Italians, or for any foreigner who presumes to make his or her appearance on the San Carlo boards without being thoroughly competent. They deserve to be hissed, and hissed they are unmercifully. The "Old Favourite" plea, instead of being considered, as with us, a valid excuse for all shortcomings, is in the eyes of Neapolitans but an aggravation of the offence, for the actor who is an *old* favourite should know better than to try the patience of the public by attempting to sing with a voice whence all freshness, flexibility, and sweetness have vanished. A few months' experience of a Neapolitan audience would be extremely beneficial to some of our old favourites, who, spoilt by a too indulgent public, seem entirely to have forgotten the relative positions of payer and player. A vigorous application of hisses would have a magical effect in curing that dreadful aphony which is so frequently Mr. R——'s excuse for non-appearance, whilst a few pertinent or impertinent remarks from the occupants of the orchestra stalls would suffice to remind Miss —— that she was singing not to please herself but the public, and bring her to her bearings. For the conceited actor who fires up or turns sulky at the slightest sign of disapproval or of inattention on the part of his audience, Naples is a capital school, conceited inefficiency being seldom or never tolerated by Neapolitans, and they are besides exceedingly inattentive. At favourite passages of an opera the house is hushed into silence, but during far the greater portion of the performance people chat and laugh as unconcernedly as though in the privacy of their own homes. To have the doors of San Carlo permanently closed would be very humiliating, but it seems pretty much as though that would be the ending of it.

In the Piazza del Municipio the small dealers in coral, lava, and

tortoiseshell on the watch like so many spiders for the foolish foreign fly. It is almost invariably in the Piazza del Municipio that he has picked up that wonderfully cheap brooch, that great bargain in coral, for which he would have had to pay three times the amount elsewhere. Wide awake he is; no getting round him, you know. The Strada di Chiaja almost as crowded as the Toledo; the Salita di Chiaja slippery as ever, and a horse down of course; the Piazza della Pace aristocratic; the Strada Santa Caterina photographic; the Riviera ablaze with sunshine. At the gates of the different private residences stalwart Suisses awaiting wand in hand their masters' visitors; at the hotel doors malapert porters on the look-out for their omnibus, with its cosmopolitan freight; in the entrance-halls landlords and head waiters gazing despondently at the few names on their guest-boards; on the balconies newly-arrived *forestiere* sweeping the shores of the Bay with their glass, and endeavouring with the aid of Murray or Baedeker to determine the different points of interest. The widening of the Villa has considerably benefited the hotels along the Riviera. The mouths of the sewers are now twice as distant as before the construction of the sea-wall, and whatever smells there may be remaining emanate from the gully-holes unprovided with traps. The Riviera has gained; the Chiatamone lost. It is just as near, if not nearer, to the sewer mouths than ever, and, lying in the angle formed by the new road and the causeway of the Castel dell' Ovo, gets all the backwash of the Riviera sewage. The situation is superb, but the stink is sickening, especially during the prevalence of sirocco and libeccio, which in winter and spring are the prevailing winds in the Mediterranean. How men can have been so idiotic as to select such a site for the construction of hotels is past conception. I wouldn't live there were they to offer me the best apartments in their houses gratis. The hotels on the Corso Victor Emmanuel command just as fine a prospect, and, being situated high above the town, escape the noisome exhalations of the sewers and gutters. But then they have the disadvantage of being some little distance from the Villa, and would be all the healthier were they a little further from the cliff. But one cannot combine every advantage, and, all things considered, I

am not sure that I do not prefer the Corso Victor Emmanuel to the Riviera. It is a toss up. The people who have most reason to anathematize the Hausmannization of Naples are the owners of house property in the Piazza Victoria. The five-storied building run up in front of their windows stands right betwixt the sun and their nobility, and, for all the view they will have when the block is completed, they might just as well live in the catacombs.

With the deep blue sea for a background, very picturesque are the grey walls of the Castel dell' Ovo. Now that it is no longer required for a state prison, the Government is deliberating what had best be done with it. It has been suggested by some wiseacre that it would make capital quarters for the Luciani; they would be all by themselves, and could have their free fights without police interference. If the transfer be ever effected, there will be some blood spilt on the road, or I am very much mistaken. I would as soon attempt the removal of a hornets' nest as to rout out the Luciani from their ancient habitation.

No change in the oyster-stalls of Santa Lucia. My old friend, Mucchietiello, at his post, flourishing as ever. I will ask him the price of his oysters. Two francs a dozen. He has forgotten my face, and takes me for an Inglese, or for what, to him, is precisely the same thing, a fool.

Two francs! You mean fifteen sous, Mucchietiello *mio*, and then you will be getting three sous more than their value.

Can it be the signor who dealt with him two years since? Why, of course it is. How well he is looking! Padrone of his stall is he now as ever. Fifteen sous let it be.

Hôtel de Russie! My round of inspection is completed.

Night. The waters of the gulf shimmering in the silvery moonlight, the curve of the eastern shore clearly defined by the lamps of Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata, and Castellamare; lights showing the position of Vico and Sorrento; Capri darkly looming against the horizon; Santa Lucia just as noisy as during the earlier hours of the day; voices in angry dispute hard by the oyster-stalls, jarvies exchanging civilities at the adjacent cab-stand, an organ grinding away at the Hôtel de Rome, and in front of our caravansary a gentleman

strumming away at a guitar, and singing 'Addio mia bella Napoli' with all the strength of a very powerful pair of lungs.

At the corner of the Strada del Gigante, a brazen-faced rascal on the look out for the imprudent forestiere whom he importunes to be allowed to act as jackal to this low haunt or that; in front of the palace, the citizen soldiery sauntering up and down and puffing the cigarette of discontentment; the Grand Café and the Europa crammed and dim with tobacco smoke; the Toledo a blaze of light. The voices of the stall-keepers and hucksters seem rather to have increased in strength since the morning, and the volume of sound is now great as that of the roaring sea.

At the stage-door of San Carlo a knot of swarthy, slouch-hatted, cloak-enwrapped supers discussing the new management and their chances of employment next season and the next. To them, poor devils, it is the most interesting of all topics. Closed doors at San Carlo means starvation. Were the ladies of the ballet dependent on their appointments for subsistence, they would not have the strength to make a single *entrechat.* To their friends and the public are they indebted for the money which enables them to dress in silken attire, and to provide for their parents and those little sisters "not yet out."

Evening performance going on at San Carlino. To give two representations daily in such an atmosphere the actors must be of Kentucky mould, half horse and half alligator, or, rather, half salamander, half camel. They manage to strut and fret it out somehow, and to live as long as their neighbours. Altavilla, who retired some few years since, must be eighty, if a day, and the present buffo is a youth of some seventy summers. A camel! —no dromedary has the endurance of a San Carlino actor.

The perspective of the stall-lined, petroleum-flaring Strada del Porto infernally Dantesque; the Piazza Castello illumined *al giorno;* admiring crowds in front of the booths, and mercantile Jack of various nationalities particularly conspicuous. English Jack very drunk, damning his own and everybody's eyes, and breathing sanguinary threats of vengeance upon all dirty foreigners, the Neapolitans more especially; American Jack ditto ditto, and guessing that the expletive place is not a patch on the Bowery; baggy-breeked Greek Jack gesticulating fran-

tically; Spanish Jack, with dangerous glitter in his coal-black eyes, fumbling suspiciously in the folds of his crimson sash; French Jack *sacre-matining;* Italian Jack, notwithstanding his evil reputation, by far the quietest, most inoffensive of the lot.

Bang! bang!! bang!!! There go those infernal crackers, without which no Neapolitan festa is complete. Although the *tronaro*, or itinerant pyrotechnist, has been forbidden the kennel, and the exploding of crackers in the streets made a punishable offence, there is almost as much powder burned as ever. The practice is worse than a nuisance,—it is highly dangerous; for as a congreve rocket to a squib is the Naples *tuono* to an English cracker. The accidents resulting therefrom are numerous and severe, and not a Christmas passes without a score of sufferers demanding admission to the casual wards of the hospitals.

Getting on towards midnight. Places of entertainment emptying, stalls closing, lamps extinguishing, parties of tuneful night-birds singing Madame Angot or Giroflé-girofla, but no one so elevated as to stand in need of police supervision and protection. Lantern in hand the *trova-sigari* searching diligently for cigar ends. Rank as is the tobacco of the Regia, it is not sufficiently so for some tastes. Something stronger must be had; and it is fabricated by chopping up the cigar ends found in the gutters. Considering the quality of the commodity, the price is high; for not only is it in request amongst sailors, porters, coachmen, and the lower classes generally, who like the weed full flavoured, but amongst old smokers of high degree, who prefer a pipe of it with their coffee of a morning to the best Havanna that money can procure. One whiff, and one only, have I had, and I wouldn't have taken that advisedly. I did not buy the filthy stuff; it came into my possession in the disguise of an innocent packet of cigarettes. My prize (?) in the Cava lottery.

Much belabouring of horseflesh, or of horse-bone, for the poor animals used for nightwork in Naples are nothing more than equine frames, with just sufficient skin upon them to hold the different parts together; so thin and ghostly are they as barely to cast a shadow when they pass.

The Naples cab-horse differs from all other cab-horses in that he has never known better days. He is no broken-down hunter,

hack, or gentleman's carriage-horse, but a cab-horse born and bred. He began his labours in the shafts of a *carrozzella;* in the shafts of a *carrozzella* he will end them. When rising five, he received his first firing at the hands of a barbarous vet., not as a cure, but as a preventive; he will receive his last a few days before his death, when he has no longer a leg to stand on. Coachmen there are who treat their horses kindly, but they are few in number. When I come across one I give him an extra half-franc, and tell him my reasons for doing so. It seems to me a more sensible procedure than to abuse the cruel master, *modo Inglese.* But then abuse costs nothing, and half a franc is ten soldi. My liberality does not cost me much—five francs a month at the utmost; and I have hopes that the great Accountant will put the amount to my credit, as a set-off against moneys less legitimately expended.

On his midnight rounds the *Caffettiere ambulante,* and in his wake the *Acquavitaro.* Most picturesque of all night-wanderers is the latter, and, notwithstanding the dubious quality of his commodities, to the soldier on guard, the coachman shivering on his box, the policeman on his beat, and many others whom a cruel fate keeps abroad during the hours of darkness, a most welcome. His costume consists of a handkerchief twisted night-cap fashion round his head, with a fur or felt cap over it, a woollen comforter, an ancient cloak, and still more ancient trousers. In his right hand he carries a staff for the support of the tray (*cascetta*) slung round his neck, whereon are ranged the edibles, potables, and smokables which he dispenses. His liquors, for which there is a much brisker demand than for his cigars or biscuits, consist of brandy, rum, *annese* (anise), *sammuchella* (elder)—one more poisonous than the other—and a syrup which he calls *doce* (dolce), made, it is said, by boiling down the refuse sweets and ices of the different cafés, and by whose admixture with one or other of the afore-mentioned spirits he makes *mescolanza* and *stomateca,* blend and stomachic!

Silent and more silent grow the streets. The striking of clocks, the tramp of the policemen, and the voices of fishermen far out in the Bay are the only sounds that break the stillness of the night The noisiest city in creation is at rest.

CHAPTER III.

THE VILLA AND CHIAJA.

Plaga Olympica—The Olympic Shore. Plaga, Plagia, Piaggia. In Neapolitan *pia* is changed into *chia*, and *gia* into *ja; unde* Chiaja.

UNTIL the close of the sixteenth century the Chiaja remained as Nature made it, a bare, shelving, shingly beach. The first house of which there is any record was built in 1535 by the Marquis of Valle Siciliana, on the spot where the Palazzo Siracusa now stands—a site in those days so distant from the city as to have stood in need of a tower of refuge sufficiently strong to defy the assaults of the Saracens and pirates who infested the coast. The Riviera di Chiaja was commenced by the Count d' Olivares, 1595-1599, and completed by the Duke de Medina Celi, the last of the Spanish viceroys, 1695-1700. The first portion of the Villa was laid out in 1780, the second in 1807, the third in 1834, whilst the last and greatest improvement, the noble sea wall and road extending from the Castel dell' Ovo to the Mergellina, is the work of the present Government, and is not yet completed. When it shall be, and the reclaimed land lying between it and the Villa laid out and the trees grown, the metamorphosis of the Plaga Olympica of Roman times—the modern Chiaja—will be complete, and the Neapolitans be possessed of a public garden and Corso unique as to situation and in every other respect first rate. Whether all these enlargements and embellishments will suffice to make the Villa a favourite resort of the upper classes remains to be seen. Ever since the sentries were removed from the entrance gates, and the garden thrown open to the general public by a liberal Govern-

ment, the fashionables have been conspicuous by their absence. To walk in the Villa is considered *mauvais ton.* From their high C-spring barouches the dainty Neapolitan dames look down with contemptuous pity on the poor carriageless folk walking up and down the promenade or leaning over the railings of the ride, and when on rare occasions they descend from their equipages, and take their *due passi* along the main avenue, it is with a white-stockinged footman at their heels, so that they may not for a single instant be confounded with the common herd, or supposed to be walking because they cannot afford to drive. A few exceptions there are to the rule, but very few. Until noon babydom and pilgrims of various nationalities have the Villa almost entirely to themselves. In charge of beringed, beribboned, and bedizened *balie*, young Naples sits blinking in the sunshine; in charge of clean, white-capped *bonnes*, young France paces the broad gravel walk, or amuses itself quietly and decorously with its skipping-rope; in charge of bonneted, gloved, and mantled nurses young England trundles its hoop, and makes the welkin ring with its shrill cries and laughter; whilst, in charge of no one in particular, young America prowls around, and pokes its inquisitive nose into everything.

Neat and practical as to their raiment, but fearfully and wonderfully shod, at a steady gait of four miles an hour, the daughters of Albion stride along the Villa's entire length, as do likewise, at wager speed, their male belongings. Not for worlds would they miss their morning constitutional. Bright or gloomy, fair or foul, tramontana or sirocco, they will be found tramping up and down, up and down, until the proper distance has been completed. On fine spring mornings one-third of the promenaders are English; on wet ones, all. Next in point of numbers, and easily recognizable by the slovenly appearance of the men and the dowdiness of the women, is the German element. Walking is not their *forte.* Baedeker in hand and spectacles on nose, they do the Villa as they do everything else—in a slow, thorough, conscientious, Teutonic manner, giving their emotions vent in a running fire of guttural exclamations and ejaculations. To them the great attraction is the Aquarium; and next to it the neighbouring café, whereat is dispensed the amber fluid of

Fatherland. The strength of the American contingent being dependent on the flatness or briskness of trade across the water, the scarcity or plenitude of the almighty dollar, one year it is the strongest, another the weakest, of the three great divisions of the invading army; but, whether strong or weak, it furnishes but a small quota to the rank and file of the pedestrians. The time which Americans can devote to Naples is generally of the shortest—barely sufficient to do the city and its environs at express speed, and, should there be an off day, driving up and down the Corso with the "upper crust" is infinitely more to their taste than elbowing and being elbowed by the commonalty in the Villa.

Towards midday the nurses retire with their charges, and stray pilgrims, whose morning has been devoted to sight-seeing, begin to drop into the Villa for a peep at the Bay and a sniff of the briny before luncheon. Queer specimens of humanity are many of them. If Mr. Thomas Cook have any sense of the ridiculous, what quiet laughs he must have over the appearance and peculiarities of a goodly proportion of the sheep he shepherds! If anything of an artist, what a gallery of originals he must have by this time collected! If he can wield the pen, what an olio of oddities his journal; for as Guys the Cookites distance all competitors. In their ranks are to be found varieties of the *genus homo* of whose existence in our planet no one save a travelling menagerist or an excursion agent has any conception. To determine their origin would puzzle a Darwin; to describe their idiosyncrasies, a Lavater. To discover the advantages of travelling in company with a lot of people, blown by the four winds of heaven to a common centre of attraction, the brain must be peculiarly constituted; to endure for a month or more the society of men, women, and children, who when not thoroughly antipathetic, are utterly indifferent to one—the nerves; to stand being whizzed like a human boomerang to Naples, to come whizzing back again to London—the tissues.

When not in the same hotel as oneself, the study of a party of Cookites is both instructive and amusing—infinitely more so than that of the "Happy Family" of London streets, which they resemble; for as, under the exhibitor's rod, dog and cat, owl and

mouse, ferret and rat, live in one cage harmoniously together, so, under the eye of "our conductor," do the members of the excursion party subdue their natural antipathies and animosities, and merely scowl at each other from beneath their eyebrows. Seated in the same carriage can be seen the rosy-gilled country parson, all neck-tie and shirt-front, a thorough hater of the Scarlet Lady and all her abominations, and the pale, ascetic High Church priest, in holy orders, with a coat reaching to his heels, M.B. waistcoat, bands, and a head-covering half cardinal's hat half billycock; the antiquated, angular, prudish spinster, and the emancipated young woman of the period. The truth of the proverb, "Extremes meet," is never better exemplified than by a party Cookite. Check by jowl with John Bull is Jonathan, with Sandy, Paddy; with Mr. Legree, ex-planter and slave-owner, Silas Poundtext, the celebrated abolitionist lecturer. If there be a High-Church priest, there will be a Low-Church parson; if a lawyer, a ruined litigant; if an allopath, a homœopathist; if a staunch Conservative, a Radical; if a Freethinker, a Quaker. And as with the men, so with the women. This on the authority of one of themselves. Never having been myself a member of one of Mr. Thomas Cook's parties, my observations of the humans whose guardian and mentor he is, have been necessarily superficial, made on board steamers, in churches and picture-galleries, or when, owing to circumstances beyond my own control, I have been quartered in the same hostelry. A treatise on the origin, habits, and peculiarities of the Cookite would, I feel assured, be hailed as a valuable supplement to the works of Buffon; and I recommend the subject to the serious consideration of the naturalist who, like Du Chaillu, may be willing to brave anything and everything in the pursuit of his favourite study. If he live to complete his task, his power of endurance will be immeasurably greater than that of any African explorer, from Bruce to Stanley; for it is not to great hardships and misfortunes that men succumb, but under the incessant infliction of small ones. The shuffling of early-rising Cookites in the room overhead is more irritating to the nerves than the howling of wild beasts or the roar of a West-Indian hurricane; the waiter's unconcerned announcement that Mr. Cock's party

has cleaned out the larder, and that nothing remains for your breakfast but eggs and bacon, more trying to the temper than the upsetting of the commissariat canoe in the heart of the wilderness.

For an hour or so the Villa is deserted. Children are dining, pilgrims lunching, the hawkers of coral and lava ornaments, sticks and matches, enjoying their mid-day siesta. On the stroke of two the factotum of the National Guard band is seen coming along the central avenue with the big drum, and by degrees the musicians make their appearance on the scene and take their places in the orchestra. Close on their heels come the nurses, the gorgeous toilettes of the native contingent annihilating poor Jeannette's modest white cap and Mary Jane's go-to-meeting finery. The *balia* has changed her morning costume of many-coloured tartan for a still more dazzling vesture of blue silk or crimson satin, and, seen from a distance, resembles a huge macaw or other bird of tropical plumage. Smooth and shiny with the signora's pomatum is her coal-black hair; sweet with the odour of the signora's patchouli and millefleurs her handkerchief. A golden comb has she in her top-knot, whilst pendent therefrom are long, broad ribbons to match her dress. Her apron is of muslin edged with lace. Rosette are in her ears, golden beads wound her swarthy neck, rings innumerable on her dumpy fingers; white-stockinged is she, and with low-cut shoes. The Queen of Sheba in her bravest apparel was not resplendent as one of these.

On the band striking up, the people from the neighbouring hotels cross over into the Villa, those from Chiatamone and Santa Lucia quickly follow, and, before the commencement of the third piece on the programme, there is usually a strong muster of aliens on the ground. The natives do not make their appearance until much later. To go to the Villa in order to listen to the music is not fashionable, and to the Draconian laws of fashion the poor folk who have no carriage are just as slavish as the rich who enjoy that (to Neapolitans) greatest of all earthly blessings. *Tutta per l' apparenza*—all for show—is the motto of every right-thinking Neapolitan. "Pinch, scrape, screw, squeeze, when at home, but look well-to-do and imposing when abroad. Keep a

carriage, if it be on the cards; but, carriage or no carriage, mind that your household expenses do not exceed one-third of your income. The necessaries of life are all very good in their way, but remember that to the well-bred the superfluous is '*chose la plus nécessaire.*'" Such is the advice which a Neapolitan mother gives her daughter on the eve of marriage, and, unless the damsel be utterly perverse and un-Italian, she harkens to it and follows it. And it is an open question whether such admonition be not quite as sensible as would be the advice to spend two-thirds of her husband's income on eating and drinking. Either way it is not the outsider who should demur. I am sufficiently egotistical to think it excellent, for whilst the abstemiousness of those around me does not affect my own gastronomical proclivities, the sight of shabbily dressed people would seriously detract from the enjoyment of my daily promenade. I cannot see what people may have in their stomachs, but I can what is on their backs.

Tailor and dressmaker being more patronized than butcher and vintner, the crowd in the Villa is, all things considered, a well-dressed crowd. Although the toilettes of the ladies are not as costly as those one sees in Hyde Park, nor as in good taste as those of the Champs Elysées, they are quite up to the average—above it if allowance be made for the disproportion of "carriage-folk" to pedestrians. The class that in other cities goes afoot here rolls in its carriage, and nine-tenths of the *habitués* of the Villa are people who can only just manage to make both ends meet. Where Neapolitan ladies lay themselves open to adverse criticism is, I am informed by an authority on the subject, chiefly in the matter of colour. They are much too fond of gaudy hues, and in their selection of shades and contrasts display an ignorance truly deplorable. The woman of good taste will avoid wearing anything that shall be unduly conspicuous. Parasol, bonnet, dress, shawl, gloves, &c., will be selected in such a way that, instead of being so many distinct portions of a toilet, they form one harmonious whole, which no one but a milliner or a rival would attempt to pick to pieces. But neither the skill of an expert, nor the jealousy of a rival, is requisite to the disintegration of a Neapolitan's toilet; it falls to

pieces of itself. "A man could tell what she has on her." What volumes, what libraries, of contemptuous feminine pity are summed up in those words—"a man could tell what she has on her."

Notwithstanding the excellence of the authority, I hold to my opinion that in the matter of dress Neapolitans are above rather than below par. The bright hues affected by the Italians are, to a great extent, subdued by the brilliancy of surrounding nature. Those neutral tints which harmonize with our cold grey northern sky and murky atmosphere would look dreadfully sombre in the bright Neapolitan sunshine. In dress there can be no arbitrary rules: what is good taste in one country may be the acme of bad taste in another. The gaudily kerchiefed negresses who so add to the picturesqueness of the Rio Janeiro markets would be as much out of place in Billingsgate as would the Billingsgate fish-fag in Rio; and with the cobalt sky above me, and the purple sea before me, and the golden sunshine all around me, I cannot but think that in their predilection for bright colours the Neapolitan ladies are deserving of praise rather than of censure. The men being dressed after the prevailing English fashion, no fault can be found with them.

The deportment of Neapolitans, male and female, is much more open to criticism than is their dress. The bearing of both, but of the ladies more especially, is in very questionable taste. If they are expansive in private, they are excessively cold and haughty in public. The almost imperceptible inclination of the head with which a Neapolitan fine lady returns the salutation of a gentleman is sufficient to petrify an Englishman, and make even the self-complacent Frenchman start. To bow gracefully and graciously is not a Neapolitan attribute. There would seem to be but two forms of feminine salutation—the excessively familiar by waving the hand, and the supercilious nod before mentioned: From the little I have seen of them at their own homes I am inclined to the belief that they have two sets of manners, the indoor and the outdoor. Although deficient in tact, devoid of that happy combination of condescension and familiarity which enables her French sister to put the most bashful of men at his ease in her presence, the Neapolitan is far from being a stiff

hostess. She smiles upon her visitors, and is, or affects to be, pleased to see them. But, on stepping into her carriage, she assumes her outdoor demeanour: her brows lower, her eyes harden, her nostrils dilate, the corners of her mouth droop, and her person stiffens all over. After watching them driving up and down before my windows day after day for months, I am compelled to say that a more supercilious, bored, discontented-looking lot of women I have never seen in any city. The deafening noise of the carriage-wheels on the lava pavement may be urged as an excuse for their closed lips; but it cannot for their glum faces, on which a smile is seldom seen. Were there the slightest doubt on the subject I would willingly give them the benefit of it, but unfortunately there is none.

The men are, when on parade, just as solemn as the women. They lift their hats to a lady very much in the same way that a Frenchman doffs his to a hearse, and are stiff as any buckram. Off parade, when seated in the Villa or in a café, they rush into the opposite extreme, and are unduly, unpleasantly familiar. To see his Excellency with his elbows resting on the back of a lady's chair, or his feet on the rungs thereof, is no uncommon spectacle.

It is a bright January afternoon, and high tide in the Villa. I will have two sous worth of chair, and amuse myself by "taking notes" of the company.

The fatal gift of beauty, with which Dame Nature has so lavishly endowed the land, she has, for some inscrutable reason, thought fit to withhold from its daughters. There is no shutting one's eyes to the painful fact that Neapolitan women are the reverse of beautiful; that, were it not for the expressiveness of their eyes and the mobility of their features, they would be positively ugly. Out of the many hundreds now assembled I defy any one to point me out half-a-dozen whose beauty is above mediocrity.

If there be a type of feminine beauty (?) peculiar to Naples, which I much doubt, it is that of the lady now passing—hair black, forehead low, nose massive, eyes dark, mouth wide, lips full, chin round, complexion sallow, figure dumpy. It is a type composite. The eyes and mouth are Latin; the low, broad

forehead and rounded chin Greek; the coarse black hair and the nose Saracenic; whilst the muddy complexion and the squat figure are decidedly French. When in a state of repose the face is not winsome,—it is hard, very hard; and the black eyes, of which these Southern Italians are so proud, are not those of the gazelle, but of the panther. It is not when quiescent, but when under the influence of strong emotion or passion that the Neapolitan looks her best. She resembles Vesuvius, gloomy and uninteresting in its quiet moods, imposing when the smouldering fires burst into flame.

The men are much handsomer than the women. For every passable-looking woman there are a dozen good-looking men; not relatively good-looking, but positively so,—men who would be considered handsome in any country. Owing to their sedentary habits and to their fondness for macaroni and other farinaceous food, many of them are inclined to corpulence, although less so than the ladies. If the Neapolitan fair of the Middle Ages were as remarkable for *embonpoint* as are their descendants of to-day, no wonder that the Gulf was infested by Moorish corsairs; for in the eyes of the true believer a plump maiden is better than gold, a fat one of more value than many rubies. It was not the gold of the Giaour, but the fleshy daughters of Neapolis that was the attraction.

Oh that some Barbary rover would make a swoop and carry into captivity some of the greasy, snuffy priests who infest the city! I can espy two of them whispering together beneath the ilex yonder.

A black day was it for the cloth, on which Francischino, son of Bomba, was ousted. Under the Bourbons Mother Church was paramount; the clergy were the real rulers of the land. Princes and nobles were amenable to the law; priests above it, or only to be judged by courts ecclesiastical.

My lord archbishop had a tribunal of his own, and a prison for clerical delinquents; and that his judicature was limited to his own sheepfold—that he had not likewise a court for the judgment of schismatics, a Holy Inquisition—was I presume mainly owing to the presence of heretical ambassadors, who might possibly have objected to seeing their co-religionists subjected to

persecution. Truly edifying was it to behold the King and his court kotouing to his Eminence, and the abject way in which men, women, and children would press forward to kiss the grimy paw of every ecclesiastic who passed by; and still more so to watch the condescending way in which prelate, priest, and friar would accept the homage that was not their due. No archiepiscopal court nowadays, and but little kotouing and hand-kissing. His Eminence is rarely seen in public, and the lesser dignitaries take their cue from their chief. The understrappers, *parocchiani*, *curati*, and the rest of them, are much less arrogant than formerly. They no longer strut as if the entire city belonged to them; they are contented with half the side-walk, and hasten to return the slightest salutation of the passer-by. Although hoping for better days, they are prepared for worse, and, wise in their generation, would, like the clergy of the Irish disestablished Church, jump at any scheme of commutation that would enable them to live comfortably without having either to pray or preach. That any such scheme will be elaborated by the Italian Government is highly improbable. The editors of the 'Unita Cattolica,' and other clerical prints, will never be called upon to solve the complex commutation riddle of any anxious inquirer after governmental loaves and fishes. Instead of commutation, it will be commination and summary ejectment from their cures. Priestcraft has been the curse of the country, and, until it shall have been extirpated root and branch, King Victor Emmanuel will have to share his authority with the prisoner of the Vatican. But how to extirpate it—that is the question. So long as the clergy have the women on their side, and the education of youth is confided to them, their grip is too firm to be easily shaken.

"Give me the making of the people's ballads, and I care not who makes their laws," cries the poet. "Give me the ear of the women and the teaching of the children, and I snap my fingers at the law," cries much more astutely the priest. It is not from the father, but from the mother that the infant receives its first impressions and instructions, and, holding the mother, I can hardly fail to secure the child. No subsequent teaching will eradicate the seed that I have sown. As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined. We outgrow the hallucinations of our riper years; the

bogies of our childhood never. The man whose brain has been early filled with ghost-stories by some stupid nurse is rarely quite at his ease in a graveyard after nightfall; and he who has been taught betimes that sun, moon, and stars have been placed in the firmament for no other purpose than to give light to the earth, and that our planet is the centre of the universe, will hold to that belief despite the strongest evidence to the contrary. That is his line of reasoning. How long it will hold good, how long serve him, is in great measure dependent on the pilotage of the next Pope. Should the successor of Pius non Possumus consent to shorten sail, the cranky barque of St. Peter may be kept afloat for an indefinite period; if he obstinately refuse to raise, tack, or sheet, down he will go with his entire ship's company.

The altered bearing of the military to the priesthood is one of the signs of the times. Under the late *régime* an officer would no more have presumed to treat a priest cavalierly than he would have dared to pass his superior without saluting. Now, instead of respectfully giving him the wall, he elbows him into the gutter, and, as he passes a monk, will extend his index and little fingers to avert the monachal *jettatura*. There are a couple of them coolly puffing their tobacco-smoke into the face of a Reverendissimo; and if this infantry sub-lieutenant have not purposely planted himself betwixt the sun and the sanctity of the red-legged Canonico beside me, I am mightily mistaken.

The officers belonging to the regiments now in garrison do not number many friends in the ranks of the upper-tendom. The staff, cavalry, artillery, and engineers, seem to have a few aristocratic acquaintances; but infantry officers below the rank of major are seldom honoured by a nod of recognition from the passing fair. A very humdrum existence is that led by Italian officers. Living out of barracks, having neither mess nor anteroom, nor billiard-table nor racket-court, their time, when off duty, hangs heavily on their hands; two-thirds of it would seem to be passed in puffing the mild cigarette or pungent Virginia inside their café; the remaining third, ditto ditto outside it, or in lounging about with brother-idlers of their own regimental standing. Although a considerable reduction in their favour is made at the theatres and all places of public amuse-

ment, the prices of admission are far too high for most of them. One cup of coffee, with cards and cheap tobacco *ad lib.*, is the extent of the evening's dissipation. Not one infantry officer out of ten has any private means worth mentioning, and the pay is wretchedly small. Never was soldiering less attractive than at present. Promotion is so slow that junior officers are perfectly disheartened ; for, as things now stand, no sub-lieutenant can hope to get his troop or company much on the bright side of forty, nor any captain the command until his hair shall have turned white with age. It is a dreary prospect, and were it possible to turn sword into ploughshare, and six-shooter into reaping-hook, by mere volition, not a few of them would follow the example of Cincinnatus and become peaceful tillers of the soil. Such procedure being, for many reasons, impracticable, they anathematize their luck and the Minister of War, and the longevity of their seniors, and the service generally, in precisely the same way as their brethren in arms all the world over. Those beardless warriors, whose uniform is that of non-commissioned officers, are one-year volunteers—youths of respectable parentage, who, having passed the qualifying examination, are permitted to learn their goose-step and other drill at the barrack nearest to their homes. They receive no pay, find their own food and uniform, and, their twelvemonth service completed, are free to remain in the bosom of their families until the breaking out of hostilities shall necessitate their presence in the tented field.

" Guess the horseflesh isn't much account, is it, Fred ? Not a two-forty nag in the crowd." The tongue is the English tongue, but the twang is the twang of Jonathan, and Jonathan " speaks like a book." The horses, taking them all round, are a very screwy lot ; and yet it would make my American friend open his eyes were he told the price that has been paid for some of them. For those pair of bays, dear in their present condition at sixty pounds, no less than three hundred was given at the commencement of last season. But, then, one season's work in Naples takes more out of a horse than do three in London or Paris. The hardness of the pavement is ruination to the animal's legs ; its extreme slipperiness prevents all freedom of action. The

imported English horse quickly discovers that the ground beneath him is not what he has been used to,—that it is slippery and treacherous, and that, to keep his legs, he must step gingerly. So he drops his high action, puts down his feet as though he were treading on eggs, and, when he feels himself sliding, tucks his legs under him after the manner of Esmeralda's goat. The saddle-horses, few in number, are mostly of the riding-school stamp, outwardly mettlesome, inwardly meek, much given to prancing and caracoling, but with a tender solicitude for the equilibrium and safety of their bestriders. The row is so narrow, that, in the event of a horse turning fractious, the rider would have but three courses open to him, one worse than the other—give the brute his head, and knock over every horse and horseman that stood in the way; or put him at the low dividing wall of the Villa, and run the risk of killing one or more inoffensive pedestrians, or at the Chiaja railings, and be certain of killing himself. A man must be fond of riding to keep a saddle-horse in Naples. A *haute école* rider can amuse himself within very narrow limits; but the equitation of Neapolitans is not that of the *haute école*, or, when attempted, of that "Moosoo" description so admirably portrayed by Leech. Can anything be more truly ridiculous than the get-up of this gentleman on the weedy Arab, who, under the guidance of a German riding-master, is endeavouring to do the *haute école?* Observe the white saddle-cloth, with coronet embroidered thereon, the richly mounted, blue-tasselled riding-whip, with ditto engraved, the kid-begloved hands, the tightly strapped trousers, and those bright silver spurs with which he keeps prodding his wretched steed. And his seat!—a ramrod his back, a pair of compasses his legs, and his arms wooden as those of Pulcinella. Would that poor Leech were here to sketch him! A heavy hand and a loose seat is the rule, the best rider being a lad of fourteen, who might hail from the shires, so closely does he stick to the pigskin. Not a riding-habit visible. Horse-exercise is of altogether too violent a nature to find favour in the eyes of Neapolitan dames and damsels, and the few *equestriennes* seen are either foreigners or the wives of officers in garrison.

Enough of the ride; let me have a look at the carriages.

Low phaeton, bay horses; liveries, blue faced with red: the King. Clarence, brown horses; liveries, blue turned up with white: the Countess Mirafiori. The old gentleman driving the four-in-hand break is Count G., late Master of the Horse to King Francis. The united ages of himself and his horses are, I should guess, close upon two centuries. His is the only four-in-hand on the Corso; for although there are a sufficient number of teams to form a very respectable coaching-club, it is only during race week that they muster in any force. The crowded, lava-flagged Chiaja is not the place for tooling a drag, and owners of teams leave the task of exercising them to their coachmen, contenting themselves with a pair. The owner of those two good-looking Friulian cobs is one of the best four-in-hand whips in Naples; but the Neapolitans are all Jehus born, and, like the son of Nimshi, they drive furiously. At what a rattling pace that pony is getting over the ground, and how cleverly his master steers him through the double line of carriages rolling up and down the Riviera! How thoroughly Neapolitan is the entire turn-out! Driver in broad-brimmed felt hat, crimson necktie, velveteen shooting-jacket, and trousers of the loudest pattern: a Jack-a-dandy of purest type. Trap, a low-hung gig, with a netting slung between the wheels—the Neapolitan "Vitechapel"; pony, cow-hocked, goose-rumped, but a one-er to go; and the harness loaded with brass ornamentation, tassels, foxes' tails, bells—the reins attached to a bar on either side, a metal noseband. Crack! crack! crack! Mind your driving, Tomasso of the blue plush and white stockings, for Don Ciccillo is coming along.

Still more Neapolitan is this corricolo, with its living freight of nine men, women, and children, and a priest more than sufficient, were the vehicle badly balanced, to lift the pony in the shafts off his legs. Game little fellow, that he is!—he steps out briskly, notwithstanding his load, and only requires feeding to go for ever.

Here is another sight seldom seen out of Naples—a private carriage filled with women in gayest apparel: a servants' wedding. Neapolitans have the reputation of being bad masters and mistresses, niggardly, petulant, inconsiderate, exacting;

and, from an English standpoint, not without some show of reason. The remuneration they give their servants is of the smallest, and the food of the poorest, whilst the work they require of them is of the hardest, and the abuse of the rudest. His Excellency, instead of priding himself on the high "selleries" he gives his people, and the good cheer of his servants' hall, is so lost to all sense of propriety as to boast of the low wage at which he has secured their services—of the capital arrangement he has made with his cook for their nourishment, and will, on the slightest provocation, fly into a furious passion and call them the vilest names that the language affords. Her Excellency is just as bad, if not worse: she is the most illiberal and fault-finding of mistresses, and when in one of her tantrums does not hesitate to apply to her handmaiden epithets which the lowest trull of the Porta Capuana would resent. That English servants would not submit to similar treatment, that the entire "staff" would give notice before the expiration of the first week, is pretty certain. But Neapolitan servants are not English servants, nor are Neapolitan usages the usages of a well-ordered English household. Were my lord to call Chawles thief, villain, ruffian, scoundrel, Chawles would invoke the aid of some pettifogger, and sue his master for defamation of character; and were my lady to tell her Abigail that she was a—no better than she ought to be, that virtuous damsel would be very likely to follow suit. Neither of them would think of remaining in a family where they were subject to such gross indignity; neither would they forgive nor forget. Neapolitan servants, on the contrary, pay but little attention to the unparliamentary language of their employers. Hard words break no bones. When signor and signora have exhausted their repertory of abusive nomenclature or their breath, they will stop. *Ecco!* So Carlo shrugs his shoulders, and Maria twiddles her thumbs, until the valedictory *Andate al diavolo*, which they interpret, "Go and say whatever you please, so that we don't hear you," is pronounced! And their say they have with a vengeance. The foulest names that their inventive Neapolitan imaginations can suggest are freely bestowed on *padrone* and *padrona* until their vocabulary of slang being exhausted, and their feelings soothed

by having had in their turn an outburst of invective, they return to their respective duties, and above-stairs and below-stairs there is the *status quo ante bellum*. On behalf of the masters it must be admitted that they have their patience sorely tried. Neapolitan servants are little better than children, and require to be treated as such. Unless they from time to time receive a sharp wigging—a wigging strongly flavoured with expletive—they will do nothing they are told to do, and will be guilty of all manner of domestic turpitude. A wigging to-day, a friendly word to-morrow, is the only way of managing them, whilst the lower their wages, and the poorer their diet, the greater one's chance of being properly served. So at least say the masters; and my own experiences have converted me to the same way of thinking. In granting small favours to his dependents, the Neapolitan is the most good-natured of masters. Permission to help a brother white-cap in the preparation of a feast, to which he, the master, has not been invited, is freely accorded the cook and the carriage lent to Maria when she takes unto herself a mate.

Throughout its entire length, from the Piazza Victoria to the Fontana del' Leone—one mile and a half—closely packed with carriages is the Riviera. Were the number of wheeled vehicles in proportion to the population any criterion of a city's wealth, the stranger might well be excused for setting down Naples as one of the richest cities in the world, instead of one of the poorest, which it really is. Some wealthy families there are, no doubt, but, taken as a body, the Neapolitan aristocracy is unquestionably poor, as are likewise, with few exceptions, the professional and mercantile classes. Nine times out of ten, horses, carriages, liveries, are not evidences of the owner's wealth, but of the owner's frugality, pertinently expressed in Italian by *Piu fumo ch' arrosto*—more smoke than roast meat. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true; for the Neapolitan aristocracy, if not quite so ancient as the Roman, is of very respectable antiquity. Not a few families are there whose patents of nobility date from mediæval times, and which, without any herald's jugglery or back-summersaulting, by family records and diplomas, concerning whose authenticity there is not the shadow of a doubt, can

trace back their pedigrees to the days of the Norman kings.

Little does friend Jonathan ween, as with trader's eye he "takes stock" of the crowd, how many bearers of names famous in story are here, nor would he be much the wiser were he enlightened. There goes a descendant of Hernando Cortez, and it was an ancestor of that old gentleman across the way whose tyranny was the prime cause of Masaniello's rebellion. Bœotian times these! As the Laureate tells the Lady Vere de Vere—

> "Bank-notes are more than coronets,
> And bright red gold than Norman blood."

Jonathan, of New York city, dry-goods merchant, is treated with far greater obsequiousness by the landlord and servants of the Hôtel de la Grande République than would the Duca di M., were he to honour that hostelry with his patronage; for whilst the former casts his eye at the sum-total of his bill and pays it, the latter will carefully examine every item to see that there be neither clerical error nor overcharge.

Attired in Worth's latest inspirations, see Mrs. Jonathan and the Misses Jonathan come bowling along. To look at Mrs. J., who would imagine that in the earlier years of her married life, when her husband was clerk in the store of which he is now head partner, hers were the hands that prepared the buckwheat cakes and the chicken fixens that her lord loveth, and that ironed the family linen? To hear her ordering about the servants, and hectoring coachmen, donkey-drivers, and *portantini*, who would believe that when at home she is afraid to say "go" to Phœbe the parlour-maid, or "come" to Biddy the cook; and that, under pain of being told to do her own work, she is obliged to treat her people not as servants but as "helps"? Alas and alack-a-day! in three short months she has entirely forgotten the cooking, and the ironing, and the store, and the highly disrespectful manner in which she is treated by Phœbe and Biddy aforesaid. She ruffles it with the best of them, and talks of our friends, the Montecchi, and our friends, the Capuleti, as though she herself were a Doria or a Colonna. Miss Sallie and Miss Nellie are even more oblivious than mamma. Proudly conscious

of the unimpeachability of their Parisian toilets, they turn up their noses at their less dressy English rivals, and guess that they are deficient in elegance in style. Utterly forgotten are their American sweethearts. Now they have seen a world of fashion a cut above that of Fifth Avenue, they aspire to a higher grade than plain merchant's wife. *Principessa* must they be, or *marchesa;* and their aspirations are not unfrequently realized. The wealth of Jonathan *père* being placed beyond a doubt, the *dot* of the young ladies ascertained to a dollar, needy nobles present themselves by the score, and cast themselves and their titles at the feet of the American fair. Papa's shop—what matters it? all Americans are in business. Mamma's vulgarity—it is not the old one they marry. The odious brother—in a month he returns to New York. Miss Sallie is pretty, Miss Nellie is charming, and their gold the Californian gold that shall regild the ancient blazon pure as the gold of Ophir.

Mother and the girls have all the fun to themselves. The old man takes no delight in the mushroom splendour and mock fashion of his wife and daughters, and keeps as much in the background as possible. His heart is in the Broadway store; his thoughts immersed in business calculations and combinations. He passes his mornings in letter-writing, and only makes his appearance at luncheon, when, with all the delicacies of the season before him, he will bitterly complain that he has not had one "square meal" since leaving New York city.

But there sinks the sun behind the Vomero; the air grows chill; my cane tells me that the dew is falling. I had better be toddling home.

CHAPTER IV.

SOCIETY.

So numerous in Naples are the titled, that to have no title is *bien distingué*. If a man have the misfortune to be neither prince, duke, count, baron, nor commendatore, not even so much as cavaliere, he is pretty certain to be, like Shenkin, "of noble house,"—*de Principe di*, or *de Duchi di* something. To receive a card with nothing printed or engraved thereon, to show that the bearer is connected with the nobility is rare; to see a carriage without a coronet on the panels rarer; a servant's hat without a cockade rarer still. In Naples the Venetian proverb, "Conte che non conta non conta niente," does not hold good. However poor the noble may be, he never thinks of sinking his nobility; he clings to his title, although all the privileges attached thereto have long been abolished.

The Neapolitan nobility was formerly divided into two classes—those inscribed in the 'Libro di Oro,' and those in the 'Libro di Argento,' the former having the prerogative of the sedile, the latter many rights and immunities similar to those enjoyed by English barons in feudal times. But in 1799 the prerogative of the sedile was abrogated; in 1807 the feudal laws still in force were repealed, and all that now remains to the Neapolitan noble is the barren honour of his nobility.

The simplest way to give the reader a general idea of Neapolitan society will be to begin at the beginning, *ab utero*, to follow the career of one of the *hochgeborne* from the cradle to the shroud.

A month prior to the expected appearance of the little

stranger, the family doctor is commissioned to find a wet-nurse, who shall be at the same time a credit to the family and a fountain of health to the infant. As Roman matrons prefer the women of Albano for wet-nurses, so do the Neapolitans those of Ischia, Massa, Sorrento, or Fratta-Maggiore, and for precisely the same reason—because they are the biggest women to be found. Neapolitan ladies do not hold with English farm-wives, that it is seldom the biggest cow that gives the richest or the best milk. With them size is everything, and, provided the candidate have a clean bill of health, is a cloth-yard wide across the shoulders, and half as much again round the waist, she is deemed satisfactory in every respect, and is regarded by the family as a veritable treasure. Her mistress has no occasion to tell her so; she is perfectly aware of it, and comports herself accordingly. From the day of her arrival to that of her departure, she has her own way in everything. My lady is second in command. From cellar to attic the *balia* reigns supreme, and orders everybody. She has the most comfortable room in the house, the snuggest seat in the carriage, the titbits from the kitchen, the best wine in the cellar. She must have every want supplied; every whim satisfied. If she be thwarted or interfered with in any way, baby's nourishment will be certain to deteriorate both in quantity and quality. "Baby's nourishment" is the strongest trump card in a paw that is filled with them. That blue satin dress with the gold fringe which she wears, those *rosette* in her ears, those gold rings on her fingers, were presented to her solely that baby's nourishment might not suffer through her being refused them, and were she to long for the moon her master and mistress would endeavour to procure her a slice of it.

In the arms of this gorgeously attired autocrat of the household, his babyship takes his morning constitutional in the Villa, and, encircled by the same stout arms, drives up and down the Chiaja every sunny afternoon. The rumble and rattle of carriage wheels is to his little Neapolitan ears soothing rather than otherwise, and he slumbers peacefully amidst a racket that would send an English infant into convulsions.

"In diurnal airings, in eatings and drinkings of everything that is most prejudicial to baby life, in much sleepings, varied by

frequent ebullitions of temper seldom corrected, the first years slip away, and precious darling is of an age to acquire the small amount of erudition that it is considered requisite for the Neapolitan noble to possess—reading, writing, the first four rules of arithmetic, a smattering of Latin, and just sufficient French to enable him to catch the *double entendre* in the writings of M. Paul de Kock and novelists of similar stamp, and to speak the language more or less grammatically. If the family be wealthy and liberal in politics, a French tutor is engaged; if wealthy and retrogressive, an Italian priest; and when the parents' means are too limited to permit of private tuition, the lad is sent either to a collegiate school or to a convent where boarders are taken.

Under a French tutor the youngster does pretty much as he pleases. The domine is not unfrequently a well-informed man of the Rochefort school of politics, who has strong reasons for not returning to his native land. He has learned in the bitter school of adversity the wisdom of howling with the wolves, and knowing that his tenure of office is altogether dependent on the good-will of the young cub to whom he acts as leader, he lets him have his own way in everything. Although not the most desirable of trainers, he is immeasurably superior in every respect to the unctuous, obsequious, smooth-tongued Jesuit, to whose fatherly care is confided the young *codino*. The former spoils his pupil; the latter ruins him; for not only does he cringe to and flatter him, and allow him to act as he pleases, but he sedulously smothers every liberal idea, quenches every generous impulse, and makes the lad not only self-willed and arrogant, but false and hypocritical. He has but one end and aim in view—to make his charge the abject slave of Mother Church; to effect that he is ready to pander to every vicious taste, to find excuses for every ignoble action.

How the boy sent to school or convent may turn out depends, of course, more on the preponderance of good or evil amongst his class-mates than on the efficiency or inefficiency of his teachers. From what I have been told, I fear that in most of these educational establishments, the black sheep considerably outnumber the white, especially in those conducted by

ecclesiastics, where, according to my informants, they are as ninety-nine to one, and that one not altogether spotless.

The second, the schoolboy stage of the Neapolitan noble's life ends at the early age of eighteen, when, being in his own eyes and in the eyes of the world "every inch a man," he makes his entry into society. The amount of general information that he has acquired in these eighteen years would not suffice to gain him admission into our General Post-office as boy letter-sorter; but he can speak French, play billiards and *scopone* and other games of cards, dance a cotillon, and "touch" the piano just sufficiently well to make one wish that he would never touch it at all. But, despite his faulty education, of good points he has his share. He is extremely respectful to his parents: he never speaks of his father as "the gov." or the "old boy," nor of his mother as "the maternal" or the "old woman." He is deferential to his seniors, polite to his fellows, and, so far as my experience goes, particularly considerate to those suffering from mental or other infirmity. The patient way in which he will submit to the pawings and maunderings of a softie is much to his credit. He does not drink; is not "bouncy." Neither is he a paragon of virtue, nor the monster of iniquity that he has been portrayed.

Widely different is the daily life of the young Neapolitan noble from that of his English compeer. He takes no delight in field sports, and cares little for boating or yachting. If of an exceptionally active, energetic temperament, he will go through a course of instruction at the fencing-school and play an occasional game of tennis. But, as a rule, he studiously avoids all violent exercise, and seeks excitement in the mazy dance, in cards and billiards. To "writhe, wrestle, and play with his fellows so gay," is not in his nature. Instead of running and leaping and larking like an English lad of the same age, he will ask one of his companions to take a couple of turns with him in the Villa. *Andiam' fare due passi* is Neapolitan for, "let 's have some horse-play"—a game of romps. To look after his father's estate, or to farm on his own account, never enters his head. How any gentleman can turn farmer, simply for the sake of having something to do, is beyond his comprehension. Is he a *massaro*, that he should interest himself in the growth of crops,

and in the fattening of sheep and oxen? It is the same with every other description of work: he will none of it.

How he gets through his mornings is best known to himself. His afternoons are spent in driving up and down the Chiaja, if he have horses and carriage at command—in perambulating the streets and Villa, if he have not; his nights at the café, his club, the theatre, at the Principessa's reception, at the Marchesa's ball. To have been to neither theatre, ball, nor reception is indeed to have lost a day. To obtain the greatest amount of amusement and dissipation at the least possible cost is his endeavour. Compared with the *jeunesse dorée* of other lands, he is parsimonious. It is not as Jupiter appeared to Danaë that the Neapolitan enters the chamber of his mistress. To the Parisian *demi-mondaine* Bella Napoli is the least attractive of cities. His spring crop of wild oats sown, and the harvest in the shape of an impaired constitution garnered, the time has arrived for our friend to take unto himself a wife—a wife with a dower, for if a *dot* be indispensable in France, still more so is it in Italy. His affections being altogether subservient to his interests, he leaves the care of finding her to his relatives: if they are contented, so is he.

Neapolitan young ladies are, in their way, as erudite as their brothers. Whatever they may have learned has been learned with a view to effect. Their accomplishments are not of the useful, but of the showy order. They declaim better than they can write; sing better than spell; dance better than cipher. They may be uncertain as to whether it was Galileo or Columbus that discovered America; but they never confound Verdi with Rossini, Offenbach with Lecocq. Said one of them to an English lady of my acquaintance, "The colonel, your husband, is at New York."

"No, not at New York; in India—at Calcutta."

"Si si," was the prompt response; "India, America, New York, Calcutta, è la stessa cosa."

It was all the same: ten thousand miles more or less was a matter of no import whatsoever. The Neapolitan imagination can annihilate space more effectually than the telegraphic wire. They are not brilliant talkers, but they do not endeavour,

like some girls of the period, to conceal their shortcomings in this respect by a liberal use of slang. They are never "awfully jolly," nor "horribly spooney," nor "precious seedy, and that sort of thing, you know." They have not a great command of words, but those they use are at least Italian or Neapolitan.

Another point in their favour is that they are, as a rule, unaffected, and ready to do what is required of them without pressing. When requested to play or to sing, they seldom think it necessary to prelude their performance by declaring that they have not played for an age, that they are quite out of voice and so forth; and if declamation be their forte, they recite their piece without either giving themselves the airs of a tragedy queen or blushing up to the roots of their hair like a school-girl. Neither are they disagreeably fast, nor painfully bashful. In their bosoms the tender passion is kindled at a very early age, and it is pretty certain to be on some impecunious cadet, altogether ineligible as a husband *in futuro*, that the budding signorina centres her affections. To be the victim of a hopeless passion is to entitle her to sympathy, to consideration. Consideration implies respect; and, if treated with respect, she is no longer a child, but a woman.

Her first move towards emancipation from school-room restraint is the selection of a favourite—an acknowledged favourite; for it must not be supposed that she hides her love, nor allows concealment, like a worm i' the bud, to feed on her damask cheek; she confides it to all her friends, male as well as female. More than one love-lorn damsel in her 'teens has made me the confidant of her sufferings, and shown me the photo of the beloved one. She rarely remains constant to her first love. Her right to be treated as a young lady fairly established, it is her privilege to be fickle, and fickle she is as woman can be. She transfers her affections from Alfredo to Arturo, and from Arturo to Carlo, at her own sweet will and pleasure, until the day comes when, against it, she is wedded to some man for whom, in nine cases out of ten, she cares not a straw.

Behold our *principino* married. Considering how little the affections have had to do in bringing them together, husband and wife endure resignedly the yoke matrimonial. If they

snarl, and snap, and bicker, it is in private: in public they are perfectly well behaved. Neither are they overwhelmingly, suspiciously affectionate, nor forbiddingly, distressingly cold. Mutual forbearance, when in society, would seem to be the tacit understanding. The husband is not rabid at little attentions being paid to his wife, nor is the wife on tenter-hooks when she espies her lord flirting with some lady of his acquaintance. Neapolitan jealousy exists more in fiction than in fact; in the fiction of lady-writers more especially. Where did I read the following effusion, stated to have been addressed by a Neapolitan to his betrothed?—"But it would sound strange to your English ears to know the extreme sense of appropriation with which an Italian regards his wife. It is true he adores her, but it is an adoration which would exclude the remotest homage of the merest stranger. He waits upon her, watches her, serves her."

However it may have sounded to the lady's English ears, it would unquestionably have sounded not only strange, but extremely ridiculous to any fellow-countryman of her impassioned adorer who might have been a listener. In Neapolitan eyes, to pose as Othello is the acme of imbecility; and, far from the husband appropriating, and adoring, and waiting upon, and watching his wife, and being tied everlastingly to her apron-strings, it is considered extremely bad breeding should he even so much as offer her his arm when there is another arm at liberty. Instances of jealousy and revenge can doubtless be cited; but, all things considered, they are not numerous.

And whilst on the topic of jealousy, it will, perhaps, be as well that I circumspectly approach a delicate subject intimately connected therewith—cicisbeism. If it prevail to the extent described by others, then am I singularly obtuse, for I have failed to discover it. Although I have kept my eyes wide open, and my ears on the cock for any choice bit of scandal that may have been current, I have seen little, heard little, of those shocking "goings on" which arouse the virtuous indignation of my travelled fellow-countrymen. And Neapolitans are very far from being reticent on such matters. They will discuss their own and their friends' private affairs before strangers in the

most free-and-easy style imaginable, and the partiality of the princess for the baron, and of the countess for the duke, is known to all men,—known to all men, but seldom made the subject of ill-natured comment; for, except in extremely rare cases, the *convenances* are strictly observed, no lady's modesty is outraged.

The frisky matrons who have of late years made themselves the most talked about, talked about in our English inquisitorial sense, have not been Italians, but—well, to avoid making enemies unnecessarily, I will say Chinese. When my Chinese friends kick over the traces, they kick every strap and buckle of the social harness to pieces. Their respective owners being the ones most aggrieved, if they would only stop at kicking, society might charitably overlook their vagaries. But, unfortunately, there are some amongst them who do worse than kick—they bite, endeavour to blacken the fair fame of their acquaintance; and this is an offence which Neapolitans will not condone. Thoroughly charitable and good-natured themselves, they will not suffer any backbiting or slander on the part of aliens. The offender is sent to Coventry. The way in which they make her understand that she has been relegated to that social limbo is often highly amusing; but, as giving an instance or two would hardly be likely to afford amusement to the parties chiefly concerned, I will only say that the proscribed prove fully equal to the occasion. Society having done its worst, they snap their fingers at society, and brazen it out *à la Chinoise.*

I am perfectly aware that two blacks don't make a white, that the *tu quoque* is a poor line of argument, but it is only by having recourse thereto that the advocate can ofttimes hope to establish the comparative purity of his client. That the Neapolitans are very far from being a virtuous race, Naples a highly immoral city, I admit; and having done so I would ask in what part of the world is the man to be found who can throw the stone of virtuous indignation without serious damage to his own windows? In England, in America, in France, in Austria? Is the Englishman so very unobservant as to be entirely ignorant of the goings on in his own metropolis? Does he never stir out after nightfall, never cast his eye over the Divorce Court's reports, never read the startling disclosures of prison and hospital officials

throughout our land? Is it only at Naples that ladies are accosted in the public streets? Is the American immersed in trade so guileless as to be unaware that in New York and other great American cities there is a profession carried on with little attempt at secrecy, which if practised half as openly in immoral Naples would speedily introduce the practitioners thereof to the judge of the Criminal Court and the governor of the Woman's Prison? Will the Frenchman undertake to prove that his countrymen and country-women are pre-eminently virtuous, and that there is not one word of truth in the aspersions cast upon them by the novelists and dramatists of the period? Has the Austrian never heard what the Emperor Ferdinand said of the moral condition of Vienna? It won't do. Until we can ourselves show a completely clean bill of health, we must refrain from pointing at the plague-spots of our neighbour.

To return to our *principino* and his wife, there being no Divorce Court wherein to wash their dirty linen, no kind Sir James Hannen to lend an attentive ear to their respective accusations and recriminations, and to sever the knot that binds them together, they accept the inevitable good humouredly, and are not too inquisitive as to each other's comings and goings. To have as little trouble and as much amusement as possible is the end and aim of their existence. Their own society being, next to grim death, what Neapolitans dread the most, they would accept the invitation of Beelzebub rather than remain at home of an evening; live on dry bread rather than forego the theatre. If rich, they take a box at the Opera, and at one of the minor theatres for the alternate nights of the season; if poor, they will share a box with friends, or get the key of one from some obliging absentee. By hook or by crook one and all manage to have the requisite amount of theatrical pabulum, which means that they are to be seen at one theatre or another on four nights out of the seven. A box is rented at San Carlo or the Sannazaro, quite as much with a view to the nightly reception of friends and acquaintances as to the entertainment to be derived from the operatic performances at either house. The item "to theatres," which figures for so considerable an amount in our *principino's* yearly accounts, is not quite so disproportionate to

the other items as would at first sight appear, there being the set-off of fuel and lights which are saved by passing the evening away from home, not to speak of the wear and tear of furniture. Until midnight the said box is her Excellency's salon, if not his Excellency's club. In it she receives her friends and admirers in an informal way. At San Carlo alone is full dress worn; at the minor theatres *demi-toilette* is the rule for both sexes; *demi-toilette*, but not *négligé*. It is only the free and independent tourist, proud in the possession of his circ'lar ticket and hotel coupons, who has the cool impertinence to appear at the Grand Opera in a light tweed shooting-suit.

But in the matter of dress or undress the female pilgrim is more audacious than the male; for not only does she make her appearance at the Opera in travelling costume, but she will present herself at fashionable assemblies to which she has been courteously invited in the Arcadian attire of a village May Queen, or *Rosière*. At one of the balls given by the members of the Unione Club, quite a sensation was created by the apparition of two sisters in muslin frocks, high above and scant below—precious relics of the school-girl phase of their existence. They could not plead poverty, nor yet "papa's vexatious restrictions as to baggage," for they were cruizing in their own yacht. To hear the remarks made about them and pilgrims of the same nationality is naturally extremely pleasant for the resident Chinese, their compatriots.

The cards of invitation to these Unione balls, of which three are given during the course of the season, seem to be regarded by the Neapolitan fair as so many bills of exchange, the third alone payable. At the first and second, the attendance is scant; at the third and last, the spacious ball-room of the club is filled to overflowing. All Naples is there, and his wife, as likewise a detachment of the body-pilgrim, whose banker has, in most instances, procured the necessary invitation. Equally well attended is the charity ball given at the Municipio or the Fondo, cards for which may be obtained through the same obliging medium. With it, for the friendless visitor, dancing ends, the only public balls being those held at the different theatres during Carnival, which are

not worth attending. The German residents, who have a club of their own, and a *Sing-verein* of course, give an occasional ball, as do likewise the Swiss. The English don't give balls; they attend them. Naples would not be considered a good quarter by the gentlemen of the 10th Hussars. Suppers—sit-down suppers—are not the rule, but the exception. On nothing more nourishing or exhilarating than cakes, ices, and sherbet, they would be expected to dance night after night until ever-so-much o'clock in the morning. Before their first season was half over the slimmest cornet would have had to take in his belt three holes at the very least; a dozen the portly captain. Differently constituted, the natives dance and grow fat—very fat. A walk of ten miles would gruel them, but they can caper all night without feeling in the least fatigued. If supper be provided, they eat and drink till all 's blue; if it be not, they dance the oftener. Dancing is to them what drinking—drinking for drink's sake—is to us. Before a Neapolitan child can walk, he can hop; act before he can express himself intelligibly. Chits of eight and ten will go through the mazes of a cotillon without committing a single mistake worth mentioning, and recite before strangers the instant they are told. And, what is more, they declaim so easily and naturally that it is a pleasure to listen to them. "My name is Norval"—that bugbear of English youth—would have no terrors for a little Neapolitan. After a certain amount of study he would be able, not only to repeat it, but to act the part like a young Roscius. As is usual with "infant phenomena," it is rarely that they develope into first-rate actors and actresses: their juvenile efforts are generally their best. There are few *improvisatore* worthy the name; the really clever amateur actors can be counted on one's fingers. Private theatricals are much the fashion. Pleasantest of all entertainments are the representations, musical and dramatic, given each season by the Società Filarmonica, admission to which can be obtained through a member. The plays, sometimes French, sometimes Italian, are not unfrequently original—first performances, the creation of a member, who, unless the plot be very bad indeed, is certain of an attentive hearing. A right good nursery for budding dramatists is the Filarmonica. The

audience is critical, but eminently lenient: when they can applaud conscientiously, they do so; when they cannot, they yawn.

What with his club, and his horses, and theatre-going, and ball and reception attending, and philandering, and other little pastimes, our *principino* manages to get through the winter, as does likewise in dressing and driving, and dancing and dallying, the *principessa*, his wife. Were there no such place as home they would get along swimmingly. Home is the one great drawback to their felicity—that dreadful Neapolitan home of theirs, where everything is at sixes and sevens, and where, without books or employment of any description to occupy their time, the hours drag so wearily along. Their day, their real day, begins at the hour they make their appearance in public; ends when they recross their threshold, or the last visitors take their departure. Every hour that is not spent in society other than their own is an hour lost. Exceptions there are, of course, but they are not sufficiently numerous to make the rule, or anything approaching it.

The end of winter and the advent of spring is heralded by the races, which take place in April. The Neapolitans are not a sporting people. There are only three or four racing stables, and few if any horses above "plater" stamp. The money run for at each meeting is, I am inclined to think, far in excess of the market value of the entire lot. The racing is poor—very poor; but the attendance is *brillantissimo*. The men go to exhibit their horses, carriages, and liveries; the ladies their new spring toilets. With Epsom, Newmarket, and Goodwood in one's mind's eye, the scene on the Campo di Marte during the Naples races is strange, to say the least of it. Here are no priceless thoroughbreds, no natty Jocks, no horsey trainers, no betting men bawling out their offers, no Nigger Minstrels, no Aunt Sally; only a string of very ordinary horses, with riders to match, a considerable number of carriages, and a crowd enthusiastic in the extreme, but whose ignorance of racing matters is deplorable. Of the four-in-hands on the ground, two-thirds are open landaus, with Tommaso, in the plushiest of breeches and the whitest of stockings, handling the ribbons; and Carlo, ditto, ditto,

by his side—mighty fine, but not quite the thing for a race-course. But "Tummas" in gala livery, tooling his master's team, is not half so ludicrous a sight as a turn-out postillion. A Neapolitan jockey is a caution; but a Neapolitan postillion! As he goes bucketing along, he is the "Perfect Cure" a-horse-back. By far the most amusing portion of each day's programme is the drive back, and the subsequent grand parade of equipages up and down the Chiaja.

With the return of warm weather the Boating Club emerges from its winter's torpidity; the yachtsmen hoist their burgees, and, when the wind blows softly, brave the perils of the deep, to the ladies' admiration and their own. A few minutes' immersion is the greatest risk they run. Capes Minerva and Miseno are their pillars of Hercules, to venture beyond which would be to court destruction. Sorrento is a distant haven; Capri and Ischia islands so remote that he who has made the voyage thither considers himself, and is considered by his friends, a modern Columbus. Fresh-water sailors are they, or rather fair-weather. The saltest thing about them is their get-up, which is of the salt, briny. Unlike the poet, the sailor is made, not born. It is not until he has weathered many a gale, and been thoroughly pickled with salt water, that the nervous green hand developes into your old hard-a-weather, and to Neapolitans yachting is quite a recent experience. But it bids fair to become fashionable: surprising if it did not, with such a cruizing-ground as theirs. Several yachts have been built or purchased during the last few years; amongst them the celebrated Sappho, which, although owned by a Roman, hails from Naples, where she is stationed during the greater part of the summer and laid up during the winter. This year an attempt was made to get up a regatta worthy of the city and the bay. A committee was appointed, subscriptions were collected, and a number of valuable prizes offered for yachts and merchant-vessels of all rigs and tonnage; but, in default of entries, it had to be postponed for a season. Were it held earlier in the year, there would be a better chance of English yachts competing. In April the greater number of them are on the passage home.

With June comes *villeggiatura*, of which more hereafter. And

so the years roll away. Children are born to our *principino*, and, after each new arrival, more difficult does he find it to make both ends meet. It is in vain that he retrenches in the commissariat department; the money saved in the kitchen goes but a very short way towards the payment of milliners, tailors, horse-dealers, carriage-builders, harness-makers, and the rest. Bills accumulate, and it becomes a question whether they shall give up their equipage or run into debt. Run into debt it is, of course; better dead than carriageless. The prince, his sire, can't live for ever: when he dies, the long-suffering creditors will be paid. Die he does, one fine morning, and our prince—prince by courtesy no longer—removes from the comfortless flat he has occupied since his marriage, to the more roomy but equally comfortless family palazzo. The difference between the *principino* and the *principe* is about as great as between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee. The prince drives better horses, keeps more servants, no longer troubles himself about the household expenses, and pays his way—that's all. Not one whit more energetic is he than during the lifetime of his noble father. The family estates are situated in Calabria, and he never gives himself the trouble to visit them. Like the Irish absentee, he leaves their entire management to his *intendente*, or agent, who manages them to such account that he is not very much the poorer man of the two. Look after the property himself—why should he? It brings in sufficient to serve his turn; what more does he require? Go in for improvements! Not if he knows it. Improving a property means impoverishing oneself to enrich the peasant. If his tenants think that the land would be benefited by drainage or what not, they have his full permission to make the experiment. All he asks is that they pay their rent, and not to trouble him with any of their new-fangled notions regarding the respective duties of landlord and tenant.

In spending his income, whatever it may be, the *principe* is ably seconded by the *principessa*, his wife. To dress better—more showily than her acquaintance, has ever been her ambition; and, now that her lord has money, her extravagance knows no bounds. The length and multiplicity of her milliner's bills would

try the patience of an American husband. He grins and bears it. Anything for a quiet life. If there be no conjugal affection, neither is there bitterness or hate. They are politely indifferent to each other,—nothing more. He married her because his relatives thought the match a suitable one; she married him for the same reason. By bearing him children she has performed her part of the contract; by ministering to her numerous necessities, and shutting his eyes to her amiable weaknesses, my lord endeavours to perform his. As they advance in years they increase in—in weight. The prince forsakes the *coulisses* for his club, prefers a quiet game of scopone or whist to a cotillon, whilst the princess endeavours, with the aid of a father confessor, to combine devotion with worldliness. She sees her sons married, one after another, to girls for whom they do not care a straw, and her daughters to men for whom they do not care a button, and congratulates herself on her cleverness as a match-maker.

The end comes at last. In the midst of the theatre-going and party-giving and card-playing palid Death knocks at the door of the palazzo, and demands the master, who, not from any faith he has in their power to bind and to loose, but because it is the proper thing to do, sends for the priests, and it is with their voices droning in his ears, and the smell of incense and wax candles in his nostrils, that he passes away. During his sixty odd years' residence on earth he has endeavoured to do his duty to society and to himself, particularly to himself, in a manner befitting his high estate. Never has he denied himself a single pleasure that he had the power to gratify. He has driven a hundred thousand times up and down the Chiaja, played twice as many games of cards, given his fair quota of balls and parties, attended those of his acquaintance, never absented himself from a first representation, helped towards the maintenance of the ladies of the ballet, and by his entire life's conduct satisfactorily proved that man in a state of society—Neapolitan society—lives for himself alone.

R. I. P.

CHAPTER V.

THE POPULACE.

"IF Naples be a Paradise inhabited by devils, I am sure it is by merry devils," writes Forsyth. "A merry, joyous race, with a keen relish for drollery, and endued with a power of feature that is shown in the richest exhibitions of comic grimace," writes Matthews; and in similar strain every traveller whose experiences of Neapolitan life and character have been sufficiently extensive to warrant the publication of a volume on the subject. Equally impressed with their merriness and drollery is the artist of the period. As portrayed by him, the Neapolitan is more than a "merry devil"; he is a buffoon, a mountebank, a bacchanal. Ever dancing the tarantella, or amusing himself after some fashion or other, his life is, to speak figuratively, "all beer and skittles."

That the Neapolitan is light-hearted, facetious, and both in features and in gesture expressive to a degree, there can be no question whatever; but it seems to me that his merriness and buffoonery have been a little overdrawn, as have likewise his roguery, mendacity, vindictiveness, laziness, and other bad qualities. The traveller is apt to jump to conclusions. He sees half-a-dozen peasants dancing the tarantella on the terrace in front of his hotel; therefore they (the entire people) are indefatigable dancers: he hears the strains of "Santa Lucia" or "Mariannina" beneath his window; they are passionately fond of music and singing: he finds them sleeping in the streets and on the highways; they are lazy; and so on to the end of his note-book. He

never stops to consider whether their joviality be real or assumed; appearances trustworthy or deceptive. Were he to do so, he might perchance discover that much of this kicking up of heels and tomfoolery, which he lays to exuberance of animal spirits, is nothing more than clever acting with a view to *quattrini*, and that, in the words of the poet, "things are not what they seem."

The national character, as portrayed by the ethnologist and accepted by the general public, is hardly one to be admired. Apart from their light-heartedness and joyousness, no one seems willing to accredit the Neapolitans with a single good quality. "Greatest thieves unhung," "lazy rascals," "cowardly beggars," "can't believe a word that comes out of their mouths," such are the terms in which they are usually spoken of by the intelligent traveller.

"The devil is not so black as he's painted," nor, according to my experience, is the Neapolitan; and as so much has been said of his bad points, let me try if I cannot, for a change, find something to say of his good ones.

Good and bad qualities being altogether relative, it is only by comparison that man's moral standard can be determined. With whom to compare my much-maligned friend? With the Spaniard, the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman; with that "Neapolitan of the north," Paddy? I will waive my right of selection, and boldly compare him with what the American would term the "balance of mankind." Thieving being the crime of which he is most frequently accused, with that deadly sin of his I will begin.

To be overreached, cheated, is not pleasant; but because I have had the worst of a bargain, am I, therefore, justified in calling him who has had the best of it thief? When that very smart gentleman, Asa E. Dodge, U.S.A., finds the walking-stick which, after much haggling, he has obtained for two francs to be only worth one, he is exceeding wroth, and guesses that the Neapolitans are "the durndest set of thieves in all creation"; whilst Mr. John Bull, British subject, smarting under the humiliation of having been done out of half a franc by a carrozzella-driver, for once agrees with his American cousin. "Thieves, sir

—greatest thieves unhung!" Because the stick-man has sold a stick for more than its intrinsic value, and the carrozzella-driver has demanded and been paid half a franc more than his just fare, are they therefore thieves? What is a thief? A person guilty of theft? Then are they not thieves, for they have stolen nothing. Mr. Dodge was not compelled to pay two francs for his stick, nor was Mr. Smith violently despoiled of the fifty centimes, the loss of which makes his life a burden to him, by the carrozzella-driver. The one could have declined to buy, the other have refused to pay; and that they have been "done" is simply because they are not half so wide awake as they imagine. Had Mr. Dodge's little business transaction taken place in his native city of New York, the stick-hawker been a free and enlightened citizen of the United States, not a "mean cuss" of a Neapolitan, instead of being called thief, he would be pronounced a remarkably smart trader, certain to make his way in the world—to become, some day, town councilman, senator, governor of his State,—not, improbably, chief magistrate; and had the overcharge of fivepence been made by a London cabman, not by a Neapolitan carrozzella-driver, Mr. Smith, instead of working himself into a passion, and telling every one that he had been most shamefully robbed, would have been perfectly amazed at the man's moderation. That they who are the most victimized when at home should, when abroad, be the loudest in their denunciations of thieves and thievery, can be understood; but why the contempt of these same growlers for foreigners and things foreign should increase in proportion to the length of their expatriation is, to me, incomprehensible. Not a few are there whose sole occupation would seem to be the ferreting out and denunciation of national crimes and shortcomings.

Such a Gomorrah, according to their showing, is Naples, that its escape from the fate of the cities of the plain can only be ascribed to the constant intercession of St. Januarius; let me add, their own from a violent death at the hands of the aspersed to the special interposition of Providence. Woe to the pilgrim and to the stranger within her gates! If he be not stricken by the ever-present enteric fever, nor be run over by a carrozzella, nor have a stiletto driven into him, robbed he will be without

fail; and, should he venture to complain, be subjected to the most ignominious treatment at the hands of the police and carabinieri. In Naples the law is a dead letter, justice unobtainable; judges are bought, witnesses bribed, juries intimidated. So positive are they in their statements, so ready to give a dozen cases in point if required, that the words of their mouth seem as the words of wisdom, and they are seldom subjected to the humiliation of a doubt. But when brought to book, when politely requested by some Thomas to substantiate their statements, their dozen cases of venality, thievery, brutality, and what not, can generally be reduced to one, and that one not half so flagrant as represented.

For making mountains out of mole-hills, and discovering mares' nests, they are unsurpassed. The loss of a carpet-bag at the railway-station, or the theft of a watch, furnishes them with subject-matter for weeks; the arrest and incarceration of some cantankerous fellow-countryman by the carabinieri, for months. They give you the sufferer's version of the story, and the carabinieri's version, and the true version, which is, of course, their own. They turn the evidence in this way, and they twist it in that. They reprobate the dilatoriness of the authorities, and extol the energy of "our consul." They hint at hush-money having been paid, and persons high in office being implicated, until at length the trumpery theft or squabble has assumed such a truly alarming aspect that people—stupid people—begin to ask one another whether it should not be made the subject of "diplomatic correspondence." If, instead of their own bun-combe, they would give statistics, state what per-centage of the travelling public lose their carpet-bags, are swindled by tradesmen, coachmen, street hawkers, and others, and are "run in" by the police, it would be easy to determine the precise worth or worthlessness of the people. But, as neither they nor any brother-Napoliphobist will condescend to facts and figures, I must needs go by my own experience, which is that the Neapolitans are not half as thievish and rascally as represented. I have not lost valise or any other valuable that I am aware of, nor have I been outrageously swindled by every one with whom I have had dealings.

But then I have not left my travelling-bag to take care of itself at railway-station or pier-head, nor given every man whatever he might choose to ask me. Knowing that it is the practice of Neapolitans to demand double, treble, quadruple what they will ultimately accept, I meet them half way, reply to them in their own idiom, "*La metà e schpartimme*," "the half, and we divide."

In my own country such procedure is unnecessary. My valise is as safe in London streets as in the Bank of England, and in making a purchase I feel assured that I am getting the full value of my money. When my doctor, my lawyer, and the rest of them insist upon being paid the obsolete guinea, it is not that they may have something approaching an excuse for tacking on five per cent. to their little accounts, but that it would break their hearts to forsake the dear old currency; and when my stickmaker or other tradesman prices an article nineteen shillings and eleven pence three farthings instead of a round one pound sterling, I know that it is because he is too honest to defraud me of even so much as one farthing.

For all this, the so-called English shops of Naples are those which I most studiously avoid. I am by nature so perverse as to prefer unfixed to fixed prices; tradesmen open to an offer to tradesmen who will not abate a centesima on the price which they have thought fit to place on their wares. The take it, or leave it, mode of dealing is highly irritant to my nervous system; and—must I confess it?—I prefer being finessed out of a franc with a pleasant smile to being "fix-priced" out of five with a scowl.

In Italy bargaining, far from being considered mean and undignified, is just the reverse. The man who does not bargain is a fool. Giving what is asked is seldom satisfactory to either party. The payer is discontented because he knows that he is giving too much; the paid because he did not, whilst about it, demand more. I ask a boatman for how much he will take me say from Amalfi to Capri. He answers, forty francs. If I agree to give it him, he will the entire voyage be lamenting that he did not ask fifty; but if I beat him down, franc by franc, to thirty, he will be relatively contented, knowing that he tried

hard and failed to obtain more; and, on receiving the unexpected *buona mano*, is more grateful, and has a far better opinion of me than of my too liberal compatriot, who gave him twice the amount without "haggling."

Speaking, then, of a man as I find him, the Neapolitan is not, in the strict signification of the word, a thief that is not more thievish than others whose character for honesty stands immeasurably higher than his own. Neither is he more mendacious. I will back an Irish car-driver to tell more lies in a given number of minutes than any Neapolitan to be found between Terracina and Cape Spartivento. There are liars and liars—tellers of black lies to the injury of their neighbour, and tellers of white lies to the injury mostly of themselves; and, regarded from a mendacial standpoint, Neapolitans are liars of the lighter, less objectionable hue. They lie not so much to blacken their neighbour as to whiten themselves—to make believe that they are particularly intelligent and wide awake, and, above all, to be agreeable to the company.

Your stickler for the "plain, unvarnished truth" would, I ween, feel mortally aggrieved were he taken at his word, and the truth told him. However humble, however alive to his own personal defects and moral deficiencies, he would not be pleased to hear them proclaimed in the streets and on the house-tops. He would visit with not very severe reproof the man or woman who, oblivious of the Ninth Commandment and the dreadful fate of Ananias, should accredit him with those very good points in which he knows himself to be most signally deficient. His deprecatory "No, no," would be so modulated as to sound very much like "Yes, yes."

Sinner that I am. It is not the boatman, coachman, or beggar who conscientiously endeavours to bring me down a peg in my own esteem that receives the largest gratuity at my hands, but he who wickedly and cunningly gives my vanity a shoulder. True or not true, I much prefer to hear myself spoken of as a very good Signor, handsome, clever, witty, than as a mean, heartless wretch, ugly, stupid, dull, &c.; and, judging others by myself, I presume that it is the same with most of us. Because Lorenzo, Antonio, Pascarella, and the

rest of them are of Talleyrand's opinion, that the tongue was given to conceal the thoughts, shall I lift up my immaculate paws and exclaim, "*O tempora, O mores!*" Certainly not. Time enough to impose my veto when such concealment, directly or indirectly, injures me, which it seldom does, for, as with my friend's prices, so with his asseverations and assurances, I halve them and divide, and, if that be insufficient, I divide again.

Neapolitan vindictiveness has been grossly exaggerated. The Sicilian is vindictive, the Neapolitan passionate, but not, as a rule, revengeful. Southern blood is hot, and the knife unsheathed on the slightest provocation; but, in by far the greater number of deaths by violence, the blow has been dealt in open fight, on the scene of quarrel, not subsequently, treacherously and in secret. The cases of vendetta that, during the past seven years, have come to my ears are comparatively few. Mr. Hind is the only Englishman who, to my knowledge, has been assassinated, and but one other foreigner, a Swiss, who met his death at the hands of a jealous husband. The wretch who murdered poor Miss S. was not an Italian, but an English subject. Threatening letters have been addressed to foreign residents—to an English doctor amongst the number; but the dreadful threats contained therein were never carried out.

I have often been surprised at the forgivingness, forgetfulness, of Neapolitans with whom I have had words the reverse of complimentary. After receiving a ballyragging that would have made a Frenchman or a German my sworn enemy for life, the abused has on our very next meeting been as smiling and as excellenza-ing and as poco-servirlo-ing as though nothing had occurred to disturb our friendly relations.

The carrozzella-driver, of all Neapolitans the surliest and least courteous, is pleasant and civil when compared with Paris *cocher* or London growler. Never content with the sum tendered by the hesitating *forestiere*, he will take his exact fare from whomsoever may hand it him unhesitatingly, without a word of protest. Nay, more, he will not unfrequently manage to keep his temper, when, after having attempted to overreach, he has been himself overreached by the supposed greenhorn.

When finding my gentleman discontented with the proffered franc, I have demanded it back and given him his exact fare, seventy centesimi, he has on more than one occasion laughingly taken it and driven off, instead of first pouring on my devoted head the vials of his choicest slang.

Neapolitan laziness may be very summarily dismissed. There is not a particle of truth in the accusation. Considering how poorly he is paid, and how poorly fed, a more hard-working man than the Neapolitan is not to be found in Europe. Those who have watched him, stripped to the shirt and drawers, digging away in the blazing sunshine, are amazed at his energy and his powers of endurance. Work like a nigger, indeed! No nigger that I have seen has ever wielded his hoe with half the assiduity that the Neapolitan *contadino* wields his *zappa*. With a little water to moisten their lips from time to time, the boatmen and fishermen will toil at the oar for eight hours at a stretch; and, with no better nourishment than a hunch of bread and an onion, the *facchini* carry burdens that would test the thews and sinews of the beef-fed English lumper. Those who talk and write of Neapolitan laziness must have the lazzaroni in remembrance; and lazzaroni there are no longer—the genus has been extinct these twenty years or more. The sun-embrowned, bare-legged varlets, who are found lying face downwards on the burning lava flags of the Marinella, and the scorching sands of the sea-shore, are not lazzaroni, but fishermen, boatmen, and facchini, who sleep, not because they are too lazy *to* work, but that they are tired *from* work, and, being Neapolitans, prefer taking their siesta in the sunshine to going home and to bed.

The Neapolitan's imputed cowardice, like his imputed laziness, is undeserved. Although not remarkable for soldierly qualities and indomitable pluck, he is very far from being a coward. He will fight bravely enough in a good cause; if the cause be a bad one, like that of his late Bourbon masters, he shows a wise discretion in turning tail. When that sapient, amiable, and valiant monarch, Ferdinand, surnamed Bomba, wittily observed that the Neapolitan cuirass was made to be worn behind, it was out of the fulness of the heart that his mouth spake. Behind is where he would have worn it, could he have

summoned up sufficient courage to don it at all; and that the troops, whose bravery he impugned, ran away on the approach of the Garibaldians proved not their cowardice, but their readiness to take a hint. It is true that, in the hour of danger, the Neapolitan will go down on his marrow-bones and pray the Madonna and the saints to protect him, instead of defying the elements and doing his best to save himself. But why? Because he has been told by his priest that half-a-dozen *paters* and *aves*, a few pounds of wax candles vowed to the Madonna or his patron saint, will be more potential in saving him from pestilence and the fury of the elements than the most scrupulous cleanliness, the most rigid attention to his weather helm, and he believes it. The emancipated Neapolitan, he who has had the superstition laughed or kicked out of him in some Madonnaless, saintless country, or on board an English or American vessel, acts very differently. He will keep a stiff upper lip after every sail has been blown to ribbons, and, as his vessel founders, damn the pumps.

Having now, to my own satisfaction, if not to that of my reader, proved my client comparatively innocent of five high crimes and misdemeanours laid to his charge, I will, in his name, plead guilty to the two last counts of the indictment—gambling, and cruelty to the brute creation. A gambler he is to the core: his cruelty to animals is revolting.

Gambling is to the Neapolitan what tippling is to the Englishman. The former takes his lottery-ticket, as the latter his dram, for an exhilarant. The turning of the wheel is as exciting to the one as is the passing of the bottle to the other, the only difference between them being that, whilst the drunkard, after each succeeding bout, inwardly vows to stop drinking, and never does, the gambler, ditto, determines to go on playing, and always does. The constancy of the Neapolitan to the fickle goddess of his adoration is marvellous. He has always some excellent reason for her having proved unkind; for the non-success of his *ambo*, or *terno*. Had he only stuck to his first happy inspiration, and played on the numbers corresponding in the *Smorfia* (the lottery-gambler's *vade mecum*) with his grandmother's death, his wife's accouchement, and his own cut finger, instead of on those correspond-

ing with the accident he witnessed—mason-scaffolding smash—he would have won a pot of money. However widely the numbers drawn may differ from those of his selection, he will, by inverting the figures, by turning sixes upwards and nines downwards, by adding a tail to an objectionable zero, or by some complicated process of addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division, convince himself that he was within an ace of winning, and that success is certain if he try again; and try he does, to be again a loser. In proportion to the population, the lottery-offices in Naples are almost as numerous as public-houses in London, and equally well frequented; for, though there be no money to buy bread, there is always sufficient to purchase a lottery-ticket or a share in one.

But though lotto, with the Italian Government for *croupier*, is the Neapolitan's favourite *tapis vert*, he does not confine himself to it. So that money be dependent on the issue, he is ready to play at any game of chance; for choice, the noisy one of *mora*. When the pilgrim, pugnacious after five minutes' patient waiting in gleeful anticipation of a fight, sees the two men, whose menacing gestures he has been watching, walk off without striking a single blow, great is his disappointment, and greater his disgust on learning from the waiter, or other trustworthy authority, that, instead of gambling, they have been playing at the national game of mora. Mora is, perhaps, of all known games the most ancient—so ancient that, although there be no record of the fact, there are good reasons for believing that it was played by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. "Fingers were made before forks," and so were they, likewise, before the quoits that Tubal Cain may have fashioned, and Jubal's harp and organ; and this being the case, it is far from improbable that our first parents—whoever they may have been—used them for purposes other than that of conveying food to their mouths, say for a lively game of mora. If the sceptic object that it is much more probable they played at pulling straws, chuck-stone, or fly-loo, as being the more simple, I would have him observe that in those Arcadian games the tongue is not called into requisition, and that the "mother of all living," as a woman, would be much more likely to choose the one that gave her the best oppor-

tunity of using it. But whether the game be antediluvian or not, matters little. That it was played by the peoples of Magna Græcia, hundreds of years before the Christian era, is more than sufficient to establish its antiquity. It is played in this wise.

The players, with bodies bent and necks extended like two gigantic game-cocks about to do battle, keep jerking out simultaneously one or more fingers of their right hands, each man yelling, as he does so, any number he chooses, from two to ten—the aim being to guess the precise number of fingers held out by both parties together. For example: I hold out three fingers, and cry eight; my adversary holding out but two, I lose; three and two making five, not eight. He, on the other hand, crying five, wins and scores a point. Should neither of us guess correctly, neither counts. Each marks his score by holding up a finger of his disengaged hand, five points being usually the game, although there is no limit. Instead of calling ten, the cry is *tutte;* and when the last point but one is made, *chiarella.* Simple as the game may appear, to become an adept requires long practice, the odds against the tyro being Lombard Street to a China orange. After half-a-dozen rounds the old hand will have discovered his adversary's favourite number, and play accordingly, and, by following the rules of the game, have him at still further advantage. One of these rules will suffice to give the reader a general idea of the remainder. The fingers glide much more easily from three to one or five, than from three to four, and so on.

The Neapolitan is a gambler born. I am unable to assert from personal observation that the babies at the Foundling Hospital gamble for their pap, but I should not be surprised to hear that they do so, having seen with my own eyes children no higher than my walking-stick playing odd and even—*pari e spari* —with the itinerant confectioner for his cakes and brandy-balls. Born a gambler is he, and with the bump of cruelty highly developed. Before he can toddle he will vivisect a lizard or other wretched creature that may have fallen into his hands, and gloat over its sufferings with the infernal glee of an infant Tiberius or Tamerlane. Fastening a string to a bird's leg, and swinging it round and round his head, is pleasant pastime for him; to see it

writhing on the ground after its feathers have been all plucked out, vastly amusing. Cuff the young rascal, pinch him, pull his hair, explain to him that animals can feel as acutely as himself, and he will open his eyes to their fullest extent. Suffer! *Ma non sono Christiani*—they are not Christians, *i.e.* human beings, is his blubbering exculpation. Under the cloak of pious observance the clergy encourage him in his cruelty. To bring small birds to the parish church and there free them is, according to priestly teaching, highly pleasing to the Madonna and to the *Padre Eterno*, who made and loveth all. And so, at the conclusion of high mass on Easter Saturday, hundreds of wretched little birds, with streamers attached to their legs, to ensure their recapture, are let fly, the priest smiling his approval the while, just as on the Feast of St. Stephen his Irish fellow-labourer smiles his approval and pats the heads of the ragged gossoons who have stoned a "wran," in memory of that Saint's martyrdom. The seed sown bears fruit to perfection. The cruel stripling developes into a still more cruel man. From a vivisection of birds and reptiles, he advances rapidly to the dignity of cat, dog, goat, ass, ox, horse ill-user and tormentor, until he graduates master of atrocities and licensed torturer of the entire brute creation.

But, though cruel to animals, he is not unkind to his own species: he is not addicted to "booting" his wife and "strapping" his children. He is charitable to the poor, and, having a family of his own to provide for, will not unfrequently adopt an orphan or foundling out of pure love to the Madonna. In Southern Italy the foundling is not a "bastard," but a child of the Madonna, and, when adopted, is treated by the different members of the family with as much kindness and consideration as any son or daughter of the house, even to sharing the patrimony with them.

The Neapolitan character is essentially contradictory. Humanity and cruelty, bravery and cowardice, openness and deceit, thrift and prodigality, are so jumbled together, that it is impossible to determine whether the good or the bad preponderates: I am sufficiently charitable to believe that it is the former. Considering his bringing-up, that the Neapolitan should

have so many bad points is not half so surprising as that he should be possessed of a single good one. Kept in ignorance by a conservative Government, steeped in superstition by a crafty priesthood, his sins to be squared with Heaven for a few ducats, the civil power (a very civil power under the Bourbon to the offender non-political) was all he had to fear—the civil power and the Camorra. The Camorra, now happily suppressed, or nearly so, was during the long reign of Ferdinand II., and the short one of his successor, infinitely more redoubtable to the Neapolitan populace than all the law courts in the kingdom put together, and not without reason. Judges might be hoodwinked, *sbirri* bribed, the hearts of jailors softened; but from the fiat of the ubiquitous *camorrista*, and from his extended hand, was no evasion.

In whose fertile brain originated the brilliant idea of making the working bees support the drones of the human hive, what may have been the name of the first camorrista, is not precisely known; but it would appear that the happy thought flashed upon him as he stood watching the *chiazziere* levying an illegal tax of one sou on small traders in the market-place. If these people were forced to contribute to the maintenance of a wealthy municipality, should they not be so likewise to the support of the "children of the street," who, averse to work, were still too proud to beg? Assuredly. And so to this end, the lazy ne'er-do-weels, the rowdies, and the swashbucklers of the city were invited to band together, to form themselves into a secret society—a Camorra, and one fine morning the overtaxed people discovered, to their dismay, that a new power had arisen in the land, and that they would have thenceforth to pay one tax more.

No need was there to beat up for recruits. Had every volunteer been accepted, half the vagabonds in Naples would have been enrolled before the expiration of the first twelvemonth. The only difficulty experienced by the society's recruiting officers was that of selection—to decide which of the many applicants was best fitted for the honourable vocation to which he aspired. On being pronounced eligible, the postulant had to serve one year as *picciotto di' onore*, at the expiration of which he was promoted, if deserving—if he had killed or disfigured some

enemy of the society, or had vanquished a rival *picciotto* in fair fight—to the grade of *picciotto di sgarro.* The term of the picciotto di sgarro's probation was indefinite: in two years he might pass *camorrista*; at the end of ten, be still *picciotto.* Everything depended on the man himself—on the zeal he displayed in the cause, and the proofs he gave of courage, coolness, and astuteness. Crimes were the rungs of the camorristic ladder; each villainy perpetrated by the picciotto was a step upwards, and it was with blood-stained hands that he grasped the topmost rung, and claimed admission to the society's inner circle and a seat at the Board. Not until he had attained the grade of camorrista did he derive any pecuniary benefit from his rascally vocation. As picciotto di' onore and picciotto di sgarro, his was monkey's allowance, a few sous thrown to him from time to time by the camorrista, his master, being his only compensation for risking life and liberty in the service of the Camorra. But he did not murmur, and was rather pleased than otherwise when, in the dispatch of some homicidal mandate of the confraternity, he was arrested red-handed and sent to the galleys, the shortest cut to camorrista being *viâ* the hulks.

The rank of camorrista attained, excessive zeal was unnecessary, dangerous even, leading to quarrelling and fighting, rarely to further promotion; for, different to other secret societies, in the Camorra were no sinecures, few "centres," one for each of the twelve *quartieri* into which the city is divided. So long as the camorrista was ready to resent an affront, was loyal to the brotherhood, and a good tax-gatherer, nothing more was required of him. To carry out the sentences of the Camorra, to run his neck into a noose, to sacrifice himself for the common weal, was not his duty, but that of his picciotto. Proudly conscious of his exalted position, of the dignity of his vocation, he walked the streets with head erect, and passed the time of day to his friends of the police, and returned the salutations of an admiring populace with an effrontery truly marvellous Although fifteen long years have elapsed since his enforced withdrawal from public life, distinctly, as though it were but yesterday, I behold him with outstretched hand at every turning, rising ghost-like beside me when any payment is being made; for in

the good old times rarely did monetary transaction take place in Naples streets without the apparition of camorrista and levy of the accustomed tithe. Omniscient was he, and omnipresent. As your carrozzella pulled up alongside the curb, as your boatman shipped his oars, as your porter deposed his burden, up started a flashily dressed rascal, into whose open palm your hireling dropped a copper; and had your destination been Hades, on the banks of Styx, you would have found his congener exacting toll from Charon. The entire populace had to contribute to the support of the Camorra: no distinction was made, no one exempted. The good were mulct for their virtues; the bad for their vices. Whether a man earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, or by card-sharping, mattered not a straw; one-tenth of his earnings he had to fork over. Even the beggars were black-mailed, and, if police reports are reliable, the clergy, who out of their tithe paid tithe to the Camorra. A precious lot of ruffians were unquestionably the camorristi, but, in the then state of society, not without their use. They levied black mail, but they suffered no one else to do so. They settled disputes, separated combatants, kept a watchful eye on the gentlemen of the Excise, and performed the duty of secret police to the entire satisfaction of the populace; of street hawkers and small traders more especially, who, under the ægis of the Camorra, could lie them down beside their baskets, and take their noontide siesta in peace, and resist the extortions of the *daziere*. And not to the proletariat only were the camorristi useful. In a country where every Government *employé* was *ex-officio* thief, merchants and others having goods passing through the Customs were forced to appoint agents to guard their interests, and, on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief, they selected camorristi as being the men best qualified to keep all other thieves in check. By the payment of a certain commission, the safety of their property was assured—everything "made right" with the Custom House authorities.

"Suppression of the camorristi was one of the very first reforms decreed by the new Government—first and most difficult of all to carry out. A society so firmly established as the Camorra was not to be swept away by a single stroke of the

pen. The proscribed presented a bold front to the enemy, and resisted with a courage worthy a better cause. But, if they were determined, the authorities were no less so. Under a Government calling itself liberal and progressive such an anomaly as the Camorra could not possibly be tolerated: exterminated it must be at any cost. War to the knife was declared against the recalcitrants, and step by step they were forced to retrograde. One after another their outworks were sapped and taken; their lines of defence, which they imagined impregnable, carried; their leaders arrested and imprisoned; and now the once-formidable society is a mere phantom of its former self, terrible only to those poor wretches who, when called upon to fork over, are too chicken-hearted to say "No." Like an expiring candle, it flares up occasionally; but it is only a flare, and must ere long die out for good and all. In the prisons and hulks it is still in full vigour, and there it will probably continue to exist for a length of time. To escape its exactions and proscriptions one has only to avoid being sent there. The Camorra *in extremis*, the police screwed their courage to the sticking-place, the judges wiped and assumed their judicial spectacles; suborned witnesses were not *quite* so ready to present themselves for examination; the majesty of the law began to assert itself; and now, if it be still difficult to obtain a conviction, it is not very much more so than in Ireland or in the model Republic. I speak of the higher courts, and of the judges who preside there. In the lower courts, and in most of the country ones, there is perhaps as much bribery and corruption as in those of the United States,—more there could hardly be.

Rome was not built in a day. People who have been down-trodden for centuries cannot take their stand in the foremost rank of nations without some little drilling. Italy must be given time to pull herself together—not very much, for the progress she has made since her unification is marvellous: all she asks is to be left alone—to be permitted to conduct her affairs in the manner that she deems most advisable. Even for the graceless Neapolitans there is hope. The unfavourable opinion I once had of them, a seven years' residence in their midst has caused me to change or modify; there are men—Englishmen—who, without

being one whit better than myself or the people whose conduct they condemn, hypocritically profess to have failed to discover a single good point in the national character during a residence of forty. "Manners they have none; their customs are very beastly." That is the way in which they write and speak of a people amongst whom more than half their lifetime has been passed, and at whose hands they have received courtesies and kindnesses innumerable. Out on them! If the country and people be not to their taste, let them go; no one, I feel assured, will endeavour to stop them. I cannot dismiss Neapolitan manners and customs in such an off-hand way. Whether they be bad, or whether they be good, they are at all events amusing and worthy of description. Some people's vices are more interesting than other people's virtues. To the general reader 'South Sea Bubbles' is more entertaining than 'South Sea Missions'; 'La Dame aux Camellias' than the 'Life of Mistress Hannah More.' Sad—very sad; but so it is.

More works have been written on Neapolitan gesticulation than on Italian regeneration, and the subject is far from being exhausted. Tyro though I be, I think I could manage, did space permit, to write a few chapters thereon myself, without having to refresh my memory by referring to the clever work of the Canonico Andrea de Jorio—'La Mimica degli Antichi, Paragonata al Moderno Gestire Napolitano.' So rich is the pantomimic repertory of the people that, were they all struck speechless to-morrow, they would not experience the slightest difficulty in making known to each other their wants and wishes. Neapolitans can carry on a conversation by means of signs (let the bull pass) just as easily and intelligibly as do we undemonstrative islanders by the wagging of our tongues and the use of words and phrases. Every passion and emotion, every sensation and impression, every want and desire, every act of life, has its corresponding symbol or gesture, each so expressive that no one having his wits about him can fail to understand its import. Of all languages, that of signs is the most easily understood, the most difficult of mastery. I have never yet met an Englishman who was even tolerably proficient. To gesticulate expressively one must be to the manner born, which we are not. The Irish—

Irish priests and parsons more especially—gesticulate wildly, but theirs is a gesticulation which has no point or meaning, and is comprehensible to themselves alone. And that brings to my recollection a certain pantomimic theological disputation said to have taken place between a Greek and a Roman, but in which the disputants could have been none other than a Neapolitan priest and an Irish parson. After a little preliminary sparring, the Neapolitan raises his index finger, and sits down; the Irishman points three of his and then his thumb at his adversary, and follows suit. The Neapolitan extends his open hand, and gazes reverently heavenwards; Paddy responds by shaking his fist menacingly. Interrogated as to the meaning of it all, the explanation given by each, respectively, was as follows.

Said the Neapolitan, "In holding up one finger I meant there is but one God; to which my Hibernian friend very properly responded, 'Three in one,' which he intimated by extending three fingers and one finger consecutively. 'Do you believe that He is all powerful?' I demanded, by stretching out my hand and looking upwards. 'He holds everything in His hand,' replied he closing his fist."

Said Paddy, "The villain threatened to gouge my eyes out with his finger. I told him that I was the boy who could gouge out both his, and knock the teeth down his throat with my thumb into the bargain. Says he, 'I 'll box your ears.' Says I, 'Just mind whatye're after, or I 'll knock ye down with my fist.'" If that isn't Irish logic, I should like to be informed what is. On no occasion that I can remember has my interpretation of Neapolitan dumb-show been quite as wide of the mark as that. After a few weeks' study I could read off the workings of these human semaphores at score. A better pantomimist than my first landlord I never saw; and his wife was worthy of him. Not one word of Neapolitan did I know, and yet by watching the motions of their hands and the play of their features I could perfectly understand the drift of their discourse. The subject of the lady's first palaver was the dreadful "goings on" of the people to whom the villa had been let the preceding summer, the arrogance of their Excellencies, the damage done to the furniture and to the fruit-trees by the children, the dirty habits and the pilfer-

ing of the servants, and the utter worthlessness of the entire lot. She mimicked the signor marchese's swagger, and the signora marchesa's fine-lady airs; she went through the chair-into-go-cart turning, the tree-climbings, and the fruit-devouring of the children; she personated the lackadaisical governess, the saucy valet, the pert lady's maid, and the thievish cook; and wound up with a grand *pas de triomphe*, expressive of the joy and relief of herself and her husband when the family returned to Naples. It was "as good as a play."

Here are a few of the commonest signs and gestures. An outward wave of the hand, Adieu; an inward, Come; a downward, Stop. The thumb pointed backwards, Look; to the lips, with a slight toss of the head, drinking; passed across the forehead, as though wiping away the perspiration, fatigue. The index finger drawn across the mouth, anger; across the clenched teeth, defiance; rapping the closed fingers against the lips, eating; passing the extended index and thumb in front of the mouth, hunger; twisting the end of the moustache, isn't it good to eat; a backward wave of the hand beneath the chin and a simultaneous toss of the head, not at any price, no, nothing; closing the fingers consecutively with a drawing motion of the hand, thievery; thumb and forefinger rubbed together, money, as with us; a prolonged shrug of the shoulders and both arms drawn back, gesture deprecatory; the open fingers of both hands crossed in front of the face to represent bars, prison, and so on *ad infinitum*. Familiarity with the language of signs saves one a deal of time and bother. Driving along, I see some one whom I desire to ask to dinner. To do so in London, I must stop the carriage, beckon him, and give him a verbal invitation; in Naples I simply rap my mouth, and intimate the hour by holding up six or more fingers; a motion of the hand on his part sufficing to tell me whether he can come or not. "How d' ye do?" says Brown, as he passes Jones in the street. "How d'ye do?" cries Jones in reply; and both continue on their way without knowing or caring whether the other be well or ill. A simple wave of the hand *à la Napolitana* conveys not only a "How do you do?" but a "Very well, thank you; my compliments to all at home; adieu." It has the same significa-

tion as the Lombard word *ciou*, whose meaning is so comprehensive as to be undefinable. In Naples, to sit at the window and watch the people in the street, far from being wearisome, is highly amusing, especially if the quarter be that of Santa Lucia. Let the conversation be at all animated, and, without hearing a word, by the use of the eyes alone, it is easy to follow it, for the excitable Luciani not only declaim the part, but act it. No need have I to open the window and ask the virago with the damaged figure-head what she is telling her gossip with the disabled forearm: I know all about it. She is giving her a true account of her quarrel with Mariuccia, and of the battle that ensued. How that female of the canine species did purloin some object to her, Brigitella, belonging, and how on being accused of the theft she did impudently deny it; how witnesses were brought to prove ownership, and how on being outwitnessed the —— did make use of foul language; how she got as good as she gave; how, worsted in slang, she had recourse to blows; how there was a fight; how she, Brigitella, did smite her adversary on the occiput with her *soccola*, and maul her in such a way that, had her man not stepped in, she would have had to cry *Peccavi;* how she, Mariuccia, has not heard the last of it, and how she, Brigitella, doesn't care that (gesture of contempt unbounded) for all the sons and daughters of her expletive house.

There are two men having a confab. across the street by means of signs alone. Number one pulls a face descriptive of somebody, and makes the motion interrogative. Number two crosses his fingers barwise before his face, and winks his eye. Number one signals, Why? Number two closes his fingers with a drawing movement of the hand, laughs, and proceeds on his way. Nothing can possibly be clearer.

"Where is So-and-so?"

"In prison."

"What has he been doing?"

"Taking what isn't his'n."

Such admirable mimics are the Neapolitans, that in asking after this man or that man they can dispense with his patronymic; by a twist of the features, or a strut, or a slouch they give you the man himself; or, if he have no personal character-

istic or peculiarity, they call him by his nickname. In small country places almost every foreign resident has a sobriquet, by which alone he or she is known amongst the people. Ask where Mr. Smith or Mrs. Brown lives, and ten to one that no one will know anything of them. Inquire where the "Thatch" lives, or the "Cauliflower," and you will be told all about them without a moment's hesitation. Smith has got his nickname, Thatch, from his superabundant hair; Mrs. Brown that of Cauliflower, from the colour of hers, and the way in which she coils it. Mrs. S. is the "wife of Thatch"; Mr. B. the "husband of the Cauliflower." I am known as Barbarossa; and that I may be never called anything worse—that I may never have to do with more disagreeable people than the Neapolitans —is my fervent prayer in conclusion.

CHAPTER VI.

HOUSEKEEPING.

"WHERE the sun does not enter, the doctor enters," is an old and very true Italian proverb. If you desire to avoid doctors' bills and the Campo Santo, let no earthly consideration induce you to take an apartment which is devoid of the blessed sunshine. Put up with all manner of discomfort, pay any rent in reason, so that sunshine be included in your *pigione*. That you will have to pay for it, rest assured; for, strange though it seem, sunshine is in Naples of all dear things the dearest.

In the foreign, the habitable quarter of the city, the streets having a full, unobstructed southern aspect are few in number, and rents proportionately high. On the Chiatamone and Chiaja, for a small apartment, consisting of drawing-room, dining-room, three bedrooms, and kitchen, five hundred francs a month, for the season of five months, is a fair rental. In the adjacent streets, the Strade Carminello, S. Teresa, and S. Pasquale, the same accommodation can be had for less than one-half that amount; but there is little or no sunshine, and if, from pecuniary considerations, you are forced to forego that, much better to pass the winter at Brussels, Dresden, or other northern city, where the houses are built to exclude, not the summer's heat, but the winter's cold, and so avoid the long, expensive southern journey. This for the enlightenment of the untravelled, who imagine that in the "sunny South" sunshine is to be had gratis, and that at Naples everything, house-rent included, is "so very much cheaper than in England."

The experiences of my countrymen and country-women who have attempted to keep house are, in the majority of cases, the

reverse of satisfactory. From the hour of taking possession of their apartments to that in which they have been so amiable as to make me the confidant of their sorrows, their lives have been a burden to them,—they have not known one moment's peace. They have been overreached by their landlord; cheated by their tradesmen; robbed by their servants. Unused to Neapolitan ways, strange to the people, ignorant of the language, they have been made to purchase their experience, and they are exceeding wroth.

There is my acquaintance and countryman, X. Hotel life not being to his taste, he determines to take an apartment. Knowing not one word of Italian, he is of course the very man to deal with Neapolitans, whose "smartness" is proverbial. The apartment he selects is on the Mergellina, facing the public drying-ground—a particularly unhealthy and unpleasant situation—and may be worth five hundred and fifty francs a month if taken for the season. What does he give? Just what they ask him—seven hundred; he engaging to take it, not for the season merely, but for seven months, up to the first of July. Instead of offering the half, like a Neapolitan, or one-third less, as would any foreigner having his wits about him—instead of haggling over every franc, disputing every item, and issuing from the contest with the honours of war, if not completely victorious, he strikes his flag, and surrenders unconditionally, after the very first round. What is the consequence? He is immediately put down as a *forestiere*, who has more money than wit—a goose to be plucked on every opportunity. Paying for his apartments *da milordo*, he is naturally expected to pay his servants and every one with whom he has dealings, likewise *da milordo*. What does he give his rascal of the white cap and jacket? One hundred and twenty francs a month wages, and twenty francs per diem to provide breakfast and dinner for two masters and three servants, charcoal, and everything except meat, fish, vegetables, and sweets, being extra. The man's situation must be worth to him twelve francs a day at the lowest calculation. Is he contented? Not he: he considers himself poorly paid, and is disposed to be saucy. The valet is permitted to do pretty much as he pleases. The lady's maid is neither useful nor ornamental. Were no

other servants to be had, and the trio to offer me their services gratis, I would not entertain the proposal. There is no use telling X. that better servants are to be had; that his cook is, even from a Neapolitan standpoint, altogether too thievish, "I hate to change: it would be only from the frying-pan into the fire," is invariably his answer. It never occurs to him that, by thus submitting to be robbed, he is indirectly injuring me; and not me alone, but every one who keeps a servant. Yet such is undoubtedly the case. His cook, and my cook, and every cook in Naples go morning after morning to market to make their purchases and to compare notes. My man Vicenzo is, for the moment, content with what I give him; but how long will he remain so, after hearing that X., and others like him, pay their servants double the wages? Pity them? I don't pity them in the least. They deserve to be victimized, and it is always with secret satisfaction that I listen to the story of their woes.

My experiences of Neapolitan landlords and servants have been very different to those of X. and his brethren in affliction: neither have I been overreached by the former, nor robbed by the latter. A *forestiere*, an *Inglese*, I have had to pay the highest market price for everything; but I have paid no more. For the apartment we now occupy, consisting of drawing-room, dining-room, one large and two small bedrooms, I pay thirteen hundred and fifty francs for three months, and, considering that it is in the best part of the Chiaja, a first floor comfortably furnished, and approached by a particularly clean marble staircase, it is cheap. Notwithstanding its reputed unhealthiness, the Chiaja is the situation I prefer. Its insalubrity has been exaggerated: the smell from the sewers is not half as offensive as described. On taking possession of this apartment there was a very disagreeable effluvium from the kitchen sink; but a bottle of Condy's Disinfecting Fluid soon set that to rights, and since then no offensive odour has been perceptible.

And here a few words on the sanitary condition of the city. Naples has the reputation of being the unhealthiest of cities—a very hot-bed of typhus. So much has been written about Naples fever, so many are the letters on the same subject addressed each season to the editors of our leading journals, medical, clerical,

political, and instructive, that it is marvellous how any man, having regard to his safety, dares to venture within the city's deadly precincts. Is the place really deserving of its evil repute? *Dolce Napoli*, nothing less than a whited sepulchre! Hardly. What may have been the precise death-rate of the entire population during the past ten years I have been unable to ascertain: that it is not excessively high—not much above the average of European cities—I am confident. Neither can I give the reader the death-rate of the floating population; for, to do so, I must know exactly how many foreigners have visited Naples during the decade—which I don't. But, thanks to the courtesy of our late consul, Mr. Calvert, and of the vice-consul, Mr. Pontet, who allowed me to examine the register, I can tell him how many English have departed this life in Naples since 1867. Here is the extract as made by Mr. Pontet,—

DEATHS AMONGST BRITISH VISITORS.

1867		14
1868		11
1869		12
1870		9
1871		14
1872	Cholera years	15
1873		16
1874		9
1875		4
1876		8
		11·2

What may have been the number of English visitors during these ten years can only be guessed. Putting them down at 5,000 annually, which is much below the mark, the death-rate is only two and a fraction per thousand. And yet it is precisely in their ranks that one would expect typhus to have made the most havoc. From their utter disregard of all salutary precautions, from the foolhardy way in which they defy King Death in whatever guise he stalketh, my compatriots may be said to form the forlorn hope of the great army of continental pilgrims.

Whilst travellers of other nationalities "do in Rome as the Romans do," the English stubbornly refuse to alter their habits,

so much as one hair's breadth, and live in Italy as in England, on the shores of the Bay of Naples as on the banks of the Thames. Their reckless exposure to the fierce rays of the Italian sun is proverbial. "Only mad dogs and Englishmen are seen in the streets at mid-day." When streaming with perspiration, the plethoric middle-aged Briton will walk straight into an icy cathedral or draughty gallery; and, when chilled to the marrow, return to his hotel, and endeavour to restore vital heat with alcohol. Moderation in eating being essential to health, and moderation in drinking still more so, he helps himself plentifully to every dish offered him at *table d'hôte*, and quenches his thirst with fiery Marsala or the national brandy and soda. Ices and iced drinks being particularly injurious, iced something or other he is sure to order at the café; and he winds up the day by sitting for a couple of hours at the open window in shirt-sleeves, or, more probably still, in his nightgown.

It is the same with the women. They do those things which they ought not to do, and leave undone what they should have done, until there is no health in them; and when laid by the heels, instead of blaming themselves, they blame the climate, and, on their recovery, write bitter and untruthful letters to the editor of this paper and of that.

My great objection to the Chiaja is the noise. Except during the small hours of the morning, it is never at rest; and even then the stillness is broken from time to time by the rattle of carriage-wheels over the lava pavement. Were the window-shutters hermetically closed, I could, by simply listening to the sounds in the street below, make a very fair guess as to the precise hour of the day or night. The heavy rumbling of the Pozzuoli market-carts would apprise me that day was breaking in the east, and that it must be—supposing my observations taken during the winter months—some time between six and seven. By the braying of donkeys, the cries of their masters, the peripatetic vendors of vegetables, and the tinkle of goat-bells, I should know that it was eight; by the organ-grinders (first round), nine; and by the tramp, tramp, tramp of the infantry, ten. Ten to eleven being the time at which the sightseers set off on their excursions to Baiæ and elsewhere, the next hour

would be marked by the frequent passing of heavily laden carriages and by the jingle of the bells on their gaily caparisoned horses. About twelve would be heard the cry of my friend, the orange-seller, "*O mandarin! O mandarin!*" the squeaking of the bagpipes of the *zampognaro co' pupi*, and the tum-tum of the acrobatic drum. At one the organ-grinders (second round); and at two the more dulcet strains of the band in the Villa. The infantry returning from route-marching would enable me to fix three, whilst the deafening roar of the carriages driving up and down the Corso would keep me for the next two hours and a half pretty well alive to the time of day. The comparative stillness of the street would be unmistakable evidence that darkness had fallen on the earth, that natives and foreigners had returned to their respective palazzi and alberghi,—that it was the dinner-hour. By the recommencement of the rattle I should know that people were on their way to the theatres, and that it was between eight and nine; and by the singing of 'Santa Lucia,' 'Marianannina,' or some other popular melody in front of the neighbouring hôtels, d'Angleterre and Louvre, between nine and eleven. The return of the theatre-goers would mark midnight; and from that until daybreak the hour could be fixed with greater or less accuracy by paying attention to the carriages, the greater number passing between half-past one and two, and between half-past three and four, when society is returning from reception or ball respectively.

Without stirring out of the house we can see everything that Naples has to show in the way of beauty and fashion; for right beneath our windows is the Corso, beyond it the Ride, and beyond it again, although not more than fifty yards distant, the Promenade in the Villa.

The apartment is all that can be desired, and the servants give no trouble. Speaking not a word of any language save their own, being, happily, unpossessed of those diplomas of rascality, "discharges from foreign families of distinction," cook and *cameriere* are satisfied with the wages of the country and the minimum of "pickings" compatible with their dignity as men and Neapolitans, each of them receiving fifty francs a month and twenty-five francs board wages; for, although there may be

enough left each day to satisfy their modest requirements in the eating line, being their own caterers, three times the quantity would be found insufficient were the agreement that they should be "found" by the master. A good cook is Vicenzo, and an economical. For less than one-half the sum paid daily by X. to his cook, he manages to place a capital breakfast and dinner on the table; and he has to provide, not what suits him, but what suits me. I do not allow him to go to market, and, whilst purchasing everything of the cheapest, put me off with the lame excuse that it is the very best to be had for love or money. On presenting me daily, after dinner, his little account, Signor Vicenzo receives his orders for the morrow, and these orders I take good care shall be carried out to the letter. I know the market-price of everything, that is, the price that I should have to pay, were I the purchaser; and to whatever saving he can effect on that price he is welcome. Being a particularly hard bargainer, I have no doubt that, taking one item with another, he has a benefit of twenty per cent. on the sum-total of his bills. Ten francs is his average daily expenditure for breakfast and dinner; the former consisting of three dishes, the latter of five.

Although prices have doubled within the last ten years, they have not yet reached the famine figure that Neapolitan hotel-keepers would have their guests believe. The best beef (undercut of sirloin) is 2 *f.* 80 *c.* the kilo.—a shilling the pound; second quality, 11*d.*; mutton, 6*d.*; chickens, 2*s.* each; fish, much less expensive than in London or Paris; vegetables and fruit exceedingly cheap. Dairy produce is dear; and so, likewise, is fuel, but when one's apartment faces the south a little of it goes a long way. When laid in by the barrel, the ordinary wine of the country costs 5*d.* the litre; Marsala, 1*s.* 3*d.* the bottle. It will be seen from the above, that the necessaries of life are not quite so exorbitant as represented by interested parties. But, though Naples be not a particularly dear city, it is hardly paterfamilias, at his wits' end to know how to make both ends meet, who would be disposed to call it cheap: it is only so to those for whom the superfluous is the chief necessary.

When cheapness or dearness of living resolves itself into a

mere question of how much luxury can be had for a given amount, Naples is, unquestionably, much less expensive than many other European cities of the same importance. A well-appointed carriage can be hired for 400*f.* a month ; servants are inexpensive. Dinners not being the fashion, and ball-suppers only given on grand occasions, the cost of entertaining (?) is the cost of the lights and music. The prices of admission to opera and theatre are barely half what they are in England. Strange that, notwithstanding all these advantages, the foreign colony should be so small, that the English residents, non-professional or commercial, may be almost counted on one's ten fingers. The truth of the matter is that, to appreciate the cheap dissipations which Naples affords, one must be blessed either with a very peculiar, un-English temperament or be thoroughly Neapolitanized. Few, besides Neapolitans born and bred, can find pleasure in being jolted daily for two hours or more, amidst the most deafening noise, up and down the lava-paved Corso, or in dancing attendance at the supperless balls and conversationless receptions which are given nightly throughout the season, and which must be attended under penalty of social ostracism.

To the vast majority of foreigners, the charm of Naples lies not in the city itself, but in its surroundings. His constitutional in the Villa over there is little to induce the visitor to stir out of doors again, whether afoot, on horseback, or in carriage. One of the greatest drawbacks to Naples as a residence is the paucity of pleasant walks and drives. There is but one drive—the Strada Nuova di Posilipo ; three walks—the above-mentioned Posilipo Road, the Villa, and the round by the Corso Victor Emmanuel and the Toledo, back again to the Chiaja. The Posilipo Road is charming, but after having ridden it and driven it, and walked it, say a hundred times, its attractions sensibly diminish. The Villa is a delightful promenade, but after having paced it from one end to the other twenty times a day for a month or six weeks it becomes not a little monotonous.

The natives, who consider their Cara Napoli perfection itself, are indignant when they hear complaint made of the city's deficiency in this respect. "Only one drive—the Strado Nuova di Posilipo! And pray what has become of the Strada Nuova

di Capodimonte, the Strada di Pozzuoli, *viâ* the Grotta, the Strada del Campo, and the Strada di Poggio Reale? Only three walks! And those to the Camaldoli, to S. Martino, to the Vomero, and a score of others, not to mention the streets?" From the glib way in which they tot off the different roads leading out of Naples, one would be led to suppose that they drove or walked them every day of their lives, whereas, if the truth were told, it would be found that they know as much about them as does the London exquisite of Whitechapel or Ratcliff Highway. The Villa is their Row; the Chiaja their Drive; the Strada Nuova di Posilipi their road to Richmond; and they don't care to stir a step beyond them. And they show their wisdom. To all the other highways and by-ways in and around the city there is some insuperable objection. To reach the Strada Nuova di Capodimonte, the noisy, crowded Toledo has to be traversed, and, arrived at the palace gates, one must either turn back again, or make the round by the Botanic Garden and the Strada S. Carlo all' Arena—the less agreeable road of the two. The Grotta di Pozzuoli, although exceedingly interesting as a specimen of ancient engineering, is cold, damp, and draughty. The village of Fuorigrotta, squalid, even for Southern Italy; and the road thence to Bagnoli cheerless and viewless. To the Strada del Campo there are the same objections as to the Strada di Capodimonte; whilst the Strada di Poggio Reale lies outside the Porta Capuana, the poorest and dirtiest quarter of Naples, and is only interesting to a market-gardener, the fields on either side being planted with cabbages and vegetables of every description. The road from the village of Antignano to the Camaldoli is very delightful in fine weather; but unfortunately Antignano must be first reached, and it is a good hour's walk from the Chiaja, and up hill all the way. The same may be said of S. Martino and the Vomero: once on the spot, nothing can be pleasanter; but to reach them there is such a getting up stairs as never was seen. As to walking in the streets, one must be Neapolitan *pur sang* to take pleasure in being hustled and jostled by the crowds which the livelong day throng the narrow side-walks of the two principal thoroughfares, the Strada di Chiaja and the Toledo. As cities, Rome and

Florence are both preferable. If Naples be the gayest of the three, hers is not the gaiety that finds favour in the eyes of foreigners. They come, they behold, they exclaim "How exquisitely lovely!" and resolve to pass the remainder of the winter at Nice, Rome, or Florence. Having seen the city and its environs, they don't know what to do with themselves. At Nice they have friends who, being "in society," may possibly be able to get them in too. At Rome there are the attractions of the hunt, clubs, picnics, the Villa Borghese, the studios, the churches, those dear, amiable monsignore, and the balls and receptions at the palazzi of Mrs. Britannia Tomkyns and Madam America Jones. At Florence they can lounge in the galleries, drive in the Cascine, and have English, American, Russian, and Italian society galore. But at Naples—what on earth is there to be done at Naples, except gaze on the Gulf, drive up and down the Chiaja, trot up and down the Villa, and go to the theatre, when for a wonder there chances to be a fresh play? There is no society but Neapolitan society; no attentive monsignore, no hunts, no club; whilst the balls to which foreigners can obtain admission are few in number, and the performances at the theatres second rate.

Much as I love and admire Naples, I must honestly admit that there is a great deal of truth in all this. The city is sadly deficient in resources intellectual as well as social. English society there is next to none. The English residents, non-professional, are few in number; and the German, French, Russian, and American fewer still. It is Neapolitan society or none at all, or next door to it. There is no English club, although an attempt was made to supply the deficiency. The British chaplain, and the consul, and the banker, and the doctor, and other "prominent citizens" formed themselves into a committee, hired rooms in the Strada della Pace, and opened what was called "The English Club." But, although supposed to be a club, it was in reality nothing more than a reading-room and gossip-exchange; and there being already a sufficiently good reading-room and library on the Chiaja, and the tittle-tattle of vestry, chancellerie, banking-office, and sick-room, of little interest to the general public, the committee had it all to themselves, or

enrolled so few members as to be out of pocket by the venture. So they took down their signboard, which, that it might not be passed by unnoticed, they had hung up in the most conspicuous position in the Villa, and wisely closed the hospitable doors of their elysium. For my own part, I cannot see how an English club—a club, not a reading-room—could prove anything else than a failure. There is not a sufficient number of resident English and Americans to keep one going, and birds of passage are too much occupied with sight-seeing to want a club at all. But, to give it a chance of success, it would have to be very differently constituted to the late one, whose only attraction was half-a-dozen papers and an unlimited supply of professional shop. A good English club is a desideratum, but better none at all than a bad one. For the present the stranger, who cannot exist without a club of some sort or description, must endeavour to obtain admission to the Unione or Nazionale. It is not very difficult. The Neapolitans are exceedingly good-natured in this respect; and if a man be at all presentable, he will not be long in finding a sponsor.

Those who picture Naples as a city having all the life and gaiety of Paris without the disadvantages of its cold grey sky, cutting winds, and murky atmosphere, create for themselves a Naples which has no existence. Naples is bustling and noisy, not gay. One cannot *flâner* in the Toledo or the Strada di Chiaja as on the Boulevards, nor while away the time by watching the carriages passing, and criticizing the toilets of their occupants, as in the Champs Elysées or Hyde Park. It would take a great many Naples to make a London, a Paris, or even a Vienna. There are plenty of carriages, but few "turn-outs"; ladies without number, but few *élégantes;* dresses galore, but few toilettes. From merely watching the carriages I have learned to distinguish one from another, and am able to tell five minutes beforehand when a face that I admire is about to pass by. How long would it be before I could do the same in London or Paris? As with the city, so with the climate. It is certainly a great improvement upon that of northern Europe; but the sky is not eternally blue, nor is there everlasting sunshine. During the winter months one fine day in three is a fair average. But then

the day is really fine ; no wretched compromise between winter and spring, no hard-fought battle between rain and sunshine. The sun shines brilliantly in the cloudless heavens, the air is soft and warm, the sparkling waters of the Bay look so inviting that you feel almost inclined to take a dip, and, were it not for the leafless trees in the Villa, you would imagine it the month of May rather than bleak December. As the warm, bright sunshine comes streaming in through your open windows, you forget the gloom of the preceding day, your depression during the continuance of that dreadful sirocco, the smell of the sewers, the absence of walks and drives, the want of resources, and you exclaim, " For one such day as this it is worth while making the journey to Naples ! "

CHAPTER VII.

FESTE AND PILGRIMAGES.

ROME is the city of imposing Church festivals; Naples of *feste*—feste as distinguished from Church festivals—open-air celebrations, whereat there is infinitely more dancing than genuflexion, shouting than chanting, laughter than lamentation, and where, in lieu of the "rolling organ's harmony," is heard the deafening explosion of crackers, the rap-a-tap of the tambourine, and the twanging of the light guitar. Like their Greek ancestors, the Neapolitans associate their devotions with their pleasures, religious rites with carnal dissipations, the devotional part of the day's proceedings being to the Bacchanalian pretty much in the same proportion as was Falstaff's penn'orth of bread to the sack wherewith he moistened it. Prayers said, service ended, the Neapolitan considers himself entitled to do as he pleases for the remainder of the day, and to enjoy himself after his own fashion. To sit moping and yawning and twiddling his thumbs, to take drams in the back parlour, and to make himself miserable because it happens to be the Sabbath or a holy day, is neither in his temperament nor in his religion. What! make a penance of a pleasure? Give mortal offence to Saint Thingummy, by thinking, if not saying, that he is a bore, and wishing him and his festa at the deuce? That would be a fine way to secure his good offices and holy protection. His saintship is far too wide awake to be gammoned by outward appearances; too kind-hearted to desire that any one should be bored on his account. Those who have attended mass, like good Catholics, have his full permission to enjoy themselves He enjoins them to do so. In his eyes to be happy is to be

good. To be virtuous it is not necessary to be miserable. *Cantare e orare;* and they sing and make merry to their hearts' content.

Although at the close, not the beginning, of the year, first on the lists of feste is, in Naples, that of the Beatissima Vergine Immacolata. In Southern Italy the Virgin Mother holds chief place in the hearts of the people. Of far greater importance is she—far more venerated, than the personages of the Trinity, Saint Antonio, Saint Januarius, and all the saints of the calendar united. The principal feste of the year, Monte Vergine and Piedigrotta, are in her honour. Not a house is there without her shrine; not a prayer breathed without her intercession being invoked; not a vow made without her blessed name figuring in the context. In her honour the voices of the choir are raised to highest pitch, the organ peals forth its fullest volume, and *zampognaro* and *cennamellaro* pipe their loudest. The oil and wax candles burned before her hundred thousand shrines would more than suffice to light the city *al giorno.*

Following the Feast of the Mother comes that of the Child—of Gesù Bambino; to the juveniles, dearest of all the fêtes of the year, as bringing in its train *presepe* and sweets and presents innumerable. On Christmas-eve, when English and German youngsters are laughing and dancing round their Christmas trees, Neapolitan children are gathered round their *presepe;* for it is on the 24th of December, at midnight, that the effigy of Gesù Bambino is laid with much ceremony in the manger (*presepe*), there to remain for general admiration and adoration until the Feast of the Epiphany. Although amongst the upper and middle classes the custom of having *presepe* on view at Christmas-tide is fast dying out, amongst the wealthier *codini*, who cling fast to old institutions, and the lower orders it still obtains. In the houses of the poor the Bambino, the Virgin, Saint Joseph, and the other personages of the sacred story are represented by terra-cotta images—the *pastorelli* aforementioned; in the palazzi of the wealthy by wooden figures, which are in many instances real works of art. At the recent Naples Exhibition one of the most interesting rooms was that devoted to *presepe.* Perhaps the best *presepe* open to the public is that exhibited in the Church of Santa Maria in Portico, behind the Riviera di Chiaja.

From Christmas-eve to the Feast of the Epiphany, the services are performed anyhow; the *parrocchiano* and his aids are transformed into showmen, and the church into a sort of Madame Tussaud's. People go there as to a theatre—to be amused, and they chatter and laugh and criticize as though the representation of the Nativity were a puppet-show, and the Holy Family so many marionnettes. And one's bump of veneration must be extraordinarily developed to regard them in any other light; to refrain from smiling, one's risible muscles under immense control.

In the grotto or stable, resplendent in blue silk skirt and crimson satin panier, sits the Virgin Mother, with the new-born babe in his cradle by her side. Behind them, meek and resigned, a model of marital obsequiousness, stands Joseph, with the ox and the ass, keeping watch and ward together, whilst overhead, in blue, pink, and mauve satin knickerbockers respectively, hover three of the heavenly host. This forms the centre of the tableau. Outside the entrance are grouped zampognaro and cennamellaro, a Neapolitan contadina with a basket of eggs, and a couple of Calabrian goatherds, whilst right and left numerous Campanian peasants, laden with oranges, lemons, *cacio cavallo* and broccio cheese, macaroni, pine-cones, and other delicacies of the country, are hastening grotto-wards, to present their offerings to the Divine Child. The background representing the country around Bethlehem is equally Neapolitan; and that there may be no mistake about the time of year, hills and valleys are clothed with verdure, the trees in full leaf, and the entire landscape bright with sunshine. To enhance the impressiveness of the scene, to remind the spectator that salvation is to be had without money and without price, a greasy sacristan keeps shoving amongst the crowd, rattling a money-box, and begging the oblations of the faithful. And so it goes on day after day, until the Feast of the Epiphany, when a silver star is suspended over the stable, and there is an addition to the company in the persons of the kings, who, guided by its rays, have found their way to the spot, and joined the worshippers round the cradle. With the adoration of the kings the *presepe* is brought to a triumphant finale. Holy Family, kings, wise men, zampognaro, shepherds, contadine, ox, and

ass, are removed, together with the grotto and the country round Bethlehem, to the lumber-closet. The reverend showmen become priests once again, and the church resumes its wonted aspect.

Between Twelfth Night and the last days of Carnival is no festa of importance.

For some years past attempts have been made to revive the ancient glories of the Neapolitan Carnival. To the usual prizes for the best costumes, single or in groups, have been added monetary awards for the most elegant private equipages and the cleanest cabs on the stand. In this year's procession figured some fifty cavaliers in ancient costume, and nineteen cars; amongst others, the Russian sleigh, the French operettes, the Egyptian veranda, the cauldron of the Maruzzaro, round which were grouped eight representative Neapolitans, Guappo, Pulcinella, &c., the Oriental Bazaar, the Triumph of Bacchus, and, last and most ludicrous, the Bedroom in which Mr. and Mrs. Caudle were represented sleeping the sleep matrimonial. In the Piazza Plebiscito was held a fancy fair; and another, not fancy, but popular, in the Piazza Castello. It was a great improvement on all previous Carnivals; and a still finer display is promised for '78. If the Romans desire that their city shall maintain its Carnivalesque pre-eminence, they must bestir themselves. In one city as in the other, the great drawback to one's enjoyment is the barbarous custom of pelting the passers with *coriandoli*. The calibre of these projectiles is now limited by law; but the police are not particular to a size or two, and many visitors who leave their hotel with the full intention of amusing themselves return thereto at an early hour, bruised and sadly out of temper. The national good humour is coriandoli-proof, but foreigners, the English more especially, are apt to cut up rough under the infliction, and, by showing their impatience, get pelted all the more.

Lent is not so strictly observed as formerly. The *codini* fast, because they are codini; the poor because they have no money to buy meat; but those who are neither poor nor codini consider two days' fasting per week amply sufficient to insure a clean spiritual bill of health, and eat flesh five days out of the seven. To get a piece of meat for dinner it is no longer requisite that your cook should sneak into the butcher's

shop, and hide away his purchase at the bottom of his basket, as though it were contraband. To play the piano is not considered irreligious; nor giving a party a deadly sin. There is of course much less gaiety than during Carnival; but weekly receptions are not discontinued, nor are the doors of the theatres closed. To the stranger it is only during Holy Week that any difference in the city's aspect is apparent. Under the old *régime*, from twelve o'clock on Holy Thursday until ten o'clock A.M. of the following Saturday the circulation of vehicles within the city's limits was absolutely prohibited. Now the prohibition extends to the Toledo only, which for the time becomes the fashionable promenade; and a most remarkable appearance it presents. From one end to the other of the great thoroughfare, at all other times and seasons so overpoweringly and bewilderingly noisy, not a sound is heard but the subdued hum of many voices, the patter of feet upon the pavement, and the *frou-frou* of ladies' dress—black for the most part, as befitting the solemnity of the occasion.

Society is well represented, for the dainty dames who, during the remaining three hundred and sixty-three days of the year, never dream of descending from their equipages, foot it meekly on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, and are to be seen taking their *due passi* in the Toledo. High heels and tight uppers make the walk for many of them a veritable pilgrimage; the Toledo a *Via Dolorosa*. But they bear up under the torture like Christians and women of the world, and when they can stand it no longer turn into S. Ferdinando or other church where a *Sepolcro*, or representation of the Holy Sepulchre, is on view, and ease their poor feet and consciences by sitting and kneeling alternately. To make the penance complete, society flocks to the church of S. Pietro a Maiella to hear the 'Miserere' of Zingarelli, or Mercadante performed by the pupils of the Conservatory—last and most grievous Lenten infliction, for to the vast majority of Neapolitans sacred music is perfectly unendurable.

Saturday of Holy Week, joyful day, arrives at last, and Lent is over; for the Romish Church, anticipating by one day the Crucifixion, anticipates by the same time the Resurrection. At ten A.M. the church bells, which for three entire days have emitted no sound,

peal forth the 'Gloria in Excelsis,' and there is universal jubilation and congratulation. Preparation for the morrow's dinner is now the chief concern of the hungry and expectant multitude, and the vendors of everything edible, but the butchers and pastry-cooks more especially, drive a roaring trade. What is it that the people do not eat at this festive season? Nothing that I can think of, except salt fish, of which they have had more than sufficient to satisfy them until Ash Wednesday comes round again. Easter revels last for three days, when the wolfish voracity of the populace being appeased, and all the savings of Lent expended, every man returns to his labours, cheered by the reflection that in seven weeks will be the Festa of Monte Vergine.

Between Easter and Pentecost are two great Church festivals—the Liquefaction of the Blood of Saint Januarius, patron saint of the city, which commences on the Saturday preceding the first Sunday in May and is repeated on the seven following days, and the Feast of the Ascension. The miracle of the Liquefaction has been so often described by travellers, believing, sceptical, prosaic, and facetious, that the subject has been worn threadbare, and, could it be omitted without detriment to the completeness of my description of Naples devotional, omitted it should be: as it cannot I must endeavour to make my description as concise as possible.

A portion of the blood of a certain Januarius, decapitated at the Solfatara, A.D. 305, by order of Diocletian, was, according to tradition, carefully collected with a sponge and squeezed into two phials by a Roman lady, a witness of the martyrdom. The presence in one of the bottles of a particle of the straw which was scattered round the block, and which, in the hurry and flurry of the moment, was collected along with the blood, places the veracity of this portion of the legend beyond the possibility of a doubt. Until the reign of Constantine the body remained buried at Pozzuoli, when it was removed to Naples by Saint Servius, in whose hands the blood contained in the bottles is said to have liquefied. From his days until the eleventh century there is no record of any further liquefaction having taken place, or mention being made of the precious bottles. In the ninth

century the saint's body was removed to Benevento, and in the thirteenth to the Abbey of Monte Vergine, where it remained until 1497, when it was brought back to Naples and deposited, with great pomp, in the Cathedral, where it has since remained. Behind the high altar of the *Cappella del Tesoro*, built by the citizens at a cost of five hundred thousand ducats, in a doubly secured safe are kept the bottles containing the blood, the larger of the two being about half filled. At the time appointed for the performance of the miracle, the bottles are deposed reverently on the altar, and mass begins. The number of masses required to be said before the liquefaction takes place depends on the good or bad temper of his saintship, and probably just a little on that of his servants, the officiating priests. It occasionally happens that it will not liquefy at all. At the period of the French occupation nothing would induce it to do so until General Championnet threatened to shoot the entire Chapter if the miracle did not come off in ten minutes' time. Needless to say that the heart of the saint was softened by the menace, and that he caused his blood to liquefy forthwith; and something similar is said to have happened during the more recent occupation of the city by the Garibaldini. To gentle pressure even saints are found to yield. The chapel is, during the ceremony, so closely packed with the relatives of the saint (who has no reason to be proud of the consanguinity), and by his more devoted servitors, that to obtain a close view of the proceedings is impossible; but it can be seen that at the conclusion of each mass the operator reverses in front of a lighted candle the *chasse* containing the bottle, when, if the matter therein remains solid, another mass is said; if it have liquefied, *ecco il miracolo.* Hallelujah, amen! Long live Januarius, best and most estimable of saints! When, on the other hand, masses prove inefficacious, as will sometimes happen in extremely cold weather, nothing is too bad to call him. He is a pig, a *birbone*, a disgrace to the holy army of martyrs, a —— of a saint. That numbers still continue to believe in the "genuineness" of the miracle is certain; that not a few regard the entire business as an imposition, which should be summarily suppressed, equally so. At each succeeding liquefaction, the Liberal papers have a slap at superstition and a sneer at the

priests. Times have changed. Under the Bourbons, an editor would no more have dared to question the actuality of the blood of Saint Januarius, or the *bona fides* of the clergy, than he would have dared to proclaim himself a Red Republican and a disbeliever in the divine right of kings. Had he so much as hinted such a thing, Bomba the paternal would have provided him with accommodation in the lowest tier at the Castel dell' Ovo, and politely requested him to study the subject of miracles, and that of the liquefaction of the blood of Saint Januarius more especially, at his leisure.

Most anxiously awaited by the Neapolitan lower orders is Pentecost; marked with whitest of white stones, Whitsuntide; for then is the Festa of the Madonna of Monte Vergine, the season of their yearly pilgrimage, when, in a pleasant outing of three days, they expiate the sins of the twelvemonth, and, having balanced their account with the Recording Angel, they are at liberty to run up a fresh score. In the good old times, husbands were bound, by a clause in the marriage-contract, to take their wives every year to Monte Vergine; and even now, so popular is the pilgrimage, so attractive to the excitement-loving people the bivouac at Monteforte or Mercogliano, the mad race back to Nola, the orgies in that ancient city on the Sunday night, and the following day at Sant' Anastasia, and, to wind up, the Grand Parade up and down the Chiaja, that they will sell everything they possess, except their holiday attire, rather than stay away.

To pretend to a knowledge of the manners and customs of the Neapolitans, without having made the pilgrimage, would be the height of presumption; go I must. How to see everything with the greatest amount of enjoyment and the least possible fatigue?—that is the question. My energetic friend X. advises me to hire a three-horsed carriage, start early on the Saturday morning, bivouac at Mercogliano, make the ascent, pass the Sunday night at Nola, attend the Festa of the Madonna dell' Arco on the Monday, and return to Naples the same evening—too fatiguing by half. Z., who is averse to exertion of any description, recommends me to take the rail to Laura, drive to Avellino, do my pilgrimage, and return the way I came. By following his advice, I should

miss the most interesting and exciting portion of the spectacle —the race back to Nola. I must endeavour to combine the two programmes—go to Avellino, *viâ* Laura, as proposed by Z., and hire a carriage there for the return journey to Naples, stopping at Mercogliano *en route*.

Ten o'clock A.M. by the station clock. Passengers for Cancello, Caserta, Capua, Rome. My train. From the station of Cancello, diverges the line to Laura. To all appearances, I am the only pilgrim. These Neapolitans are so behind the high-pressure age in which we live that they have not yet discovered the advantages of "pilgriming" by rail—the beatitude of pattering Aves and Paternosters to the rapid puff-puff of the locomotive.

Lovely scenery this, beyond Cancello. On one side the smiling Campagna, with Vesuvius in the distance; on the other, a succession of wooded hills, backed by the rugged peaks of the purple Apennines. At Nola, unmistakable evidences of the pilgrimage—a crowd of people, in holiday attire, peering through the station rails and under the shade of the trees in the adjacent market-place; numerous carriages, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, and tilted ox-carts festooned with branches and flowers.

Sarno, San Giorgio, Sanseverino—one more picturesque than the other—Laura. A drive of an hour and a half through a rolling country, rich in fruit-trees and vineyards, and I reach my first halting-place—Avellino—a town of 25,000 inhabitants, capital of the Principato Ulteriore, and possessed of a most unpromising inn. Good or bad I must put up at it, for my pilgrimage does not come off before midnight, and the accommodation at my starting-point, Mercogliano, is pretty certain to be worse. I will improve the shining hour by subjecting mine host to a little cross-questioning on the subject of the *fête*. He is delighted to have a little chat, and, as I anticipated, brimful of local lore of every description.

A considerable decrease latterly in the number of pilgrims. The average attendance? Impossible to say: possibly thirty thousand. Formerly the camorriste life and soul of the *fête*; spared no expense, did the thing handsomely. Not half the display since their enforced retirement. Why did they so parti-

cularly affect the Madonna of Monte Vergine? Can't say. Might have been, as the signore suggests, because she is the *Mamma Schiavona*, the Black Madonna. Not at all unlikely. Pilgrims almost entirely of the lower and lower middle classes. No signore or forestieri. Not the slightest risk of any description, except from upsets on the road back to Nola. Avellino itself not much benefited by the pilgrimage. Carriages from Naples halt at Monteforte or Mercogliano; and of those coming from the direction of Salerno, Cava, and Castellamare, nine-tenths pass through the town without stopping. Not more than five carriages in the courtyard. No difficulty in finding a carriage to convey his Excellency back to Naples. Will himself make the bargain with the coachman, and see that the horses are fit for the journey, &c.

As the clock of the neighbouring cathedral tolls midnight, the carriage drives up to the hotel, and I start on my pilgrimage. Hardly have we emerged from the market-square ere I perceive lights innumerable on the mountain side; and long before reaching Mercogliano I can hear my brother pilgrims singing their pæans as they toil up the road to the monastery. So blocked with carts and carriages of every description is the main street that my coachman is obliged to pull up a considerable distance outside the village, and I am left to grope my way.

At the foot of the ascent are congregated some hundreds of the most wretched specimens of horseflesh, mule-flesh, and donkey-flesh that I have yet seen even in Southern Italy; and with saddles on their backs of a peakedness and nodosity sufficient to try the cuticle of a Bashi Bazouk or Bedouin Arab. Won't his honour ride? Not if he knows it. If to suffer be his fate, he prefers to cry, "Oh, my poor feet!" to "Oh, my poor sit-upon!" And oh, my poor feet! it is with a vengeance. A rougher road does not exist, I am confident, on the face of the earth. Steeper it could hardly be, unless, indeed, it were absolutely perpendicular.

It is in vain that I keep close behind the torch-bearers, and endeavour to pick my steps. The ruddy light serves but to render the darkness more apparent; and every moment I trip over a step, or knock my foot against a boulder with a force that makes me cry *peccavi*, and would make me swear were I

not a pilgrim. Before me and behind me, overhead and beneath, the pilgrims keep repeating their prayers with a vehemence and a persistence that puts me, miserable heretic, to the blush; whilst high above the Madonna-addressed invocations ring the yells of the beggars clamouring for alms:—

"Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis!"

"Uno centesimo per l'amore della Madonna!"

"Ave Maria gratia plena!"

"Elemosina pel povere giovane senza coscia, e che la bella Mamma di Monte Vergine t' accompagna pe lo santo pellegrinaggio!"

The howling of some of these poor wretches is perfectly appalling, resembling that of wild beasts rather than of human creatures; and as the glare of the torches falls on their ghastly countenances and hideous deformities, my flesh creeps. Anything but pleasurable is this midnight ascent to the sanctuary of Monte Vergine. What with the roughness of the road, the yelling of the beggars, and the very offensive smell emanating from the persons of my brother pilgrims, it seems like some horrible nightmare, a Dantesque peregrination to the realms of the damned.

Dawn breaking in the East, and the monastery in sight at last. What a cold, cutting wind there is! I doubt whether it would not have been better to do my pilgrimage by deputy, and saved myself a most unpleasant night's work, and possibly a fever, induced by suddenly checked perspiration. May the blessed Maria, in consideration of my truthfulness and self-sacrifice, mercifully avert all mishaps! I am in good time. Thousands have already arrived on the spot; but thousands are still on the road upwards, and the gleam of their torches serpenting along the mountain side is weird and picturesque beyond description. Lighter and lighter grows each instant the morning; more and more extended the prospect beneath me as the mist clears away. On one side Avellino, the mountains of the Sarno, the Campagna, with Vesuvius a mere speck in the distance, and the Gulf of Naples; on the other, the vast expanse of country stretching between the eastern limits of the Principato Ultra and the great Apulian plain. Were I in better humour, I

should doubtless enjoy it immensely; as it is, I shiver and fume alternately, and bless my namesake, Saint William, who, for his sins and mine, built, in the year of grace 1124, the adjacent monastery. It is not his monastery, ugly edifice, that I came to see, but the people who flock to worship the Madonna of the Mount and her miraculous image. Let me have a look at them.

Ahem! I cannot say that they "light up well," that is, not by the light of the sun. Torchlight is better suited to their grimy and exceedingly hard-favoured physiognomies and their go-to-meeting finery. Beauty I did not expect to find; but where are the "varieties of costume," the "garland-crowned heads of men and women," described by the veracious Murray? The crowd is not a bit more picturesque than can be seen any festa day in the environs of Naples; less so, for forty-five miles drive along the dusty road, and four of clambering up the mountain side, has imparted a worn, haggard look to the countenances of men and women, and has not enhanced the freshness of their apparel. The said apparel is of the most vulgar, tasteless description; the men above the peasant class being habited in the loud-patterned cloths affected by the Neapolitan lower orders, and the women in the becrinolined dresses, ditto. The wearers of those "great varieties of national costume," which I came to see, are remarkable by their absence; not one can I descry in any direction. The *thyrsi* which they carry in their hands are peeled fir saplings, branching at the top, something after the fashion of a haymaker's fork, and decorated with neither fruit nor flowers. It would be extremely interesting to know if the worshippers of Diana, on the site of whose fane the sanctuary stands, in any way resembled these very unpicturesque and unsavoury pilgrims. Not improbably. One has only to visit Pompeii to see how small has been the change in the habits and customs of the people since the year one of our era. Human nature remains human nature. Mankind is just as superstitious, just as easily led, now as then. What is Catholicism but paganism in another form? For apotheosis read canonization. Instead of worshipping heroes these people worship saints; the tutelary deities of their Greek progenitors are their patron saints. Incense and wax candles have superseded the sacred fire; the augural wand

has been converted into the bishop's staff, the tiara into the mitre. In the celebration of their mysteries the Romish priests have closely adhered to the formularies of the flamen their predecessors. They delight in gorgeous vestments, in pageantry and processions. They likewise endeavour to awe the multitude by posturing and waving of hands, and endless mumbo-jumbo; and, in default of sacrificial meat, are ready to sell anything and everything, from a mass to plenary indulgence for the dead and for the living. With them the most important part of every service is the collection of the oblations of the faithful—handing round the plate.

But there is the bell pealing forth, and the pilgrims singing with one voice the 'Salva Regina.' Let me join the crowd pouring into the building, and pay my most respectful homage to Mamma Schiavona.

If I would avoid asphyxiation, I had better do my adoration from without. The church is crammed, and although there be always room for one more, I don't care to be that one in the present instance. My experiences during the ascent of the mountain have been more than sufficient to convince me that the odour of sanctity smells sweetest in the open air, and is somewhat overpowering even there. To present my letter of introduction to the superior is out of the question. As well might I hope to obtain an audience of the Mikado or Grand Lama. Over head and ears is the Reverendissimo in the functions of the hour; not to be disturbed for the entire college of cardinals with the Pope at their head.

Only half-past four, as I 'm a weary pilgrim! what on earth to do with myself until the hour arrives for the start back to Nola? Having performed my pilgrimage like a man, and seen everything that is worth seeing, what if I drive back quietly to Avellino, breakfast, and return to Mercogliano in time for the start. Happy inspiration! the sooner I 'm off the better. But first let me drink of the sin-expelling, soul-reviving, spiritual health-restoring water of the well of Saint Giulielmo, and, that I may have some evidence of my pilgrimage to exhibit to the unbelieving, purchase a picture of Our Lady of the Mount and a medal. If the original be no more artistic than the

copy, then is the miraculous picture of the Madonna not a masterpiece. So stiff is it and out of drawing that it might fairly be attributed to that arch-dauber, Saint Luke. Whoever the artist may have been, Murillo it certainly was not, else would he have represented the Madonna of Monte Vergine, the direct successor of Diana, and Isis, enthroned on the clouds with the moon at her feet. Was it not from ancient paintings of Isis seated above the crescent, with the god Orus in her lap, that he or some older master drew his inspiration for 'The Assumption'? Up the steps leading to the chapel of Saint Giulielmo grovel the faithful on their knees, to cast their offerings through the closed gratings. They say that the sum collected annually is considerable. I can well believe it. If each pilgrim throws in half a franc, there will be 15,000 francs on the pavement. Exciting work for the priests sweeping the chapel at nightfall; picking out the yellow boys, and separating the silver from the copper! What a subject it would make for some artist of the Phillip school! Vow-fulfilling pilgrims on their marrow-bones, penance-performing pilgrims in bare or stockinged feet, disabled pilgrims in *portantine*, or supported by their friends; health-recovering pilgrims, on sticks and crutches; votive-offering-bearing pilgrims, with assortments of wax candles and what not; easy-going pilgrims on horse or donkey back, stalwart pilgrims rollicking, debile pilgrims groaning, thick-winded pilgrims wheezing, stout pilgrims perspiring, all pressing upwards to the sanctuary. With the exception of a few ass-mounted ecclesiastics, there are, so far as I can judge, few present above the petty tradesmen class. The behaviour of all is exemplary. Of practical joking and horse-play there is not a sign. My appearance being unmistakably *Inglese*, I fully expected to be made the subject of not a few pointed remarks and witticisms. One only, not ill-natured, has as yet been uttered in my hearing—"See the poor signore, how he sweats: he is running off his sins in perspiration." That Heaven may view my exertions in the same light, and be graciously pleased to accept a sudatory expiation! If every drop obliterate a peccadillo I shall be immaculate long before reaching Mercogliano.

The descent by daylight is very much easier than the ascent

in the dark. Were it not for the dreadful beggars, I should be on the best of terms with myself and the world at large. But their presence completely upsets my equanimity, and makes me wish more than ever that I had performed my pilgrimage by deputy. Was ever seen such a collection of monstrosities? Here is a wretched creature resembling an octopus, with an attendant, himself a deformity, behind him whose duty it is to waggle the sinewless, shapeless tentacles which should be legs and arms but are not, and to call the attention of the passers to the "points" of the *povero disgraziato.* I have heard it stated that to have a monstrosity in the family is considered by the lazy and indigent a great piece of good luck —a real blessing, in that sufficient money can be made by its exhibition to keep them all in comparative affluence. If the custodian of this afflicted of Heaven be only half as square in his accounts as he is round in the shoulders, the family must be well to do, for the alms dropped into his outstretched hand is considerable. Now it is an unfortunate with legs like corkscrews, now a gibbering idiot, now a man with a withered hand; and here is one who in ancient times would have been declared possessed of a devil, for he keeps thumping his head against the ground and howling like a hyena. Every disease non-contagious, all the bodily afflictions and infirmities to which human flesh is heir, can be contemplated. To enhance, if possible, the horrors of the scene at intervals, along the road are posted brethren of the congregation of Santa Maria Vertecœli, who, with grinning skulls on their trays, importune each pilgrim as he passes by for mass-money—"*per le anime del Purgatorio.*" In the time of the Bourbons, the Congregation of Santa Maria Vertecœli numbered no less than fifteen hundred brethren, whose duty it was to collect mass-money for the release of souls in purgatory—an exceedingly lucrative business, the donations amounting to upwards of thirty thousand ducats annually. The present revenue of the order is barely a sixth of that sum. The fraternity exists only upon sufferance, and it is to be hoped will, ere long, be suppressed altogether, for a more disgusting, objectionable lot of mendicants than these souls-in-purgatory gentlemen does not exist in Southern Italy. Give them a

copper!—I'll see them ——. In Mercogliano confusion worse confounded; eating, drinking, laughing, singing; women arranging their dishevelled, pomatumless tresses (to make the ascent of the mountain with grease in the hair is considered unlucky); men combing and plaiting the manes and tails of their horses; stallions neighing, donkeys braying, oxen lowing, dogs yelping; every human and animal in the street preparing or being prepared for the triumphal return to Nola.

* * * * * * *

Off we tear along the high road to Naples. Caution! oh, my cocchiere, for the love of the Madonna, or we shall come to everlasting smash before getting clear of Mercogliano.

"Non che paura—non che paura. Lasciate mi fare."

Crack! crack! crack! Gallop! gallop! gallop! Oh, my blessed neck and members! Oh, my precious nerves! The rascal has been having a bottle with his brother whips; his blood is up, his horses are fresh, the road is crowded: if we escape an upset it will be through the care of that Providence which watches over drunken Jack and Jehu. Faster and faster go the three game little horses which, in an evil hour, the landlord at Avellino selected for my service. Their load is light, their pilot skilful, and they pass carriage after carriage in brilliant style—too brilliant to please me, for we have seldom more than a palm to spare. I am too much concerned for my own safety, too busily occupied in debating what had best be done in the event of a collision, to be able to pay much attention to the rival vehicles and their occupants. I can just see that the horses are profusely decorated with ribbons, tassels, and feathers; that flags of all nations are being waved and pennants flaunted; that the women of a party are generally in one carriage and the men in another; and that behind every vehicle having any pretension to style is perched a youngster, whose province it is to scream,—"Figliole, figliole!" with all the strength of his lungs.

"Figliole, figliole!"—jolt, jolt, jolt! rattle, rattle, rattle! crack, crack, crack!—Monteforte, whilom residence of the notorious Guy of that ilk, the murderer of Prince Henry of England.

"Figliole, figliole!" ding, dong! swing, swong! down four miles of steep descent—Mugnano.

"Figliole, figliole!" rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat! crack, crack, crack! through the towns of Cardinale, Baiano, Avella, and Cimitile, without drawing rein, into the market-place of Nola. Praise be to Allah! I have escaped with a whole skin': it is more than I dared to hope for at starting. Here, O coachman of misfortune, is the sum agreed upon; here thy buona mano; and now in the name of Saint Fiacre, or whoever thy patron saint may be, avaunt. Further need of thy services have I none. An iron road is there hence to Naples, and a tractable steam horse which can whisk me along at twice the pace of thy fleet but refractory ponies. Should I choose to behold once again the Festa of the Madonna dell' Arco, I shall doubtless find a way of getting to Saint Anastasia without thy intervention or assistance.

One after another, in rapid succession, the pilgrim-laden carriages rattle into the town. The market-place is filled to overflowing, and, as the strong red wine of the Campagna begins to take effect, the fun grows fast and furious. The Ave-pattering, penance-performing devotees of the morning are metamorphosed into so many Bacchanals and Bacchantes; to the sound of pipe and tambourine, the tarantella is danced in a style worthy of Mabille or Asnières, equivocal jests pass current, ribald songs are sung, and—I leave them at it.

In a manner that would not meet the approval of the Society for the Suppression of Vice the pilgrims will pass the night at Nola, and, early to-morrow morning, repair to the sanctuary of the Madonna dell' Arco, situated some seven miles from Naples, at the foot of Vesuvius. Many are the miracles attributed to the Madonna of the Arch; great is the veneration in which she is held by the people.

It would appear that on Easter Monday of the year 1500 (when a miracle is in question it is well to be particular as to the date) a tennis-player, enraged at a miss, threw his ball at a fresco of the Madonna on an adjacent wall. Plumb-centre in the forehead did he strike her, and with such force as to make the blood spurt from the wound—in the plaster. Horror-stricken at the sight, the blood froze in his veins, the hairs of his head did stand erect like the quills of fretful porcupine, and he remained

rooted to the spot until the Count of Sarno, passing that way, upon hearing the story, did kindly restore him to his senses by stringing him up, his ball round his neck, to a gallows which stood convenient. In the church of the outraged Madonna a tablet records the miraculous occurrence thus :—

" Longius intendens, tiliam quatit irritus ictu
Lusor, et inde globo Virginis ora ferit
Illa cruore madet, saxi riget impius instar
Et ludi metam comperit esse crucem."

Another miracle, no less startling, took place in 1590. On Easter Monday of that year a certain Aurelia del Prete, returning from the sanctuary where she had been to depose a votive offering and purchase a pigling, did, on that pigling's taking fright and scampering off, causing her thereby to stumble, wickedly and impiously curse the sanctuary and the builder thereof. Whereat, the prophetic soul of the woman's husband being moved, he did prophesy with his tongue that the loss of her feet would be the punishment of her blasphemy. And, contrary to marital predictions in general, it came to pass as he had prophesied ; for, upon getting up one fine morning to look for her slippers, the woman Aurelia found that she had no further need of them. Her feet had dropped off in the night, and were lying cold and stiff by the bedside ; and she took them in her hand and carried them (on her stumps) to the sanctuary, and hung them to a pillar thereof, where they remain until this day. On a second tablet a verse by the same poetaster tells the affecting tale :—

" Dum cadit insectans fugientem femina porcum
Virginis ædiculam dente scelesta petit
Post annum (miseræque fuit virus verus aruspex)
Quos male direxit perdidit ægra pedes."

With such miracles as these to her credit, that Our Lady of the Arch should be held in such esteem, and have the walls of her chapel covered with votive offerings, is not surprising. On her festa which falls on Whit-Monday, and is a continuation of that of her *alter ego*, the Madonna of Monte Vergine, her sanctuary is visited by crowds of devotees from Naples and the

surrounding country, and the adjacent village of Sant' Anastasia becomes the scene of much uproarious mirth. To see the tarantella danced *à la Napolitana*, one must attend the festa of the Madonna dell' Arco, or that of San Michele at the island of Procida. The tarantella, as danced at Sorrento and Capri for the edification and amusement of gullible *forestieri*, is a bastard tarantella at the best. The tarantella is a choregraphic love-story, the two dancers representing an enamoured swain and his mistress. It is the old old theme—"the quarrels of lovers is the renewal of love." Enraptured gaze, coy side-look; gallant advance, timid retrocession; impassioned declaration, supercilious rejection; piteous supplication, softening hesitation; worldly goods' oblation, gracious acceptation; frantic jubilation, maidenly resignation. Petting, wooing, billing, cooing. Jealous accusation, sharp recrimination; manly expostulation, shrewish aggravation; angry threat, summary dismissal. Fuming on one side; pouting on the other. Reaction, approximation, explanation, exoneration, reconciliation, osculation, winding up with a grand *pas de circonstance*, expressive of confidence re-established and joy unbounded. That's about the figure of it; but no word-painting can give an idea of the spirit, the "go," of the tarantella when danced for love and not for money. Never so spirited is it as when danced to the accompaniment of the popular orchestra consisting of *siscariello, puti-puti, sceta-vaiasse, triccabballacche*, and *scaccia-pensieri;* the first being a fife, the second a tin pot covered with skin, and having a cane through the centre, the third a wooden saw and a split stick used as bow and fiddle respectively, the fourth three mallets fastened together in such a way that the lateral ones strike the centre, the fifth a Jew's-harp. That is the orchestra for the tarantella; danced to any other accompaniment full half the effect is lost.

The return from the shrine of the Madonna dell' Arco, if not quite as picturesque and Anacreontic as represented by Leopold Robert in his well-known picture, is sufficiently so to satisfy the most exigent of sight-seers. All the way to Naples the road is as crowded as that to Epsom on Derby day; and what with the galloping of the ribbon-feather-bedecked horses, which seem to enjoy the fun as much as their masters, the waving of flags, the

singing of the *Canta-figliole*, the shouts, the laughter, and the mad excitement generally, a nearer approach to an ancient Bacchanal pageant is nowhere to be seen. That the Monteverginiani may have plenty of space for the display of their equipages, the tram-cars along the entire route are obliged to stop running on the afternoon of Whit-Monday—a perfectly unnecessary ordinance on the part of the police, for now that galloping in the streets is prohibited, and the excitement of an upset and broken bones no longer in the programme of the day's amusement, a couple of turns up and down the Riviera is in most cases considered enough. The watchword is "Posilipo," where, in copious libations of the heady wine of the promontory, the day and the pilgrimage are brought to a triumphant and edifying termination.

The Festival of Corpus Domini, erewhile celebrated with great pomp and circumstance, is now of altogether minor importance. Since the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the Blessed Virgin is regarded with far greater veneration than the Personages of the Trinity. She is the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven, the all in all of every true Catholic. Compared with her the Supreme Being is as though He were not. Mariology is now the religion of the people.

Another great festa in her honour is that of Santa Maria della Catena, celebrated on the last Sunday in August, on which occasion it is, or was, the custom of the fishermen and boatmen of Santa Lucia, where stands her church, to throw themselves, clothes and all, into the sea. The custom is said to have originated in the gratitude and joy of the Luciani, on witnessing the safe return of a number of their relatives and friends, slaves on board a Barbary corsair, captured by John of Austria, to welcome whom, they plunged into the sea; but there can be little doubt that the observance is of much higher antiquity, being as unmistakably a relic of the worship of Neptune as the thyrsi-bearing of the Monteverginiani is of that of Bacchus.

Under the Bourbons, most imposing of all feste was that of Piedigrotta, taking place on the 8th of September—the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. In honour of the event all the troops that could be mustered were marched into the capital. A grand

review was held, and, amidst the fanfare of trumpets and the roar of cannon, the king, accompanied by his august family, from the youngest to the oldest, proceeded in state to the Church of Piedigrotta, where he meekly performed his devotions in the sight of his enthusiastic and admiring subjects. It was a brave sight and an edifying. But, with Franceschino the well-beloved, the glories of the festa departed. Deprived of royal patronage, our Lady of the Grotto sank rapidly in the estimation of the fickle multitude, who forsook her shrine for that of other saint or rival Madonna. Each succeeding year witnessed a sensible falling off in the attendance, until now her *fête* is little more than an excuse for a popular holiday, and drink *ad lib.* Of all Madonnas, whether white or black, native or foreign, first in the affections of the rabble-rout is the Madonna del Carmine. She is the patron saint and special protectress of the light-fingered and the light-conducted, who wear an amulet containing her effigy round their necks, and have her enshrined in their bedrooms. To keep her light brightly burning, the trollops of the Porta Capuana expend in oil the price of their Saturday's breakfast. The Church festivals and feste I have enumerated are, together with those of Capo di Monte and S. Antonio Abbate, the principal ones of the capital. Were I to attempt to describe all that take place within a radius of ten miles, I might keep on writing until the Greek kalends. Every village, every hamlet, has its festa, to celebrate which with becoming *éclat* the poor parishioners are mulct by their priests during the whole twelve-month. The powder burned at all of them would more than suffice to blow Vesuvius sky-high; the wine drunk to quench its fires.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CITY IN SUMMER.

OPENED doors, closed Venetians, spread awnings, watered streets; porters in shirt-sleeves, cobblers, tailors, tinkers, brasiers, working outside their shops; sailors, fishermen, *facchini* and gaberlunzies sleeping in the shade; fans, parasols, pocket-handkerchiefs, and *acquaiuoli* in great requisition; every one perspiring—summer in Naples, and precious hot. Hot, comparatively. The thermometer is three degrees lower than at Rome and Florence, two lower than in Paris—the same as in London. It registers 84° in the shade: but between 84° in London and 84° in Naples there is, in the human mercury, a difference of at least ten degrees. Eighty-four in London! Pooff! The very thought of it makes me fume. It is hot, but not so oppressively, suffocatingly hot that I long to take off my flesh and sit in my bones. My body is not so feverish that I am unable to perspire; my throat not so parched that a glass of water will not moisten it; my nervous system not so agitated that I cannot sleep. My appetite is good; my temper even. In London, with the same amount of thermometrical heat, I should be thoroughly demoralized, as cross as two sticks, and ready to snap on the slightest provocation. Here, my animal barometer and my aneroid keep together, and they are both, just now, at "set fair."

"To keep warm in winter, go to Russia; to keep cool in summer, to Italy." Good advice, very. Italian rooms, with their tiled floors, ill-fitting doors and windows, and heat-up-the-chimney-drawing fireplaces, are very cold and comfortless in the winter; but when the *Cicala* is chirping the livelong day, and everything

humming with the heat, they are delightfully cool and pleasant. Carpets and curtains! Why not feather-beds and four-posters? I should just as soon think of using the one as the other. If in England they be conducive to one's comfort all the year round, they are not so in Italy. From May to October, no one but a Bedlamite would have a carpet on his floor, or other than muslin curtains to his bed and windows. The Neapolitans don't, and they ought to know what is best suited to their own climate. Were I not *en passage*, I should object to the room where I am now writing as too small; for it is only eighteen feet square and thirteen in height. Through the closed Venetians comes just sufficient light to enable me to see what I am writing; and through them, likewise, steals the cool sea-breeze, which makes the heat not only endurable, but enjoyable. Blessed sea-breeze! what would Naples do without thee? Let me open the window and sniff thee.

A better position for the summer months than this (Hôtel de Naples, Corso Victor Emmanuel) is not to be found in the city. It catches the sea-breeze, and escapes the exhalations; it is quiet, and only ten minutes' walk from the Villa. The look-out is even more extensive than from the Santa Lucia and Riviera di Chiaja. My windows command a bird's-eye view of the western portion of the city from Pizzofalcone to the Mergellina, the hill of Posilipo, Vesuvius, and the eastern shore of the Bay from Torre del Greco to Cape Minerva. From Santa Lucia Posilipo is invisible; from the upper end of the Chiaja, Vesuvius.

The great objection to the Corso Victor Emmanuel, if objection it be, is its extreme quietude. Apart from the view there is nothing to look at, nothing to interest. One cannot sit at the window and amuse oneself by watching the carriages driving up and down, as on the Chiaja; nor while away a wet afternoon by observing Neapolitan pantomime, as on the Santa Lucia.

A *fruttaiuolo ambulante* is the only human being now in sight, —and when is he out of it at this season? It is impossible to walk a hundred yards without meeting him or his rivals in the fruit line, the *mellonaro* and the *venditore di fichi d' India*. From June to October fruit is the principal food of the people

and every ragamuffin who has sufficient money to purchase a basket turns coster. There must be some thousands of them in the city.

In Southern Italy the fruit season commences on the first of January, and ends on the thirty-first of December. January, mandarin and Portugal oranges; February, Japanese medlars, from Sicily; March, Japanese medlars, and strawberries from Sicily; April, strawberries and cherries; May, idem and almonds; June, apricots, peaches, plums, and the earlier kinds of figs; July, early grapes and melons, and figs; August, grapes, melons, and prickly pears; September, idem; October, grapes, pears, apples, melons; November, apples, pears, and late melons; December, mandarin oranges.

No city in the world is more abundantly supplied with fruit, but the quality is inferior. The peaches and apricots are, as a rule, hard and flavourless; the plums and cherries from fair to middling. There is not a strawberry to be compared to our British Queen, nor a grape like the Chasselas. The figs alone are super-excellent and cheap—a halfpenny a pound during the height of the season. Some of them are peculiar to Naples, amongst others the Vescovo, so called because the parent tree was discovered growing out of the garden wall of the bishop's palace at Sorrento; and a small black variety, eaten with the skin, from the country about Cava. To this Cava fig is attached a legend.

It is said that many centuries ago the brotherhood of one of the monasteries in the vicinage of the town, desiring some papal indulgence or concession, determined upon despatching two of their body to Rome. The envoys designate, who enjoyed a high reputation for smartness and shrewdness, suggested that to mollify the holy father and to ensure the success of their mission, a present of some description was desirable, if not indispensable. What should it be? One proposed grapes, another water-melons, a third figs—those little black figs, so cheap and so sweet, for which the district was celebrated, and which, however common they might be in Cava, would assuredly be a novelty in Rome, and be relished accordingly; and figs carried the day. On arriving in Rome the envoys hied them, basket in hand, to

the Vatican, and, on being admitted to the pontifical presence, presented their offering and straightway proceeded to read their petition, whatever it may have been,—something to do with temporal interests, we may be certain. During its lecture His Holiness kept munching the figs, and the more he munched the more benign grew his countenance. The pair were beginning to congratulate themselves on having obtained the papal assent so easily, and at so very small a cost, when His Holiness, full of figs and of inquisitiveness, desired to be informed where the delicious little fruit came from, what it was called, and whether it was easily procurable. Speaking both at once, the poor monks hastened to enlighten him. The figs grew in the country around Cava, and there only. They were called "mori," and were so plentiful that the peasants fed their pigs upon them.

"Fed their pigs upon them, did they? And they could find nothing better to bring as a present to the Head of the Church than pig-food!"

His Holiness did not vouchsafe them so much as another word, but, summoning the chief torturer of the Inquisition, directed that the two delinquents should be set in the stocks and pelted with the figs until not one remained in the basket. And the order was carried out to the letter, and to the very last fig. And as the poor devils were struck, now in the eye, now on the mouth, now on the nose, now on the forehead, they kept saying to each other, "Thank God, brother, that we selected figs as a present; had we brought water-melons, we should have been brained to a certainty." And they returned to Cava without the permit, and with the pontifical malediction. And, on hearing their piteous story, the Father Superior was beside himself with anger and vexation; and that the simpletons might learn the wisdom of the adage, "To speak is silver, to be silent is gold," he kept them in solitary confinement for a twelvemonth. And the story got wind, and the brethren were chaffed dreadfully; and, after the manner of their cloth, they cursed the innocent figs instead of their own folly. But their cursing was of no avail: the trees throve and multiplied exceedingly, and the little black mori are as luscious as in the days when they tickled the palate and roused the indignation of the Lord's anointed.

The Neapolitan horticulturists look more to quantity than quality, and so do the vine-growers. Nine-tenths of the wine made in the principality is barely drinkable; and the better descriptions, such as Gragnano, Procida, Lacrima, and Capri, are not to be had at any of the hotels; for, although they figure on the wine-card with Clos Vogeot, Chambertin, Château Margaux, &c., manufactured at Cette for the same market, it would puzzle any man save the "blender" to declare the vineyard whence they came. The Capri, Falernian, and Lacrima sold at the hotels and restaurants is simply Borgian. Had Pope Alexander VI. possessed a bin or two of it for his friends, he might have dispensed with Acqua Tophana.

The sun is hot, and no mistake. Although he is said to be cooling at a rate that makes one tremble for the future (an infinitesimal part of a degree every thousand years or so), in this portion of his dominions he is one too many for me still. I can't put my arms a-kimbo and look him straight in the face, as in England. By living in the sunny South I lose that portion of my birthright. Thanks to these venetians (blessed be he who invented them), I have it in my power to shut him out, and out he goes.

Twelve o'clock. Time for my siesta. My friend Smith, who makes it a rule never to change his daily routine, no matter where he may be, and who suffers accordingly, tells me that the practice is relaxing and un-English. On this point, as on many others, Smith and I agree to differ. He is at perfect liberty to follow the hygienic rules of Dr. Draco Bull, and to submit himself meekly to the fiats of his sister, Mrs. Grundy, I to be guided by the promptings of monitress Nature, who tells me to adapt my habits to those of the people amongst whom I live, and to snap my fingers at conventionalities. And so I rise early, take my siesta from twelve to three, go to bed late, and live in an Italian and thoroughly un-English fashion. Whilst Smith is damning the heat, and endeavouring to cool himself by copious libations of iced brandy and soda, I will take my forty winks, and feel all the better for them.

* * * * * *

7.30 P.M. Father Sol has had his day's innings, and the hour

has arrived for my evening's outings. Where to go? It is too early for the Villa; the streets are too close. Happy thought! I will drive as far as the Piazza del Castello, and take a turn on the Mole. The sea breeze has died away, and the Bay is like a mirror; but, breeze or no breeze, it is certain to be cooler near the water. To the Piazza Castello, O *cocchiere*, but by the Riviera and Santa Lucia; for the short cut, *vià* Pizzafalcone, is none of the pleasantest.

Of the numerous municipal improvements that have been made during the last few years, not the least important is this Rione Amadeo, which connects the Corso Victor Emmanuel and the Vomero with the Riviera. It has shortened the distance by a good third, and made the entire hill side eligible for building lots. A large hotel, and several handsome private residences, have already been erected, and on both sides of the road brick and mortar are still in the ascendant. It bids fair to become the most fashionable quarter, as it is unquestionably the healthiest.

Few carriages driving up and down the Chiaja, and their occupants for the most part of the country-cousin stamp; private equipages remarkable by their absence; far more letters and numbers than coronets, billycocks than cockades, slop suits than liveries. Naples is out of town, and the Riviera as dull as the Row in September. Hotter down here, by several degrees, than on the Corso Victor Emmanuel. These lava flags retain the heat longer than the macadam, and watering them only serves to make the atmosphere damp and more oppressive.

Faugh! what a stench! I don't envy the people who are obliged to live on the Chiatamone during the hot weather, or at any season, for that matter. It is to be hoped that some portion of the money which the municipality is now endeavouring to borrow may be devoted to carrying out the sewers to a reasonable distance. Had the proprietors of the hotels and houses along it any regard for their health, not to speak of their interests, they would club together and do it themselves.

Despite the stagnant waters of its port, its fish-stalls, and sulphur spring, sweet by comparison is Santa Lucia; but, thunder! how noisy! The Luciani, male and female, in a greater or less state of dishabille, rather *greater* than less, are all

out of doors, and jabbering away with all the volubility of their very voluble tongues. From the waterside restaurant of the Lucian Quatermaine arise sounds of boisterous mirth, whilst in the vicinage of the stairs leading to the sulphur spring the hags who dispense its nauseous waters are clamouring and yelling, as only Luciane can, "Oh, chi veve (bebe). Fredda, fredda, oh, chi veve!" By right of possession, which in Naples as in England constitutes nine points of the law, and by the Statute of Limitations, which makes the tenth, the Luciani have the exclusive privilege of selling the water; and a very valuable one it is. More money is derived from its sale than from all other Lucian industries put together. Even at a centesimo a glass, many thousand francs' worth must be sold on the spot during the course of the season, and many thousands more by hawking it about the city. The Neapolitans have the most unbounded faith in its efficacy, and drink it in season and out of season with a persistence which should make them the healthiest people under the sun, if there be only half—a quarter—as much virtue in sulphur as they imagine. During the hot weather the pavement on either side of the steps leading to the spring is blocked with water-drinkers of both sexes and of all ages from four to eighty, who, sitting or standing, according to their social status, keep swilling the horrid stuff with apparent gusto. "Chi vo vevere! ch' è fredda! Chi vo vevere! Fredda, fredda!" Aroynt thee, foul witch! and drive on, coachman.

The umbrageous Piazza del Municipio crowded; and the *acquaiuolo immobile* at the corner serving out drinks at a prodigious rate. By virtue of the gaudily decorated kiosk wherein he transacts his business, and the amount of capital invested in barrels, bottles, glasses, and other costly articles requisite for the proper conduct of the same, the *acquaiuolo immobile* considers himself a cut above his brother-traders of the street, and comports himself accordingly. He does not solicit custom. If you are thirsty, there he stands, large as life, ready to serve you with snow-cooled water flavoured with sambuco or capelvenere, with orangeade or lemonade, at your pleasure: if you are not, "Siete padrone. Addio." Your patronage will neither make nor break him. His is no ephemeral business, dependent on the state of

the atmosphere or on the seasons. He drives a steady trade the whole year round, sells nearly as many *bibite* in January as July; for if the summer's sun induces thirst, so does the *pizza* on which his clients regale themselves in the winter. Enthroned in his "panca," with a barrel swinging on either side of him, and piles of fragrant lemons all around him, he looks down with an eye of contemptuous pity on the *acquaiuolo ambulante*—the Neapolitan *marchand de coco*, his rival, who, with a barrel, a couple of glasses, and a tin containing the *anisi* with which he endeavours to disguise the tepidity and insipidity of the water he dispenses, for entire stock-in-trade, scours the city in quest of customers, making day hideous with his cry of "Acqua ne commannate!" The contempt is returned with interest. "Acqua ca n'ha vista mai neve!"—"Water that has never seen snow!"—shouts the *acquaiuolo ambulante* in derision. The bystanders laugh, and the king of the kiosk, the lord of lemons, is fain to hide his diminished head.

The Piazza del Castello more Barthelmy-fairish than ever, and peripatetic Punchinella squeaking forth his witticisms to an admiring and appreciative audience. A squeaking voice and a hooked nose are all that he has in common with his English brother. In character he is totally dissimilar. Instead of being truculent, combative, a wife-beater, a policeman-assaulter, and a hanger of hangmen, he is cowardly rather than courageous, more of a diplomatist than pugilist or bully. He is San Carlino Pulcinella in puppet form.

Along the railings of the Arsenal a row of stevedores and lumpers cooling themselves after the labours of the day, and eating their suppers. Very simple is their fare—a hunch of bread and a cucumber or salad *au naturel*. How an English dock-labourer would damn had he nothing better for his supper! These fellows eat theirs with a relish, and seem strong and healthy. Had Nebuchadnezzar been Neapolitan raised, he would have come up from grass in prime condition. It is not after the flesh-pots of his native land that the Neapolitan exile hungers, but after its crisp salads, its cucumbers, and watermelons.

Just in time to see the prisoners embark for their penal des-

tination. Only two in murderers' livery—red; the remainder in motley—thieves, probably, or camorriste. Their friends have come to see them off, and the carabinieri in charge permit them to talk together without let or hinderance. As these are the last words of commiseration they will hear for many a long day, poor wretches, it would be cruel to deprive them of the slight consolation they afford. The people who so persistently assert that in Naples crime goes unpunished would do well to take a stroll down to the Mole occasionally, at the hour when the Cagliari and Ponza steamers take their departure. The number of culprits they would see packed off in the course of a single month would astonish them.

A considerable amount of shipping in the inner harbour, and a score of steamers in the outer. The steam traffic has greatly increased during the past ten years. Naples is now a port of call for all the great steamship lines sailing between Marseilles and Genoa and the East Indies and America. The steamers of the Messageries, Rubattino, and the Anchor lines to India and China, of the French and Italian lines to South America, all touch at Naples, and pick up not a few passengers. People are beginning to discover that there are other companies besides the Peninsular and Oriental, other ports of embarkation for the East than Southampton, and not worse, but better. By making Naples his port of departure, the India-bound traveller avoids the Bay of Biscay, and by taking either the Rubattino or Anchor lines saves money into the bargain. Should he prefer the Messageries, for the same passage money he will have twice the comfort. The magnificent vessels of the P. and O. are now eclipsed by those of the French line. In their whole fleet they have not so commodious a vessel as the Peiho, and the *cuisine* is likewise superior. These benighted foreigners are beginning at last to discover the truth of our English maxim, "Competition is the soul of business." It is to be hoped that the shareholders of the P. and O. and other companies will not discover to their cost that competition may be carried a little too far.

The South American boats have generally a full complement of steerage passengers. The Argentine Republic is the El Dorado of the Italians; but they go there to make money, not

to settle. The moment they have made their pile, they hasten to return to their native country, where they invest their savings in land and take life easily. The great ambition of every Italian, and of the Neapolitan more especially, is to become a *proprietario*. Question one of the home-returning, and you will discover that since the day of his departure he has been nothing but a money-making machine; and that, apart from the current rate of wages and the price of victuals, he knows absolutely nothing of the country where so many years of his life have been passed. In Buenos Ayres (it is dubious whether he has even so much as heard of the Argentine Republic) the workman is well paid; meat is cheap, all other articles of diet and clothing dear. Praise be to the Madonna, he has, by working hard and living frugally, saved sufficient money to buy the land he covets. There is no place like home—*e viva l' Italia!* He is the very antithesis of the repatriated Irishman, with his assumed nasal twang, his bogus Republicanism, and his contempt for all the institutions of his native land, potheen, porter, and pig-tail excepted.

Emigration has reached such alarming proportions, that Italian statesmen have been racking their brains to devise some plan for putting a stop to it; and they may continue to rack. The remedy lies not with them, but with the large landed proprietors, who, by bestirring themselves and bringing a certain number of their waste acres into cultivation annually, might so improve the condition of the peasant that he would have no desire to seek his fortune across the seas. But how to make them? The imposition of a waste-land tax would only make them more stubborn and inert than they are already; and besides it could not be levied. There is waste land and waste land: waste land in the vicinity of Salerno and other cities having railway communication with the capital and the sea-board; and waste land in the heart of the Calabrias, in Sardinia and Sicily, which it would never pay to bring under cultivation. To impose the same tax on the Calabrian and Sicilian proprietor as on the Salernitan would be preposterous. Added to that, taxation is already so burdensome, amounting to upwards of thirty per cent. on the proprietor's net income, that his patience

is completely exhausted. He can't pay any more, and he won't pay any more; and if it be his good will and pleasure to allow nine-tenths of his estate to remain uncultivated, who shall prevent him? Has he not a right to do what he likes with his own? Neither will he work himself nor allow others to do so. He is the dog in the manger. The foreign capital, of which the country stands so much in need, will not be forthcoming so long as the laws relating to property remain in their present state, and it is in the power of any man of straw to harass the investor by vexatious suits which can be protracted *ad infinitum*. Englishmen who complain of the "law's delay" in their native land, had better steer clear of Southern Italy, where a lawsuit is not unfrequently an heir-loom handed down from father to son for generations. The people are as litigious as they can be, and the foreigner who engages in mining or any industrial enterprise is pretty certain to have a lawsuit about something or another before long, and which, unless he have recourse to bribery, may last his lifetime. An Italian lawsuit is interminable, but not necessarily ruinous. There is this difference between Italian and English courts of law: in the former justice is partial, but cheap; in the latter impartial, but dear; in the one you *may* lose your suit, in the other you are *certain* to lose your money. Which is worse? It seems to me that justice is a dubious boon when you must ruin yourself in order to obtain it.

The Mole is no longer the lively place described by travellers of the past generation, the favourite tryst of the lazzaroni and the open-air theatre of the great unwashed. To hear the Cantastorie, one must go to the Marinella; to see Punchinella, the dancing-dogs, and acrobats, to the Piazza del Castello; to find the Cacia-molo and his brother-charlatans, to the Mercatello or the Largo della Carità. What has driven them all away? That which has driven the red man from the hunting-grounds of the East to those of the far far West—steam, the presence of the "big fire canoe," with its attendant smoke and clangour. In the days when the Mole was the people's conventicle, Forum, and Ridotto, there were no steam-vessels. Now there are always a dozen or more lying stern on to the sea-wall, and the rattle of their winches would drown the voice of Stentor, let alone of a

Cantastoric. Rinaldo and Watt, steam navigation and knight-errantry, do not accord with the hoarse roar of escaping steam, and with the mighty throb of the engine ringing in his ears, Don Quixotte himself would find it impossible to keep the thread of the story. Were Father Rocco still alive, he would follow the Cantastoric. He would be shrewd enough to perceive that where vessels are continually getting up or blowing off steam, and the air is heavy with coal smoke, is not the best place for preaching fire and brimstone; he would retire to some more tranquil spot, where he could thunder forth his anathema, and decry man's inventions, without being interrupted at intervals by the steam-whistle's derisive shriek. Now that there is no longer a Father Rocco or any other mountebank to amuse one, the Mole is rather dull of an evening. Wake up, boatman, and row me round to the Villa,—

"Con questo zeffiro,
Cosi soave,
Oh! com' è bello,
Star su la nave!
Mare si placido,
Vento si caro,
Scordar fa i triboli
Al Marinaro."

That 's so. On an evening like this, nothing can possibly be more enjoyable than a sail on the Bay. Like Genoa and Constantinople, Naples looks best from the water; and at night, when the lamps are lighted, or the moon is shining brightly, the *coup d'œil* is enchantingly lovely.

Stars in the sky, lamps on the shore, lights on the water, but no moon. Her absence is to be regretted; speaking of any other city, and of the Queen of the Adriatic more especially, I should say to be deplored. In Naples moonlight enhances the beauty of the scene; in Venice, it makes it. On moonless nights Venice is the gloomiest, least attractive of cities. Not so Naples: with its lines of lamps rising tier above tier, on the darkest night it looks bright and cheerful. "See Naples and die." Die! Why not live? He who, after seeing Naples, could wish for death must be an incurable hypochondriac, of the same

kidney as the Frenchman who put an end to his existence at Quisisana some years since, and whose vacated apartments I was so nearly taking. For months he laboured at the lethal instrument of his selection, the guillotine, and was found one fine morning on the floor of his workshop, decapitated, with a neatness and completeness that would have met the unqualified approval of Monsieur de Paris.

The band in the Villa playing a selection from the Puritani: when the sea is calm, it can be heard at the Castel dell' Ovo, in whose dreadful water-dungeons were confined King Bomba's unhappy victims. Supposing His Majesty to have permitted his military bands to play anything so revolutionary as Donnizetti's opera, the strains of 'Suona la tromba' must have driven the political prisoners well-nigh mad. Heaven be praised, its dungeons are empty now. The boatmen can approach it without being challenged by the sentry on duty; and the fisherman cast his nets in perfect safety close beneath its wave-worn walls. Sing, "Tira Bomba, tira Bomba, e viva la libertà!" The Villa in summer is as unlike the Villa in winter as it is possible for one and the same place to be. In winter it is the lounge of carriageless gentility, the exercise-ground of the English and other foreigners who prefer walking to driving, and the open-air nursery and play-ground of all the children, native and foreign, of the west end of the town. In summer it is the Ridotto of the professional, mercantile, and shopkeeping classes—the *Lust-garten*, when they assemble of an evening to listen to the music of the National Guard band, drink Vienna beer, eat ices, smoke, and enjoy such verdure and freshness as the city affords. They and the country cousins have it all to themselves; for no one with any pretensions to fashionableness would dare to be seen in town out of season. Should two of the Upper-Tendom chance to meet in the street, both have "run up on business, and are returning to the country by the very next train," just the same as in London.

When everybody is out of town, provincial nobody comes in: apartments are cheap, hotel bills moderate, shopkeepers eager to dispose of their surplus stocks at an "awful sacrifice." It is the bathing season, and the best time of the year for imbibing

mineral waters. Somebody prefers passing the hot months in the country; Nobody in the city: they don't collide, and are mutually rejoiced thereat. It seems to me that in this instance Somebody has the best of it. Notwithstanding the sea-breeze, it is decidedly hotter in the city than at Quisisana, Sorrento, or La Cava. The mineral springs of Ischia and Castellamare are pleasanter of aspect and more efficacious than those of Santa Lucia and Pizzafalcone; there are sweeter bathing-establishments than those of the Marinella, Santa Lucia, and the Villa, at all of which the water is more or less impregnated with sewage. But tastes differ. The fact of the people bathing in foul water, when there is clean, pure water at Posilipo, is proof positive that on the last count at least they are not of my opinion. The trouble of getting to Posilipo was formerly the objection: now that there is a tramway it is too far. The real truth of the matter is, that the water along the Posilipo shore is too pure and too cold for them: they prefer it with the chill off, and think that the admixture of a little sewage makes it more stimulating and strengthening. Liquid manure is good for vegetables: all flesh is grass, and man as the flower of the field: therefore liquid manure is good for human beings.

It is pleasant to sit under the trees and observe the company. Were the women not so very, *very* plain, it would be extremely so. Amongst the provincial contingent I cannot discover a single pretty face. The few good-looking women present are all town-bred—the wives and daughters of professional men or shop-keepers, whom I have seen a hundred times during the past season. Notwithstanding their summer toilets and the extra layer of powder on their faces, I have no difficulty in recognizing them. Plainness is the rule; beauty, the exception. Were the city's salvation dependent on the production of one hundred beautiful women, its doom would be sealed.

These city-folk keep earlier hours than the *villeggianti*. When the band has ceased playing, and the lamps in the Villa are extinguished, there being no attraction out of doors, they go home and to bed. There is only one Italian city whose inhabitants, during the hot weather, "make the night their day"—Venice. To attempt it in Naples, where is no Piazza San Marco

or Piazzetta, would be stupid in the highest degree. Sailing on the Bay, and supping at the Scoglio di Frisio, is a very pleasant way of passing *a* night, but not every night. Twice a week is amply sufficient for enjoyment. On the remaining five nights, after midnight bed is by far the pleasantest place. 11.30 P.M. *Andiam!*

CHAPTER IX.

VILLEGGIATURA.

NOT until the month of June is well advanced, not until the Riviera di Chiaja glows like a furnace, the Strada Nuova di Posilipo is fetlock-deep in dust, and the trees and flowers in the Villa have lost all their freshness and brightness, will society admit that the time has arrived for *villeggiatura*.

The *villeggianti* may be divided into two classes—those who have country seats, and those who have not. For the former it is all plain sailing: the date of departure is notified to the *major-domo*, and, on the morning of that day, he transfers the entire staff, minus the *Suisse*, from palazzo to villa without fuss or trouble of any description. But for the latter there is a good deal of beating about, before they are finally settled in summer quarters.

The locality selected, the tutor or some other trustworthy person is sent down *en éclaireur*. He returns somewhat crest-fallen. Apartments there are in abundance; but the terms are preposterous. They expect a good season (at these places they are always expecting good seasons and never getting them), and the proprietors have quite lost their senses. For the suite of rooms let last year to the Principessa X. at three hundred ducats they now ask four. *Animali!* His Excellency is not the least discouraged. He knows his compatriots like a book, and the efficacy of a little talkee-talkee. Down he goes himself, and tackles the extortionate Signor Antonio or Don Filippo beneath his own fig-tree. No use for Signor Padrone to shriek, and bawl, and gesticulate, or to call the blessed Madonna and all the saints

to witness the moderation of his demands and the truth of his asseverations. He is not dealing with a Milordo Inglese, but with a Neapolitan Marchese, and he has his match. There is no false shame about his Excellency: he is not above bargaining,—haggling, Mr. Smith would probably call it. Although on pleasure bent, he has, like John Gilpin, a "frugal mind." Three hundred ducats he is willing to give—not a *bajocco* more; and as Signor Antonio demands four hundred, he begins by offering two. So animated is the discussion that any on-looker, not a Neapolitan, would imagine fisticuffs to be inevitable. He would be disappointed. After an hour's contention, during which prodigies of gesticulation and rhetoric have been displayed on both sides, the desired *combinazione* is effected. Ten rounds have been fought without either combatant having been obliged to own defeat; for though Signor Antonio has come down ten ducats each bout, the Marchese has advanced his offer by the like amount. Three hundred ducats for the season it is to be; and the agreement in duplicate having been duly signed and delivered, and the caution-money paid, the high contracting parties take leave of one another with the most cordial protestations of good will. Alas for poor human nature! before the first week of tenancy has expired, this bowing and smiling and Eccellenzaing padrone, and his bowing and smiling and Signor Antonioing *locatiere*, will be at daggers drawn. Neapolitan households are none of the most orderly; Neapolitan children not the best behaved. The two elder hopefuls have been detected in the very act of pillaging Signor Antonio's favourite plum-tree, whilst precious darling Number Three amuses himself by turning the best chairs into go-carts, and dragging his baby sister over the waxed tiles of the saloon. His Excellency's valet will persist in making fierce love to Giovannina, and it is more than suspected that the Signora Marchesa's maid has purloined a ring belonging to the padrone's wife. Every servant, from the majordomo to the *donna di faccende*, is a thief. Jesu-Maria! were such goings on ever seen? The house is a veritable *inferno*. Then follows a withering fire of negation, accusation, and recrimination from the maligned, who are only too happy to have the opportunity of showing the strength of their lungs.

The forces drawn up in battle array are unequally matched: on one side Signor Antonio, his wife, and the massaro (Giovannina, the daughter of the house, is conspicuous by her absence); on the other, the majordomo, the valet, the lady's-maid, the footman, the cook, and the scullion. Although the Marchese and the Marchesa, the children, the tutor, and the nurse, are not, strictly speaking, engaged in the fray, they take a lively interest in the proceedings. From the neighbouring loggia they listen to the wordy warfare, and encourage their side from time to time by an audible expression of approbation. But the trio are clear grit; they present a bold front to the enemy, and when they give up the contest, it is not because their hearts fail them, but because their ammunition, their breath, is exhausted.

Enlivened by an occasional squabble with the *padrone*, by much visiting, flirting, and dancing, summer and early autumn wear away, and the first of November sees the Marchese and his household back again in the family palazzo at Naples.

When sea-bathing is not the grand desideratum, La Cava is, perhaps, taking it all in all, the pleasantest place in the vicinity of Naples for making the *villeggiatura*. It is more rural than Posilipo and the Vomero. It is cooler than Portici; it is just as gay and less expensive than Castellamare; there are more walks and rides than at Sorrento. For what reason it would be difficult to guess, La Cava does not seem to find favour in the eyes of handbook compilers. Whilst Sorrento is lauded to the skies, La Cava, a much more desirable summer residence, is passed over as barely worthy of notice. The one is a terrestrial paradise; the chief attraction of the other is the Benedictine Monastery of La Trinita. Every man to his taste. Some people think differently.

La Cava, or more properly Cava dei Tirreni, is situated at the southern end of the valley which connects the Bay of Naples with that of Salerno. A few miles beyond Pompeii the Campagna ends, the mountains close in, and the scenery becomes almost Alpine. "A Swiss valley with the sky and vegetation of Southern Italy" is Valery's description of it; and the natives delight to call it their Neapolitan Switzerland.

Passing the important town of Nocera, from whose citadel

Pope Urban the Sixth was wont thrice daily to excommunicate, with bell, book, and candle, his besiegers in the valley beneath, the line mounts by a very steep gradient to La Cava, eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. The prospect grows more and more beautiful as one advances. On the right the lofty mountain range, of which Monte S. Angelo is the monarch; on the left a succession of wooded hills, crowned with ruined castles and ancient monasteries, and winding between them a valley, the luxuriance of whose vegetation rivals, if it does not surpass, that of the teeming Campagna Felice. Like many another Italian town, La Cava owes its existence to a miracle. Many centuries ago—how many is not precisely known—some shepherds, feeding their flocks by night, beheld a sight which filled their souls with pious awe and reverence. Suspended in a tree on the spot where now stands the church of the Madonna del Olmo, a halo of celestial light surrounding it, was a picture of the blessed Virgin. Off they rushed, as fast as their legs would carry them, to the neighbouring monastery, to impart the glad tidings to the holy friars—very poor friars in those days, and sadly in need of a miracle of some kind or another to bring their neglected establishment into public notice. Guided by the shepherds, they hastened to the spot, and there sure enough was the miraculous portrait. Needless to say that it was at once claimed by the reverend gentlemen as Church property, and transported with much pomp to the convent chapel. But the miracle was only half complete. That same night the picture took unto itself wings and flew back to its old quarters in the elm-tree. Again and again it was re-conveyed to the convent, and again and again it returned to the tree. What was the meaning of it all? What did the blessed Madonna wish her servants to do? After much prayer and fasting on the part of the monks, the film fell from their eyes, and the signification of the miracle was made clear as the sun at noonday. The Queen of Heaven had placed her likeness in the tree to show it was her goodwill and pleasure that a city should be built on the spot, the worthy monks of the neighbouring monastery to have spiritual charge of the future citizens, her servants. And so the city was built, and the monks prospered

as they deserved to do, and from poor and needy they grew rich and greedy, living on the fat of the land, until the passing of that iniquitous act by which Holy Mother Church was despoiled of her possessions. As is usual in similar cases, the prosperity of the laity was in inverse ratio to that of the priesthood. Although there was a monastery on every hill, and an ecclesiastic of some denomination to every ten of the population, the Cavese did not grow richer.

The special patronage and protection of the Madonna did not much benefit the city. It was neither handsomer nor cleaner nor healthier than the generality of Italian towns; rather the reverse. Whilst other towns grew and prospered, La Cava only just managed to maintain an honourable mediocrity. A third-rate place it has ever been; a third-rate place it is likely to remain until the end of time. It consists of one long street, with arcades in sadly dilapidated condition on either hand, two *piazze*, a dozen narrow, evil-smelling lanes, and a plot of ground, a very wilderness of weeds, which the Cavese fondly call the Villa. But all the disadvantages of the place—and they are not a few—are more than counterbalanced by the picturesqueness of its site and the exquisite beauty of the surrounding country. With all due deference to Mr. Murray and others, the attractiveness of La Cava is not so much in its Benedictine Monastery as in the beauty and diversity of its walks and rides. The view from the Pietra Santa, on the road to La Trinita, is certainly very fine, but not finer than from a dozen other points in the vicinity of the town. That from the hill of St. Liberatore is much more extensive; for not only does it embrace the plain of Salerno and the mountains behind it, but likewise the town of Salerno and the pretty little valley of Vietri, neither of which are visible from the Pietra Santa. Equally charming are the views from Croce, Arco, and St. Martino, whilst from the summit of Monte Finestra the prospect is as boundless as from Vesuvius or Monte St. Angelo itself. One might remain a month at La Cava, and have each day a different walk or ride.

In the choice of a location, the monks of old showed a very pretty taste, and a judicious. Where it was impossible to combine every earthly blessing—fine scenery, pure air, good water, fertile

soil, shade in summer, and sunshine in winter—they calmly and piously considered what, in their case, would be most likely to assure their comfort and well-being, and made their selection accordingly. With an eye to the main chance, the poor fraternities, who had to beg for a living, built their convents "convanient" to some prosperous town or thriving hamlet; the rich, where they could enjoy the good things of this life in their greatest perfection. The Benedictines were particularly remarkable for the judgment they displayed in the choice of sites, and the reverend brethren of La Trinita formed no exception to the rule.

The Neapolitan summer being considerably longer than the Neapolitan winter, fresh air and shade were to them of infinitely more importance than warmth and sunshine: if they could only manage to keep cool during the hotter months it would be an easy matter to keep warm during the colder ones. So, instead of building their convent in the valley, where, for the sake of a few extra rays of sunshine in winter, they would have had to swelter the livelong summer through, they wisely determined to build it in the mountains,—not away up in the clouds, but just sufficiently above the level of the plain to avoid the extremes of heat and cold. Such a spot they found on the eastern slope of Monte Finestra, and, with the assistance and protection of Guaimar III., Prince of Salerno, they, in the year of grace 1025, erected a monastery, the monastery of La Trinita di Cava, which stands to the present day. That the good monks kept on the very best of terms with the powers that were, the archives of their monastery abundantly prove. Diplomas from kings and princes, bestowing lands here and lands there, are numerous; whilst one extraordinary document, under the seal of Baldwin VI., King of Jerusalem, granting freedom of navigation to the ships of the monastery, goes far to prove that the fraternity, not satisfied with the revenue derived from their domains, endeavoured to add to their wealth by a little honest trading. No wonder that they grew rich, and that the convent of La Trinita rivalled in wealth the elder establishment at Monte Casino. But only from a financial point of view. The monastery of La Trinita, as a monastery, was never celebrated for the costliness of its

decorations. Whilst the Benedictines of Monte Casino lavished their wealth on the embellishment of the convent chapel, those of La Trinita turned theirs to altogether different account. To judge from the number of distinguished personages, anti-popes, poets, and painters who have made the monastery their home, the brethren were much "given to hospitality." They were the Amphitryons of the order, and, what with the architectural splendour of Monte Casino, on the one hand, and the good cheer of La Trinita on the other, St. Benedict had every reason to be proud of his followers. Those were for monks, indeed, the "good old times,"—gone, alas! never to return. How are the mighty fallen! Despoiled of their lands, deprived of their privileges, their diplomas valuable only for their antiquity, nothing now remains to the once-wealthy confraternity of La Trinita save the convent walls, the library, a very poor collection of paintings, and a vastly overrated organ. The revenue of the convent has dwindled down from fifteen thousand pounds sterling to nothing per annum; and the monks, now only five in number, are so wretchedly poor that they are obliged to teach school for a living. The mitred abbot of La Trinita a pedagogue! What a downfall!

That the religious communities throughout Italy were altogether too wealthy does not admit of a doubt; and had the new Government contented itself with cutting down their revenues to fair proportions, none but priests and bigots would have objected. But reduction is one thing; confiscation another. The spoliation has been carried too far. It must be borne in mind that the monks were the almoners of the poor, and that, in depriving them of their revenues, the beggars at the gate are the worst sufferers. The convent having been the almshouse of the district, its doors closed, the poor are left destitute; and destitute they are likely to remain, for the money derived from the sale of Church property, instead of having been set aside for the building and endowment of poor-houses throughout the country, has been appropriated to other uses. The clergy muster strong at La Cava,—there being, in addition to the bishop and his staff, eighty-eight canons, one hundred and sixty-eight priests, eighteen monks, and thirty-two *seminaristi*—one to every seventy of the

entire population. Thanks to their labours in the good cause—that of the Holy Father, and Francis, son of Bomba—society is divided into two cliques, Legitimist and Liberal; the former marshalled by a devout Marchesa, the latter by a lady untitled but of a ducal house. Between the two leaders there is no intercourse whatever; but the rank and file of each side commingle freely, on the tacit understanding that the armistice is to last during villeggiatura, and no longer. The Neapolitans are not the people to sacrifice their amusements for either Pope or kaiser, and, sooner than pass a stupid evening—that is, an evening without society of some description—they would accept the invitation of the Prince of Darkness himself. They are not bitter in their animosities; they can agree to differ good-naturedly. An outsider would never discover, from mere personal observation, that there was a strong party spirit; that the Principessa this is a red-hot Franceschina, the Marchesa that a staunch partisan of King Victor Emmanuel. An English lady of my acquaintance assures me that there is a marked difference in the demeanour and general appearance of the rival forces—in the ranks of the fair sex more especially; that the ladies of the Legitimist party receive their guests more gracefully, bow more majestically, have more of the *grande dame* about them, than their Liberal rivals. It may be so; but I am inclined to think that a great deal of this supposed superiority is due to the fact of the Legitimist leader being the most important personage in the place. Having the finest villa and the most money, she has naturally the greatest number of admirers. Whilst princesses and duchesses are distinguished by their respective patronymics, she is invariably *the* Marchesa. The coadjutor of the bishop, the gracious patroness of priests and priestlings, the distributor of charities, the organizer of the annual lottery for the benefit of the poor, she is the Lady Bountiful of La Cava. Once a week, during the season, she receives; and her receptions are just what one would expect them to be in so orderly and virtuous a household. They are strictly *comme il faut*, and slightly tedious. No romping, no lascivious gallopading or waltzing, beneath her roof-tree. A "game" of proverbs, a solemn quadrille, a very mild attempt at croquet, is the extent of the evening's amusement,

the entertainment being wound up with prayer and priestly benediction in the chapel. Occasionally there are *tableaux vivants*, but of the most decorous and edifying description—"Obedience," "Faith, Hope, and Charity," "The Good Samaritan," or something of the sort. A Quaker might witness the performance without his features having been once profaned by a smile.

Most indefatigable are the villeggianti in the pursuit of pleasure. If, during the hot weather, they rarely stir out before sundown, they make up for the day's seclusion by remaining abroad half the night. Nothing in the shape of amusement comes amiss: balls, concerts, theatrical performances, marionettes, so long as there is a full attendance, it is all the same to them. No sooner have the shades of evening descended on the valley than there is a general rush for the café. Considering the population of the place (14,000) and the number of villeggianti, the Caffé d'Italia is hardly up to the mark. It is small, and not over clean: the *consommations* dispensed are of very inferior description. But Southern Italians are not very fastidious: when they cannot get what they like, they try to like what they have got; and there being no better café in the town, they manage to put up with it. On band nights the place is crowded; and when there is no music the fashionables drop in for half an hour or so, to eat an ice and arrange the programme of the evening's amusement, which usually resolves itself into the simple question whether they shall go from the café straight to the house of the lady whose "evening" it is, or first to the theatre.

The La Cava Theatre is not one of the finest in Italy. If the truth must be told, it is nothing more than a large loft, whose original destination was not theatrical, but textorial, it having been built by a cotton-weaver for the reception of the hand looms which he had not the capital to purchase. Little has been done in the way of embellishment. A couple of hundred straw-bottomed chairs, a few benches, a sufficient number of evil-smelling petroleum lamps to make the bareness of the walls painfully apparent, a curtain which obstinately refuses to drop when required, and two sets of slips, one representing the interior of a baronial castle, the other a rural scene, constitute the

theatrical properties. When the prices of admission are, orchestra stalls eight sous, body of the house four sous, back benches two sous, an *impresario* cannot be expected to spend much money on the decorations of the "house."

The acting is on a par with the upholstery. When it is comedy you feel disposed to cry; when tragedy, to laugh: that is, presuming you to be in happy ignorance of what goes on behind the scenes; for, once apprized of the wretched poverty of the actors, he must indeed be heartless who could turn them into ridicule. This season the speculation has not proved a paying one. Although the nightly expenditure, Government tax included, is but seventeen francs, the money taken has been insufficient to enable these very "poor players" to pay their way. The entire company, from the *impresario* downwards, is in debt; and it is said that the *prima donna* has been for the last month or so subsisting on potatoes. They do their best, poor creatures, to amuse their distinguished audience; but it is ill acting on an empty stomach. They have had a benefit, which brought six hundred francs to the theatrical exchequer; but it does not seem to have much benefited them. Theirs is a "consumption of the purse," which is incurable.

The benefit in question, organized by the kind-hearted chieftainess of the Liberal party, was an amateur performance. There was a little acting, and a little singing, and a little improvisation, all good in their way. The theatre was crowded, and for the first time since the opening of the campaign there was complete satisfaction on both sides the curtain. In justice to the audience, I must say that they are never very exacting. The same men who at St. Carlo so mercilessly hiss a false note, here do their best to encourage the unhappy wights who are murdering their favourite Goldoni, and cry "*Bravo! brava!*" incessantly. Remembering that they have paid eight sous for admission, and not eight francs, they are merciful.

Very different is the theatre at Salerno. For the size of the town it is a remarkably fine edifice, uniting under the same roof auditorium, two spacious ball-rooms, club-rooms, card-rooms, billiard-rooms, and café. The house has four tiers of boxes, and, although somewhat over decorated, presents a very gay appear-

ance, especially on gala nights, when a little extra gas is turned on at the main. The performances range from *opera seria* to burlesque, and are, as a rule, above the average—sometimes first rate. Salerno being only four miles from La Cava, the theatre is extensively patronized by the the Cavese, who can drive over after dinner, and be back again by midnight.

The last performance at which I had the pleasure to assist was 'Hamlet.' Monti, a tragedian of repute, was the *Amletto;* and if that gentleman's interpretation of the part bear any resemblance to Shakspeare's conception of the original, every English tragedian, from David Garrick downwards, must have been strangely at fault. Signor Monti's idea of the Danish Prince seems to be that he was a ramping, raving, roaring, distracted maniac. No Bedlamite that ever lived could have behaved in a more frantic manner. He kept on stamping and strutting, and gesticulating, and tearing his hair until one could not help wondering why the King, his uncle, instead of twiddling his thumbs in an imbecile manner, did not give orders for his immediate confinement in a strait jacket, or consign him to "the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat." The performance was a travesty from beginning to ending; and the entire *dramatis personæ*, caricatures. It was a lamentable attempt at tragedy; but, regarded in the light of a burlesque, it was not without merit. There was some very excellent fooling. So even throughout was *Amletto's* acting, so delightfully unnatural and grotesque his comportment, from his first appearance to the time when his noble heart "cracks" in the last act, that I left the theatre without having been able to make up my mind in what particular scene he displayed the least "method in his madness": whether in his interview with the Ghost, or when reasoning with himself as to the expediency of felo-de-se, or when stretched at the feet of Ophelia, he furiously fans himself to show how bitterly cold is the weather. King, Queen, Polonius, Horatio, Laertes, Ophelia, Lords, Ladies, Gravediggers, even the poor Ghost itself, took the cue from the leading character. He being raving mad, they were subserviently idiotic. In the poisoning-scene the King, far from being horror-stricken at the terrible portrayal of his iniquity, nodded his head and smiled approvingly on his nephew and the

players; and when he called for lights, it was not because he feared the darkness, but that he felt tired, and wished to go to bed. Prince Hamlet's sarcasms did not for one moment disturb the serenity of the Queen-mother: as he stood mouthing at her, she gazed vacantly into space, and was evidently much more anxious for the safety of the diadem on her brow, which had been insecurely fastened by her tirewoman, than for either her husband's character or her son's reason. Polonius was such a horrid old imbecile, that when he cried, "I am slain!" it was difficult to repress a bravo. Laertes was a chip of the old block; Horatio, his counterpart; and, although unattired in the conventional white satin, a madder Ophelia no one could wish to see. A Neapolitan dramatic author of considerable merit happening to be in the house, I asked him what he thought of Signor Monti's acting. He pronounced it admirable, and so it doubtless was to an Italian eye. Our cold, melancholy English Hamlet, whose reason is merely trembling in the balance, would find little favour with a Neapolitan audience. *Il Principe Amletto* is either mad or he is sane, and whether mad or sane he should show that he is in earnest. How can he possibly do that without gesticulation? Unless he wring his arms and shake his fists, and stamp, and tear his hair, and comport himself in a rational or irrational and Neapolitan fashion, *Amletto* is not *Amletto*, but a dummy, and the play would be just as interesting with the *rôle* of the Prince left out.

Although a considerable number of families reside in La Cava the entire summer through, the season is not at its height before the first week in September. The nearest *stabilimento di bagni* being at Vietri, three miles distant, and the road thither ankle-deep in dust, the bathers prefer taking their dips at Castellamare or other sea-side resort, and only arrive in La Cava towards the end of August.

Throughout September the daily life of the villeggianti continues pretty much the same as during the two preceding months. They rise late, breakfast, turn in again until four of the afternoon, when they dress and dine, and only make their appearance in public with the bats at twilight. For them the day may be said to begin at the *venti-quattro*, or half an hour after

sunset. Every night throughout the season there is a reception. The leaders of society have each their night; and to the house of the lady whose night it may be villeggianti and residenti direct their steps the instant the band ceases playing or the curtain drops at the theatre. They have not very far to walk, for, with one or two exceptions, the so-called Villas are within pistol-shot of the Piazza. The Neapolitans have no agrestic proclivities: even in the height of summer they much prefer the town to the country. It is *più comodo.* They can slip across from one house to another without exposing themselves to the sun by day or to the dew by night: it saves carriage-hire. They rather like the noise and the bustle; it reminds them of their *cara Napoli.* To the smells they are so accustomed that they scarcely perceive them. People staying at the Hotel de Londra, a quarter of a mile out of the town, are quite beyond visiting distance; whilst those who live at Castagneto or Annunziata—a fifteen minutes' walk—might, so far as society is concerned, be just as well at the antipodes or in the planet Neptune. About ten o'clock the guests begin to drop in; and it is generally long past midnight ere they think of dropping out again—two hours later, should the evening's amusement be wound up with a cotillon, which it very often is. In addition to the dancing, without which the evening would be considered in great measure lost, there is usually a little singing, improvisation, or declamation. The singing is, not unfrequently, very superior. Now and then a *maestro* comes down from Naples, and one is amply repaid for nights of patient endurance. I say endurance advisedly, for to other than Neapolitans these same receptions are woefully tedious. It being impossible to find a soul capable of sustaining a conversation for five consecutive minutes, if one do not care for dancing, or *scopone*, or for playing at hunt-the-ring, railway, *simpatica*, and similar games, that with us are never seen out of the nursery, one's only resource is smoking—smoking, or watching those who, happily less difficult to please, are entering heart and soul into the diversions of the moment. It is slow, very slow, and great self-control is requisite to hide one's utter weariness and make believe that one is amusing oneself mightily. On nights when the aforementioned maestro favours

us with his society, it is altogether different; then the evening is really enjoyable—the time flies. A professor of singing, not an operatic star, the maestro's voice is more remarkable for flexibility than for power or compass. The charm of his singing lies not in the strength of lung displayed, but in the method, which is perfection. So exquisite is the modulation, so intense the feeling which he imparts to the words, that the lack of vocal force is forgotten; and whatever be the *morceau* he may choose to sing, whether gay or sad, florid or simple, his barcarolle 'Il Marinaro,' or accompanied by his pupil, Signorina I., the duet from 'Aïda,' one never tires of listening to him.

Our mild dissipations are reported at length in a little weekly paper published at Naples, *L'Occhialetto*, and our own correspondent does his utmost to make the outer barbarians at Castellamare, Portici, and such one-horse places believe that Cava is a second Baden-Baden, and, as a natural consequence, gnash their teeth with jealousy. He knows the amount of flattery his countrymen and countrywomen can bear without wincing, and lays it on with a plasterer's brush, instead of with the delicate camel's hair pencil of the English Jenkins. All his geese are swans; every adjective is in the superlative degree, ending in *issimo* or *issima*. List to the grandiloquent style in which he describes the singing of the maestro's pupil, who has really a very fine voice that requires no puffing:—

"Last evening there was the weekly reception at the Casa C., when Signor M. and the Signorina I. sang duets to madden (*da fare impazzare*) those who heard them. Of the maestro I need not speak; he is too well known—any praises that I might offer could hardly enhance his reputation. But, concerning the Signorina, I may say that she has an extraordinarily beautiful voice, and that her method is perfection itself. Her lower notes (she has a *mezzo-soprano*) are of incredible compass; so perfect are they that they give one the shivers (*brividi*). Her high ones are incomparable. *Bravas* shower upon her. Hers is a voice that touches the heart, that transports, that elevates, that makes one tremble."

Equally enthusiastic is he when describing the amateur acting at the Casa R., the beauty of the Cavese ladies, the elegance of

the toilettes, the graciousness of the hostess: it is sure to be *benissimo*, *bellissimo*, *splendidissimo*, *gentilissimo*, or *graciocissimo*. Our poet is a second Tasso; the plays of our resident dramatist throw those of Goldoni into the shade.

The expense of these nightly receptions is limited to the value of the oil consumed. It is only on grand occasions that refreshments are offered, and then they are of the least costly description, consisting of ices, cakes, and sweetmeats. It is a wise economy. The stowage capacity of Neapolitan children is truly marvellous, and, were goodies to be had *à discrétion*, they would be all laid up with bilious fever at the commencement of the season. Fearfully and wonderfully made are these same children. At an age when English little boys and girls only make their appearance in public at dessert, these young ladies and gentlemen frequent cafés and theatres, dance until the small hours of the morning, and have their flirtations and *affaires de cœur* like their elders. They take no open-air exercise worth mentioning; they neither run, play, nor wrestle; they gorge themselves with sweets and trash of every description, and carefully eschew whatever is nourishing and wholesome; and yet are they, wonderful to relate, neither decrepit nor particularly unhealthy. American children are precocious enough, in all conscience; but these little Neapolitans could give the widest awake amongst them five years' start and win in a canter. In justice to the parents, it must be said that this complete emancipation of the juveniles is limited to the season of villeggiatura, and that in Naples the younger members of the family assist only at such balls as are given for their special entertainment.

As the month of September draws to a close, the mid-day siesta is discontinued, and mad dogs and Inglese have no longer the streets entirely to themselves during the noontide hours. Little by little the villeggianti shake off their lazy habits, and by the opening day of the *caccia de' colombi* (generally the 5th of October) they are, if not quite as matutinal as the lark, considerably in advance of the bats, their late fuglemen.

As he ascends the valley from St. Clemente, three miles below La Cava, the traveller can hardly fail to observe a number of high towers scattered on the hills to the left of the line, and is

puzzled to know for what purpose they can have been erected. Referring to his faithful 'Murray,' he finds that they are used in catching wild pigeons. "At every tower one or more slingers are stationed, who are warned by criers at the top, called *gridatori*, of the approach of the birds; they then throw with slings white stones towards those parts of the fields where the nets are spread; the birds instantly follow the lure, and are taken in great numbers. This curious mode of chase takes place in September and October, during the passage of the wood-pigeons. There are more than fifty of these towers about Cava. The mode of capturing the birds is peculiar to this district."

Wrong as to the manner in which the birds are taken, Mr. Murray is perfectly right in asserting that the sport is peculiar to the district, and, being so, merits more detailed description than a guide-book can afford to give.

The *caccia de' colombi* is the great amusement of the Cavese; and the opening day of the season, the one above all others to be marked with a white stone. It is the Cavese Derby—Cup-day, twelfth of August, St. Partridge, archery-meeting, flower-show, county ball, rolled into one; it is *the* yearly festival. The Madonna may be the patron saint of the town, but the most popular saint in the Cavese calendar is unquestionably St. Colombo. For the past ten months, or since the closing day of last season, the Cavese of both sexes have been looking forward to the re-opening of the *caccia*, and saving their money for the festive occasion: the gentlemen, that they may have the wherewithal to entertain their lady friends; the ladies, to purchase toilettes for the captivation of their entertainers. Pigeon-catching, as practised at La Cava, being a somewhat expensive amusement, the poorer members of the different clubs are obliged to practise the strictest economy during the close season, the savings of ten months barely sufficing to enable them to cut a respectable figure during the remaining two. Of such clubs there are six at La Cava, the most aristocratic and exclusive being that of Arco; the members, thirteen in number, the *crême de la crême* of Cava society.

It is the opening day. For some time past the different members of the club have been busily engaged in issuing

invitations and getting everything ship-shape up at Arco, for the reception of the guests and the pigeons. The nets are in position; the stones for the slingers have been whitewashed; the club-house has been swept and garnished; every man is at his post, and ready to do his duty. If there be a screw loose anywhere, it is in the transport corps. The donkey-boys may fail to convince their charges that four trips to Arco is a fair morning's work; and should Garibaldi, Filippone, and the rest of them take it into their stupid heads to strike work, the ladies will be left without the means of locomotion. But there is little danger of such a catastrophe. Cava donkeys and ponies have long since learned the futility of resistance: patience is "the badge of all the tribe," and if they fail to come up to time it will be because their strength, not their forbearance, is exhausted. There being nothing to disturb the equanimity of the Signor Presidente, he and the other members who have been deputed to do the honours of the club puff the cigarette of contentment until the first cavalcade is descried winding up the steep ascent which leads from the village of Annunziata to Arco. The stewards not being as yet thoroughly warmed to their work, their reception of the first comers, who happen to be foreigners, is somewhat stiff and formal. They assist the ladies to dismount, request them to inscribe their names in the visitors' book, offer them refreshments, and return to their cigarette-smoking and reconnoitring. In rapid succession the invited make their appearance on the scene: now it is a princess, now a duchess, now a marchioness, now a countess, now a baroness, now a simple signora: for on these festive occasions husbands and brothers do not count; they are merely the zeros after the units, their wives, daughters, and sisters, and of no use or importance whatsoever, until dancing begins and partners are in requisition. The more intimate friends of the members are welcomed with musical honours, the refrain being *à propos de bottes*, and of 'Belisario'; but as the mirth evoked increases, rather than diminishes, each time it is repeated, there may be more point in it than the mere words would imply. By three o'clock there are a hundred and fifty people assembled, only six of whom are foreigners. There is the usual separation of the

sexes, the ladies sitting by themselves inside the pavilion, the gentlemen, ditto, outside; the former busily engaged in discussing cakes and fashions, the latter in smoking and chaffing. Of the thirteen members who compose the Arco Club, there may, perhaps, be five to whom the catching of pigeons is the primary consideration, the remainder not caring two pins whether five birds or five hundred are taken during the season. Their object in joining the club is not the netting of a few miserable pigeons, but that they may have a pleasant place in the country to which they can invite their friends. They may pretend to take a deep interest in the proceedings, but the arrival of half-a-dozen donkeys, with ladies perched thereon, gives them more secret satisfaction than would the advent of a "wilderness" of pigeons. The pigeons are a mere pretence; Arco not so much a sportsman's club as the Ridotto of La Cava. Each member, in turn, has the privilege of inviting his friends to a *déjeûner* or refection of some description, the straw-built kiosk or *pagliajo* being placed at his entire disposal for the occasion; and as most of them avail themselves of their prerogative, there is constant feasting throughout the season. Too exposed to be a pleasant retreat during the summer months, in October Arco is delightful. Several hundred feet above the valley, with deep mountain gorges which act as air-conduits in rear, the heat is never oppressive. Shade and green sward are close at hand: the view is superb, extending to Scafati and Vesuvius in one direction, and to Vietri in the other.

More beautiful weather for the opening of the *caccia* could not be desired. It is warm, but not too warm. The sky is cloudless, but a thin autumnal haze floats overhead, deadening the sun's still potent rays; and the heat is further tempered by a light air, which comes stealing up the valley from the Gulf of Salerno. Pigeons alone are wanting to make our enjoyment complete; and here they come. Those very inharmonious blasts proceed from the horn of the look-out man in the valley beneath, and notify that pigeons are coming; the responsive yells that on every side resound issue from the throats of the gridatori stationed in the watch-towers all around, and signify that they in their turn have caught sight of the

advancing flight. "Arco-o-o-o!" They are heading for Arco! Hurrah!

Heavens! what a rumpus! Were it the vanguard of an invading army that was in sight, there could not be more excitement. Our champion slinger, the David of the club, seizes his sling, and rushes, five steps at a time, to the summit of the neighbouring tower. The man in charge of the nets untoggles the halliards, and stands ready to let go at the proper moment; the remainder crane their necks, peer into space, and give their opinions in stage whispers.

"They are coming this way!"

"They are not."

"They are heading for Serra—for Valle!"

"They are keeping straight down the valley."

"Here they come!"

Whiz-z-z! Bravo, David!—that fetched 'em. The stone is well slung, and turns the flock in the nick of time, just as it is about to wheel in the direction of Serra—another *chasse* a mile lower down—whiz—whiz! two more stones in the direction of the nets. A moment's anxious suspense. Third and last time of asking—whiz! The pigeons perceive the white stone flying through the air, and stupidly follow it. Down they sweep towards the nets; strike them. The halliards are let go; the nets fall, and—thirteen pigeons are captured!

With Hurlingham in one's recollection, to question the legitimacy of the sport, or endeavour to throw ridicule on those who take part therein, would be excessively bad taste, not to say an impertinence. As much skill is requisite to sling straight as to shoot straight, and in both cases the proportion of on-lookers to performers is more or less the same. Several members of the club consider the sport trivial, and only keep their names on the list, and pay their subscriptions, for the reasons already given. There is just now considerable wrangling at Arco. The sporting members claim the right of standing in rear of the nets, and firing at all birds passing in their direction. The non-sporting are opposed to such procedure, on the ground that the reports of the guns frighten the pigeons. Matters will soon come to a dead lock, and, unless a compromise can be effected, the existing club

will have to be dissolved and a new one organized. The ladies will take precious good care that the dissolution is merely temporary.

The pigeons secured, the nets, which are suspended from poles, and measure a hundred feet in length by thirty in height, are again hoisted; the gridatori resume their stations on the watch-towers, and dancing commences on the terrace in front of the pavilion. A *quadrille monstre à la Napolitaine*, or quadrille in which the different figures are determined on the spur of the moment, and called out in a loud voice by the master of the revels, pretty much in the same way as at a West Indian dignity-ball, brings the day's festivities to a triumphant finale. The day's, but not the night's. In two hours' time dancing will be resumed at the Casa M., and be kept up until two or three to-morrow morning.

What with Arco in the daytime and the Casa this or Villa that at night, October slips away, and the closing of the season is presaged by the holding of the annual lottery in aid of the poor, under the gracious patronage of *the* Marchesa. To avoid—what shall we say?—unpleasant complications, the lottery is held on neutral ground, at the villa of Signor L., the vice-syndic, and for a description of the same I cannot do better than quote Jenkins in the columns of the *Occhialetto*:—

"On Sunday night the assemblage was at the house of Signor L., a wealthy proprietor of Cava, who has a most beautiful villa, which he placed at the disposition of the noble Marchioness R., the patroness of a lottery in aid of the poor of Cava, the prizes in which were given by the villeggianti. The said prizes were laid out symmetrically (*con ordine*) on a table, and many of them were very beautiful, more especially an embroidered bridal counterpane, which was won by a priest. What irony! The drawing ended, dancing commenced; and I warrant you the saloon at the Casa L. might that evening have been called an Eden. There were some lovely girls, who, grouped together, formed a veritable bouquet." Then follows the description of a quadrille, in which there chancing to be two sisters whose patronymic corresponds with the colour of their dresses (light blue), he seizes the opportunity to display his wit thus:—

"most elegantly attired in sky-blue, which imparted to their faces something of the celestial," and so on to the end of the paragraph. I may add that when the winning number of the grand prize, the embroidered bridal counterpane, was drawn by a priest, the howlings were dreadful. The lottery being under the immediate patronage of the leader of the clerical party, this little outburst of feeling was very amusing, showing, as it did, the small respect in which the priesthood is now held by the Neapolitan public.

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A right pleasant little spot for villeggiatura is La Cava.

Grateful for many kindnesses and marks of attention received at the hands of the Cavese, I here tender my acknowledgments, and conclude my reminiscences of the place, the people, and of a very pleasant autumn passed in the Neapolitan Switzerland.

CHAPTER X.

THE EASTERN SHORE.

"NAPOLI fa i peccati, e la Torre li paga"—Naples plays the deuce, and Torre pays the piper, is a grim joke of the Neapolitans, who, being themselves under the special protection of Saint Januarius, and consequently safe from harm, affect to make merry over the misfortunes of their poor friends, the Torrese. A most dangerous neighbour is unquestionably Vesuvius. Fifty-eight times (be the same more or less) has he "erupted" since that first little derangement of his bowels which overwhelmed Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ; on no less than five occasions during the past two centuries have his vomitings and upheavings brought poor Torre del Greco to grief. To give the fire-belching, lava-ejecting monster as wide a berth as possible would be the endeavour of most people. Not so the Torrese: they nestle at the feet of their tyrant, and kiss the fiery rod with which he stirs them up. They tremble, but they love.

"Many worse despots than old Vesuvio," say they. "If he fly into a passion occasionally, and play the mischief with everything within his reach, he hastens to repair the damage he has done. By a profuse application of chlorides, sulphates, phosphates, carbonates, and acids from his laboratory, he decomposes with a rapidity truly marvellous the scoriæ with which he has overspread the land, making it more fertile than ever; and, by way of indemnity for the destruction of house property, so solidifies his molten lava that it becomes the hardest of all stones, and of such value for paving and building purposes that by its sale we are fully recouped our losses."

Fertile beyond description is the plain at the base of Vesuvius; its luxuriance must be seen in order to be realized. One crop is cleared away only that it may be replaced by another; nay, three crops may be seen maturing at the same time—the vine festooned from mulberry-tree to mulberry-tree, and corn beneath; wine, silk, and cereals all in a row. Rich, indeed, must be the soil for which the cultivator can afford to pay 12*l.* an acre rent; for pay it he does, and without very much grumbling. At that price he manages to make a subsistence, but by labour so unremitting that it is surprising how he can perform it and live. Dawn sees him at his work, and the livelong day he is digging, hoeing, trenching, irrigating, until want of light, not want of will, forces him to suspend for a few short hours his travail. And there are writers who have the cool effrontery to call him lazy. His is a laziness that would, I trow, be hardly likely to suit their book: that it would not suit mine, I am certain.

Notwithstanding its exuberant fertility, the country around Vesuvius is totally inadequate to the support of its still more exuberant population. A third of the entire number may find employment in the tillage of the soil; the remainder are hewers of stone, handicraftsmen of various denominations, or sailors. In Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre dell' Annunziata, and Castellamare the population is more or less seafaring. Torre del Greco is the head-quarters of the coral trade, several hundred boats leaving its little port every spring for the fishing-grounds off the coasts of Africa, Sardinia, Sicily, Corsica, or elsewhere. Badly paid, badly fed, and hard worked is the poor coral-fisher. Compared with his, the life of a galley slave is one of sybaritical indolence. His treatment was, until very recently, not one whit better than that of the poor oppressed negro as he existed in the vivid imagination of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; immeasurably worse than that of the real Simon Pure. The thirty ducats for which he sold his seven months' services once paid, he was just as much a slave as Uncle Tom of pious memory, harder worked, more brutally handled. His *padrone* was a sea-monster, alongside of whom Mr. Legree would have seemed a paragon of Quaker-like gentleness and amiability. His word was law, and a rope's end well laid on his sole reply to

any remonstrance on the part of his bondsmen. For six days out of the seven he kept them working incessantly, not unfrequently on the seventh into the bargain if the weather was favourable; and, that they might be strong, hearty, and able to haul away, their food consisted of dry biscuit, a dish of macaroni with just sufficient oil to make the sign of the cross being served out for the Sunday's dinner.

Since freedom of speech and of action has been declared the inviolable prerogative of every Italian the coral-fishers have been standing up for their blessed rights and privileges, and to some purpose. Their pay has been more than doubled, their work decreased, and the *padrone* taught that he can no longer rope's end with impunity. Whenever he so far forgets himself as to have recourse to blows, they haul him up before the nearest consul, and have him punished according to law. But, all these ameliorations notwithstanding, hardest of lives is still that of the coral-fisher. The boats are so small that, when below (?), the men are packed as closely as negroes on the middle passage; whilst the provisions provided are barely sufficient for the redintegration of the tissue and fibre expended on the work, which during its continuance—say eighteen hours out of the twenty-four—is exhausting to a degree. The dredging-nets are of the coarsest and weightiest; the capstan of the most primitive; and when afast of a massive branch of coral, the strain required to start it and haul it aboard is sufficient to break the back of a camel. So completely worn out are the men that they not unfrequently fall fast asleep whilst tramping round the capstan. Exultant are they when dawns the morning of the third of October; for then is their contract completed, and they are free men once again. Except to steer and shorten sail when required, not a hand's turn of work will they perform between the fishing-grounds and Torre del Greco. They eat and sleep all the time, and to such effect that they are said to improve in condition on the passage. To deteriorate would be impossible. Receiving their pay in advance, they return to their homes with empty pockets; and, as money must be had, they borrow it on account of the next season's fishing. During the winter months they work in the fields, or loaf about the nearest market-place,

and, when February draws to a close, sail away, amidst the lamentations and hand-wavings of their relatives and friends and the cross-signings and *Domine vobiscums* of the Torre priesthood, for the fishing-grounds. "How gay, how gay, is the fisherman's life! Hey, sing merrily, oh!" and the rest of it.

In coral-dredging, as in pearl-diving, luck is everything. One good haul will sometimes nearly cover the expenses of the outfitter: he may be considerably out of pocket at the end of the season. To him the sea is a lucky-bag, in which the blanks are to the prizes as ninety-nine to one. There is coral and coral; coral worth seventy-five francs the kilo., and coral worth from two hundred to five hundred francs the ounce. One fine specimen of the pink variety is of more value than a boat-load of the red. Pink coral being scarcer and dearer than red, it is naturally more beautiful in the eyes of the fair sex: were a reef of it to be found to-morrow, and the price to fall, it would be voted hideously ugly and vulgar, and dealers therein might close their shops. To distinguish pink coral from red coral, and red coral from pink coral, is not very difficult; to determine the precise shade of pink which is *the* shade—the valuable one—is impossible. In purchasing coral the shade of your choice is certain to be the expensive shade: try to resell it, and you will be told that it is just the one of all others that is out of fashion and unsaleable. There would appear to be no established rule for its valuation, its worth or worthlessness depending not so much on the laws of demand and supply, as on the rapacity of the seller, the simplicity of the buyer. There is your "No cheap article for me" gentleman, who goes to the best shop, the English and American shop, and pays a hundred per cent. more than the intrinsic value of an ornament for the satisfaction of having the respectable dealer's name on the *étui;* and there is your picker up of bargains, who hies him to the Piazza del Municipio, or where not, and spends a couple of hundred francs on some showy set which no woman of taste would be seen wearing. Still more certain to repent him of his bargain is he who has dealings with itinerant coral-vendors, the pedlars who frequent the Villa, and are permitted to pester travellers by the Capri boat. Many a time and oft have I seen a string of coral beads offered in the evening for

one franc twenty-five, for whose counterpart a purchaser had been found on the outward trip at three francs fifty; and to my intense satisfaction. I would no more interfere to save a compatriot from being victimized, than I would jump overboard to save a pug from drowning. I have done so ere now, and been rewarded for my good nature with a stony British stare, and a "Thanks, much; we know the price of coral."

It is the same in the purchase of tortoiseshell, and the so-called lava ornaments. Go to a respectable shop, and you will have to pay for the proprietor's respectability. Endeavour to pick up a bargain, and you are sure to be done. The only way to obtain approximate value for one's money is to ask some Neapolitan, in whom dependence can be placed, to make the bargain, or, better still, not to invest at all. The friendless visitor, whose money is burning his pocket, would be wise to content himself with tortoiseshell. It is just as much a speciality of the place, just as appropriate for a souvenir, as coral; it does not fluctuate in value, is never out of fashion, and last, not least, being cheaper, the purchaser has more "shine for his dollar."

To the inhabitants of Resina, who are not quite so much in his line of fire as the Torrese, Vesuvius is a bugaboo whose bark is worse than his bite. Often threatened by him, and made to quake, the town has suffered no very serious scorification since 1698, although the scares occasioned by his little vagaries have been just as intense, just as frequent, as in Naples, where the lava-avorting, fire-extinguishing, smoke-dispelling relics of St. Januarius have on several occasions been removed in fear and trembling from their tabernacle in the Cathedral and carried, amidst the prayers, the weepings, and the wailings of a highly demoralized mob, to the Porta Capuana. During the last great eruption, that of 1871, the terror of the St. Januarius-protected Neapolitans was extreme: had they only known where to flee, there would have been a general stampede. And not surprising: when detonation succeeds detonation in rapid succession, when the ground shakes, the windows rattle, the air is filled with ashes, and a villanous smell of sulphur pervades the atmosphere, the boldest begin to remember the predictions that

have been made regarding the city—how if the crater should from any cause get choked up, and Vesuvius be unable to discharge the contents of his overladen stomach through the ordinary channel, there will be such a blow up as never was, and Naples sent sky high. It may not be this time, but it may. A reflection such as this is sufficient to make even the fatalist wish himself just a leetle further from the centre of the grand pyrotechnic display, and have a regard for his own safety, of which in sunnier hours he had deemed himself incapable. Will the prediction ever come off, and the city's destruction be so complete that the wary mariner, as he sails past the deserted gulf, shall wave his hand in the direction of the shore and exclaim, "There once stood Naples"?

Pending the fulfilment of prophecy, the sub-Vesuvians live pretty much after the same fashion as did those other children of the cities of the plain before their incineration by fire and brimstone in the days of Lot. When old Vesuvio's digestion is good, and he "smokes his pipe" in peace, they eat, drink, and make merry; when his "innards" begin to rumble, and the lava to rise in his gorge, they fall down on their knees, and tear their hair, and vow candles, and comport themselves like very silly children and Neapolitans. As ushers to his volcanic Majesty, as guides, bearers, mounters, and hangers-on, the good people of Resina pick up a considerable amount in the course of the year. Undismayed by the roughness of the road that leads to his presence-chamber, thousands of irrepressible *forestieri* rush, season after season, to pay their respects to the cinder-crowned, smoke-panached old villain, and stare into his open mouth, the pleasure they derive from their visit being about as great as that of the loyal Briton who attends a levée at St. James's. If to go once be the "correct thing," to go through the performance a second time is the act of a lunatic; for, after having scrambled up and been half stifled, and had a look around, and peered into the crater (the yawning mouth of the sovereign), one is obliged to exclaim with Sir. Charles Coldstream, "Absolutely nothing in it." In the ascent of Vesuvius it is well to take the advice of Mathews—or was it Sheridan?—"Say you've done it and don't go." According to my own experience, the ascent of Vesuvius

is not worth the shoe leather; nor the descent to Herculaneum, the candle.

Having no foreigners to fleece, the inhabitants of the other Torre—Torre dell' Annunziata—earn their bread by the manufacture of macaroni; and to show their contempt for Vesuvius, who is to them nothing more than a most troublesome neighbour, by that of gunpowder likewise. Does he imagine that no one can fabricate explosives but himself? Blow Vesuvius! The macaroni they turn out is infinitely better than the powder. But the chief seat of the macaroni trade is Gragnano, a town some two miles distant from Castellamare. That's the place to go to, if one desire to obtain an insight into the manner of its fabrication; for the entire town is one great macaroni manufactory, and the streets so encumbered with the frames upon which it is hung out to dry, as to be almost impassable. The whole process can be seen without crossing a threshold. In its composition there is no secret; and the mixing of the materials, the kneading of the dough, and its conversion by pressure into macaroni of different sizes, and vermicelli, is conducted with open doors. There is not much to see. The dough is made by the admixture with pure water of wheaten flour and semolina in certain proportions; and the kneading done with a lever worked by two or more brown-skinned varlets, who, stripped to their drawers, keep jumping on and jumping off the livelong day with automatic regularity. When the dough has arrived at the proper consistency, which is only after some hours' kneading, it is placed in a copper cylinder having holes, each with a central pin at the bottom and a valve atop. By means of a powerful screw (hydraulic pressure is seldom employed) the valve is forced down on the dough, which, working its way through the holes of the cylinder in the cannular form proper to macaroni, is twisted off on reaching the requisite length, and hung over frames to dry in the sunshine. When dry it is packed; when packed, sent to market; when sold, boiled, and served *à la Napolitane*, with parmesan and tomatoes. And right good it is, especially when accompanied by a glass of Gragnano, of all Campanian wines the nuttiest and the strongest.

Although Castellamare no longer basks in the sunshine of

royalty, the Casino Reale having remained closed since the departure of the Bourbons, it is still the most important town, the most fashionable watering-place, on the eastern shores of the gulf. The town itself is not particularly attractive, but its mineral waters are in high repute; the bathing is good, and the wooded, villa-dotted hill of Quisisana, ten minutes' distance from the shore, the pleasantest summer residence in the vicinity of Naples. In the very important matter of shade, it stands pre-eminently first, and is, according to my experience, considerably cooler than either Sorrento or Cava—absolutely chill as compared with Resina, Portici, and the stifling streets of low-lying Castellamare. A road, overshadowed by venerable ilex, leads from the town to the Casino and the adjacent villas, most of which are either private residences or else rented year after year to some Neapolitan family of distinction. The villas not so appropriated may be counted on one's fingers, and they are almost always engaged early in the season, by friends of the regular villeggianti, who much prefer the society of their compatriots to that of strangers and pilgrims. House-rent being comparatively high, and society exclusive, Quisisana is not a favourite resort of people who are "abroad for economy." For them there is a *pension* in the plain below, where the ministrations of a resident chaplain and all the *agréments* of genteel society are to be had for from five to six francs per diem, inclusive.

Qui, si sana—here is health; and healthy the villeggianti would doubtless be, were they less given to gallavanting, and kept earlier hours. Considering the life they lead, it is surprising that half of them do not succumb before the end of the season. *Acquaiuolo*, or non-*acquaiuolo*, hydropathist or hydrophobist, to show at the wells of a morning is a duty which no villeggiante having a regard for his or her reputation would think to evade. There is held morning parade, where the veteran battalion is drawn up under cover; the *élite* manœuvre, and the awkward squad marches and countermarches under the eyes of the old campaigners who have them in charge. The springs, twelve in number, each of them differently constituted, and having, or supposed to have, curative properties peculiar to itself, issue from the base of Monte d' Aura, and are but a stone's throw apart. To

believe the local doctors, there is not an ill which they cannot cure. Amongst them are the *acqua ferrata*, a mild chalybeate, good for delicate damsels requiring a little iron in their system; the *acqua ferrata del Pozzillo*, a powerful ditto, invaluable as a "pick-me-up"; the *acqua ferrata nuova*, used as an eye-lotion; the *acqua media*, anti-dyspeptic; and, most potent of all, the terrible *acqua del Muraglione*, whose effect is that of a Jacob's shell, and warranted to cure the gout, the colic, and the phthisic, and to reduce the fattest mortal to a mere shadow of his former self in less than no time. Although it possesses none of the attractions of a German Spa, the *stabilimento* is worth visiting once in a way, if only to observe the little peculiarities of the visitors, and to watch the flirtations that are being carried on. Between Castellamare and Baden-Baden how great the difference!—at Baden northern, cleanliness and order; at Castellamare southern, dirt and confusion: at the one place everything to please the eye and gratify the senses; at the other, not a single attraction except the waters, which, smelling consumedly of sulphur, are anything but attractive to the sound in health.

Parade dismissed, the donkey-boys, of which there must be some hundreds in the town, are summoned, and there is a grand donkey-cade along the Marina; the *acquaiuoli* making for home, to digest the water they have swallowed; the *bagnaiuoli*, for the bathing-boxes, to take their dips, which, the water being warm, and time no object, is generally an affair of a couple of hours' duration. After the bath comes lunch; and after lunch the siesta, shorter at Castellamare than elsewhere. When the great heat of the day is over, the unfortunate donkeys are brought round again, and, until the dinner-hour, the chestnut woods of Quisisana ring with the cries of the *ciucciari* and the shouts and laughter of children, little and big, never so thoroughly childish as when a-donkey back. The tryst is generally the summit of Monte Coppola, whence is a magnificent view of Naples, Vesuvius, and the Campagna. Under the Bourbons, the spot was taboo. On Monte Coppola Bomba was wont "to make kief," and the plateau was adorned with kiosks, marble seats, statues, and an *al fresco* kitchen for the preparation of the royal meals. Stretched beneath the broad-spreading chestnut-trees;

His Majesty took his ease with dignity, and whiled away the noontide hours by reconnoitring, with the aid of a glass, his faithful city, and the castles and prisons where so many of his subjects were enjoying their shade in the pleasant seclusion of a dungeon, their privacy inviolate as his own. Times have changed, and the national character has changed with them. It would fare ill nowadays with any monarch who should point the guns of Saint Elmo on the city; or, without form of trial, cast the meanest of his subjects into prison. A *fico* for the royal prerogative! Monte Coppola and the woods of Quisisana are no more to be closed to the public, at the good will and pleasure of king or kaiser. The sovereign people have the right of entry; and that there shall be no mistake about it, they smash the marble seats, and mutilate the statues. Casino and park are now for sale, and it is highly probable that the one will, ere long, be turned into a hotel, and the other parcelled out into small holdings and brought under cultivation. A good deal of the timber has already been felled, and it doesn't seem as though it were the intention of His Most Gracious Majesty King Victor Emmanuel to spare the remainder: so sadly is he in need of money, that he, or his ministers for him, are ready to dispose of anything and everything appertaining to the Crown, even to the Palace of Caserta; and were an offer to be made to-morrow for its staircase and the marble columns of its chapel and theatre, I am far from sure that it would be rejected. Despite an income-tax (*ricchezza mobile*) of thirteen and one-fifth per cent., and a land-tax (*fondaria*) heavier still, despite of imposts upon salt, tobacco, fish, and every article of consumption, flour not excepted, despite of incomings from the lottery, the sale of Church property, and other illegitimate sources of revenue, there is always a deficit in the budget, vacuity of the privy purse. And why? Because of the universal peculation. If only three-quarters of the money screwed out of the people found its way into the national exchequer, there should be enough and to spare. But it doesn't: one-third, at the lowest calculation, sticks to the fingers of the collectors, who go halves with the gentlemen appointed to audit their little accounts. The bare-faced way in which the Government is robbed by its *employés*

passes belief. I could give a hundred instances that have come under my own personal observation: two or three must suffice.

When living at Quisisana, I, one fine morning, found my landlord in a frantic state, crying, wringing his hands, tearing his hair, and conducting himself like a maniac.

What was the matter? O Vergine Beata! O Jesu Maria! O Dio Santo! A ruined man was poor Antonio! The *carabinieri*, the *doganieri* were coming and death it would be without reprieve.

Had he killed some one? Killed! Oh! worse than that: he had omitted to pay the duty on two *botte* of wine, and he would be fined—ruined! I may observe, in parenthesis, that Signor Antonio was, for a *contadino*, particularly well to do. Villa and *masseria* were his; he owned a couple of houses in the town, and had, besides, some six thousand ducats out on mortgage. Thrifty and hard-working, bankruptcy was the last thing he had to dread. How did it all happen?

In this wise. At the last vintage, he (Antonio) had stowed away under the roof of the villa two *botte* of wine, upon which he had not thought it necessary to pay duty. Two *botte* of wine! Holy Madonna! what was the *gabella* on two miserable *botte* of wine to the Government? A bagatelle—*una cosa di niente*. Well, snug in the garret the casks remained until, the roof requiring some repair, he, in an evil hour, sent for his nephew—a builder—to look to it. Whilst rummaging about the loft, the rascal, espying the wine, taps one of the casks and drinks himself helpless. Was kicking down stairs, and an application of stick, too great a punishment? No. Yet what does the villain? Goes straight to the Excise and lodges information against him (Antonio), his mother's brother, his uncle, his friend, his benefactor. The doganieri were on the way to his house; every moment they might make their appearance. Ahimè! ahimè! it was too bad!

After a few words of condolence, I left the old fellow, and started for a walk in the country. On returning some two hours later, I find four donkeys standing outside the door; and, seated at table inside the kitchen, eating macaroni and guzzling wine, four doganieri, the provider of the feast, Signor Antonio, hurry-

ing about the while, and pressing them all to pitch into the victuals with a generosity of which I thought him incapable. His guests departed, out he comes into the garden, singing, snapping his fingers, and capering like a billy-goat.

I am delighted to see him so merry. Had he paid his fine? Paid his fine! Not he. Two ducats to the sergeant and one apiece to his men, with macaroni and Gragnano *ad libitum*, had placed the affair in an altogether different light. The sergeant, honest man, discovered where the mistake lay, and his (Antonio's) innocence of the crime laid to his charge had been fully established. Evviva! we must have a glass of wine on the strength of it. For the sum of five ducats and a tuck in, His Majesty's servants had been squared, and the revenue been done, not only out of the amount of the fine, but out of the hire of four donkeys into the bargain; for it is not probable that the lazy rascals paid for their own mounts.

On another occasion I was roused from my peaceful slumbers by hearing smothered squeals proceeding from the direction of the cellar. What could it be?—infanticide? I huddled on my clothes, and rushed to the spot. There, on the floor, its head enveloped in a sack, lay the victim, and, picturesquely grouped around it, Antonio with a knife, his wife with a candle, and the *massaro* with a tubful of gore in his ensanguined hands. What villainy had they been perpetrating! What awful crime had been committed! Whose the body?—whose the blood? The pig's. Wherefore then all the secrecy? Why kill at dead of night? That the neighbours, that the doganieri, might be none the wiser; that they might evade the sacrificial tax. Mr. Pig once converted into sausage, he would be past identification; the tax-collectors might come, and welcome. The gentlemen of the Customs are no longer to be done in that way: they keep a register of every sow in the district, get the earliest information of her farrowing, and levy on her piglings the instant they are born. Within a short distance of my abode at Sorrento there was an American hand grist-mill worked on the sly; by a *combinazione* with the assessors a neighbour evaded one-third of his *fondaria*. How many times the deponent has, by a timely tip, passed exciseable articles through the Customs he sayeth

not. Contact with Italians has long since assuaged any conscientious scruples he may once have had; and if he do not, like the majority of Neapolitans, consider the evasion of excise a meritorious action, he holds it to be perfectly justifiable. The Italian Government is so unscrupulous in its dealings with the public, that excessive punctilio on their part is not to be expected; whilst as regards the venial offence of slipping a franc or two into the hands of the Custom-house officers, the poor fellows are so wretchedly paid, that were it not for the bestowal of an occasional buona-mano they would die of starvation.

Much money is lost to the Government by the universal system of black-mailing; more by the stupid manner in which the revenue is collected. To mollify the partisans of the House of Bourbon, to stop the mouths of the discontented with a sop, twice as many men are employed as are necessary for the proper performance of the duty. That the poor women who bring in charcoal to the markets shall not evade the toll of two sous levied by the Commune on each basket, a sentry is posted on every footpath leading to the mountains; that the contadine may not, under a raking discharge of cabbages, cauliflowers, and artichokes, carry the defences of the city, the Customs guard at each *octroi* is sufficiently strong to repel the attack of an invading army. To sit in the sun and yawn and smoke would seem to be the heaviest duty of an Italian doganiere; his passive moments are to his active ones in the same proportion as is his pay to his pickings. Che diavolo! Let them sweat who are paid sweating wages; he is not.

Equally indifferent to their employers' interests are the servants of the Società Regia dei Tabacchi—the tobacco monopoly. The manner in which they dawdle away their time is a caution to snails: it takes three of them an entire day to count the plants on an acre field; for, to prevent the cultivator from purloining a portion of his crop, not only is every plant registered and counted at intervals during its term of growth, but every leaf likewise. More time and labour is expended in keeping stock of the crop than would suffice to plant and pick it twice over. The plan sometimes adopted of farming out the taxes

only makes matters worse; for, though more money be thereby screwed out of the peasants, it serves but to enrich the contractor, who, in his dealings with the Government, takes precious good care to leave himself the widest of margins. Italian finance is a tangled skein, which it would tax the ingenuity of a financial Solomon to unravel; cut it must be, and that speedily.

Many are the pleasant walks and rides in and around Quisisana —to the Convent of Pozzano, to Lettere, to Monte Sant' Angelo, from whose summit the view is much more extensive than from Vesuvius. A short distance beyond the confines of the royal demesne is the village of Pimonte, which, during the troublous times that succeeded the change of dynasty, earned for itself a most unenviable notoriety for brigandage. A ruined house in the centre of the village stands a silent witness of brigands' vengeance. Some thirteen years ago it was the residence of a certain Vicenzo Damavaro, a man of substance, and syndic of the village. In attending mass, in his rigid observance of fast-days and feast-days, in the bestowal of alms and oblations, a truly Christian man was he. Two sons had he in the priesthood. Alas for poor human nature! this good man fell. The extortions of the brigands of Monte Sant' Angelo suggested to him the feasibility of doing a little black-mailing on his own account. In the character of brigand emissary, he visited all the small proprietors in the vicinage of Castellamare whom he thought could be intimidated, and, under threats of vengeance in the event of non-compliance, levied contributions to the tune of several thousand francs. But lo! before he had ceased congratulating himself on the success of his strategy, there arose complications which had never entered into his philosophy; nothing less than the appearance on the scene of the duly commissioned brigand envoy and black-mailer, whose surprise and rage upon hearing that some one had usurped his prerogative may, in the words of the penny-a-liner, be more easily imagined than described. It did not take him very long to discover the name of his impersonator, and, vowing vengeance, he hastened back to his friends in the mountains with the direful news that Vicenzo Damavaro, of Pimonte, syndic, had wickedly and treacherously collected and appropriated to his own uses the

revenues of their honourable guild. He had, had he? Well, it would speedily be put beyond his power to do the like again. From their eyry on Monte Sant' Angelo down swooped the brigands on their native village of Pimonte, and surrounded the house of the doomed Damavaro. It was empty. The day was Ash Wednesday, and the pious man and his family were at church. Baulked of their victim, the brigands avenged themselves by sacking the house and setting fire to it; that done, they returned whence they came. To have escaped with his life, thankful to the Madonna and his patron saint was Vicenzo Damavaro. His piety had saved him. Had he absented himself from church like the ungodly, cooked would have been his goose to a certainty, and, instead of being pointed to as one whom their saints had in their holy keeping, his name, like that of the man in the moon, would have been for ever associated with the heinous sin of Sabbath-breaking. A few hundred ducats and promises of assistance would make it all right with the gentlemen of the mountain, and he would live unmolested and in the odour of sanctity as before. Once again was Signor Damavaro out in his calculations. His little escapade coming to the ears of the authorities, he was arrested, tried, and sent to the galleys for life; his sons and abettors, owing to the sanctity of their vocation, being let off with a caution and temporary suspension from the performance of their priestly functions, blackmailing the chief. The proximity of the brigands did Quisisana not a little injury. Many of the wealthier families deserted it for securer quarters, and, to the sincere regret of the beggars, whose liberal almoner he was, Prince Lieven amongst them. So recently as 1870, to cross Monte Sant' Angelo, except in force, was considered fool-hardy. An Amalfi guide flatly refused to accompany me, unless I went first to the syndic and deposed that I made the trip on my own responsibility, and against his wish and counsel. Now the road is as safe as that to Vietri. The only highwaymen in the *circondario* of Castellamare are the guides, touters, coachmen, and donkey-boys who waylay the traveller at the railway station; the only brigands, the hotel-keepers who fleece him. The place is fast regaining its ancient prestige. Although there be no longer kings, grand dukes, and

royal princes to delight the eyes of flunkeydom, native grandees there are without number, not a few of them with money enough and to spare. The place is eminently fashionable, uproarious, and Neapolitan. The nights are as riotous as the days. Dinner over, down rush the *villeggianti* to the very uninviting cafés of Castellamare, where the ladies eat ices and ogle the gentlemen, and the gentlemen poison the atmosphere with the fumes of the most villainous tobacco, and ogle the ladies, until the hour arrives for presenting themselves at the villa of the *gentilissima* signora whose evening it is, where the day's amusement is generally wound up with a dance.

CHAPTER XI.

POMPEII.

OF all the interesting spots in the vicinity of Naples, Pompeii stands indisputably first. Not on account of the beauty of its site, for, lovely though it be, the prospect is still finer from Posilipo, Sorrento, and Amalfi; not from the grandeur of its ruins, for its temples are eclipsed by those at Pæstum, its amphitheatre by that of Pozzuoli; but that there, and there only, can be seen an ancient Roman city in its entirety—Forum, temples, baths, theatres, shops, gates, walls, cemetery, that, looking down on its deserted streets, one can imagine them repeopled, and distinctly realize how the world wagged beneath the bright Campanian sky eighteen hundred years ago.

Eighteen hundred years since its destruction! Impossible! One can see with half an eye that the catastrophe, whenever and however it may have happened, is of recent date; say ten years ago—twenty at the furthest. It has been sacked and burnt by the invader, or, if not by an enemy, by misadventure; the inhabitants have left the ruins to the owls and to the bats, and set up their *lares* and *penates* in some distant corner of the Campania. Eighteen hundred years, indeed! Why some of the frescoes on the wall are fresh as though they had been done yesterday, and the few statues remaining are almost as perfect as when they left the sculptor's workshop. The last batch of the day's baking remains in the oven, just as it was left by the baker when he took to his heels; and in that house yonder you can see the charred remains of Doll Tearsheet's supper of beans,

which she was too frightened to carry off with her. If the miller has fled, his mill is still standing; if the wheat has disappeared, there are the jars that held it; if there be no wine at the tavern, there are at least the empty amphoræ remaining. That the fountains are dry, the baths empty, is simply owing to the fact that the turncock, after the manner of his kind, turned off the water at the first cry of fire, and bolted, carrying his key along with him. The pipes are there, and the water is not far distant. If the decurions would only come back, and bring a few masons and carpenters along with them, the city could soon be made as habitable as it ever was, which, after all, is not saying very much in its favour.

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It is done. The houses are roofed in, the wanton damage done by the destroyer is repaired, the water has been turned on at the main, the shops have received fresh supplies, the streets are repeopled, and Pompeii presents the same appearance that it did before its little misfortune, eighteen hun—I mean eighteen years ago.

From this terrace, above the Doric columns of the Forum, I command a bird's-eye view of the entire city. So far as size is concerned, it does not present a very imposing appearance, for it is at the best but a third-rate place, of some 30,000 inhabitants, and its intermural area little over 150 acres. But, though small, it is very far from being insignificant. It is not Rome, certainly, but it is built after the Roman model. It likewise boasts a Forum, a Pantheon, a Basilica; it has its temples, thermæ, and theatres; there are an amphitheatre and a school for gladiators. It is the imperial city in duodecimo, *en villeggiatura*. It is both a city of business and a city of pleasure: a city of business, as the seaport and commercial emporium of Nola, Nuceria, and other important Campanian towns; a city of pleasure, from its being a favourite residence of several wealthy Romans—men who, objecting to extremes, find Surrentum too dull, Bajæ too dissipated and noisy. What with lounging up and down the Forum, and bathing and visiting, and dinner-giving and dining out, and assisting at the performances at the Tragic Theatre, the Odeum, and the Amphitheatre, they manage to pass the time.

pleasantly enough, as do likewise, with the addition of a little spice of scandal, the ladies of their respective households.

It is now high change, and the Forum is crowded. All Pompeii is here, and his wife. *Patres conscripti*, inclined to corpulence, taking their constitutional, exquisites lazily sauntering up and down the pavement, decurions discussing the affairs of the nation and the last news from Rome, city magnates fussing, merchants chaffering, clients petitioning, parasites fawning, soldiers swaggering, and Belisarius begging at the gate. Here comes, strutting past as though the entire city belonged to him, that precious humbug and very prominent citizen, Pansa. He has filled several public offices with entire satisfaction to himself, and, being rich and liberal in the way of dinners and entertainments, likewise to that of his fellow-citizens, who have placed his statue in the Forum. With what a self-complacent smirk he ogles his effigy and the inscription on the pedestal, "Pansa Edile"! His is not the only statue in the Forum: Sallust, Gellianus, Rufus, and several other distinguished citizens have been honoured in similar manner. The Pompeians are a practical people, and like to see the shine of their dollar. Had they presented services of plate to these worthy gentlemen, the presentation-dinner over, there would have been an end of the matter: Sallust, Pansa, Gellianus, would have locked up the silver in their respective plate-chests, and have only produced it on gala occasions. But by making the testimonial take the form of a public statue, not only have the citizens daily ocular evidence of their generosity, but they adorn their Forum and encourage native industry and the fine arts.

Those two most potent, grave, and reverend signors, walking immediately behind citizen Pansa, are the duumvirs, M. Holconius Priscus and C. Gaulus Rufus, the Lord Chief Justice and Lord Chief Baron of Pompeii. They hold their court in the Basilica yonder, and are taking a turn between trials. That red-faced, pursy man is Marcus Holconius, "the People's Friend." He it was who, despite the determined opposition of the licensed victuallers, brought in and carried triumphantly through the Decurionate that celebrated edict, whereby every congius measure is bound to hold a congius, as likewise those relating to appren-

tices and Government *employés*—that the former shall not be compelled to eat ortolans more than twice a week, and the latter have three holidays yearly, the Chalcidicum and all public offices being closed for the occasion. But it is not so much his eminent services as a legislator that has endeared Marcus Holconius to the people, as that he at his own cost built the great theatre. Never was money better expended. He is now the most popular man in Pompeii. In the theatre which he built, on the first step of the orchestra, stands his statue; and here he is again in the Forum. His honoured name meets one at every turning. He is now running for edile, and the walls are covered with appeals to "Vote for Holconius." Amongst other notabilities present I perceive Diomedes, trying to walk off the effects of last evening's potations; Cornelius Rufus, who looks mightily as if something had disagreed with him—the cucumber, probably; Paratus, Julius Polybius, and Marcus Lucretius the decurion. It is a bright and animated scene. Beneath, the crowded Forum, with its colonades and statues; at one end a broad flight of steps leading to the Temple of Jupiter, at the other a triumphal arch; to the right the Temple of Venus and the Basilica, to the left the Pantheon, the Senaculum, the Temple of Mercury, the Chalcidicum; overhead the deep blue sky. Mingled with the hum of many voices and the patter of feet on the travertine pavement, are the ringing sounds of the stonemason's chisels and hammers; for the Forum is just now undergoing a complete restoration. Although fifteen years have elapsed since the city was last visited by earthquake, the damage then done to the public buildings has not been entirely repaired. First the gods; then the people. The temples of Jupiter, Venus, and Mercury are completed; but the Forum and Chalcidicum are still in the workmen's hands.

Up here on the terrace the ladies of Pompeii are inhaling the cool sea breeze, or making believe to do so, for their faces are turned inwards not outwards: the busy Forum has evidently more attractions for them than the rugged peaks of Mons Gaurus or the sparkling waters of the Gulf. They have come to see and to be seen. Marvellous are they in their war paint; stupendous is the arrangement of their hair. Although dressed

for the promenade, they are not inconvenienced by a superfluity of clothing: a scarf across the bosom, a smock, tunic, toga, and a pair of boots or sandals constitute their entire apparel. Little though it be, they make the least of it. By lifting a trifle here and tightening a little there, they contrive to give the beholder a very fair idea of their figures; that is, when they happen to have a good one. When they have not, they let their toga hang in majestic folds around them, and turn up their virtuous noses at the shameless huzzies who, younger and better looking, can afford to be more liberal in the display of their charms. That cynical wretch, Saturninus, says that their modesty begins where their beauty ends; and I am half inclined to agree with him. I cannot quite make up my mind as to whether the costume is graceful or ugly, becoming or the reverse: as worn by that antiquated spinster, Julia Felix, it is hideous; whilst on these two Pompeian belles who come tripping along it sits gracefully enough. All the rouge, all the hair-dye in the world, will not make white becoming to an old woman; let Julia Felix drape her toga as she may, she will never appear anything else than a gaunt, angular female. But white suits young, fresh faces, whether they be dark or fair; and when the figure is shapely it can be seen, despite "the toga's envious folds." Lesbia has no occasion to doff her outer garment to convince me that she is worthy to sit as model for the Venus Physica Pompeiana. I can see it at a glance. The well-set throat, the swelling bosom, the stately shoulders, the large rounded hips, are those of the goddess in yon temple. A remarkably fine girl is Lesbia; and she knows it, and so does all Pompeii. If she would only leave the paint alone, and allow her hair to remain its natural colour, she would be a splendid creature.

To judge from their conversation, excessively feminine-perfect women of the world are these fair Pompeians. They accept confidences and betray them; and when they have nothing to betray they invent. They will blast a reputation without ruffling a feather, and say the most bitter things with a smile. The misfortune of their neighbours is "nuts" to them; and to appear witty they will sacrifice their bosom friend. Scandal is the bread they live on. Heart they have none. They are frivolous,

petulant, jealous, vain, vindictive, cruel. The gentlest amongst them will cuff her handmaiden on the slightest provocation, and ruthlessly hold down her thumb when a wounded gladiator begs his life. Bah! Lesbia's eyes may beam for some one else: I will take a stroll through the city.

In my present frame of mind it were rash to enter the Temple of Venus. The goddess, justly indignant at my disparagement of the Pompeian ladies, her worshippers, might avenge herself by giving me the *fascinum* or something of the sort. I must admire her fane from without.

The patroness of the city, hers is the largest temple, or, more properly speaking, the showiest. The plan of the building and its entire internal economy can be seen at a glance. A portico twelve feet in width, having a wall adorned with frescoes on the outside and forty-eight Corinthian columns inside, surrounds the *atrium*, at whose further end, on an elevated basement approached by a flight of sixteen steps, stands the *cella*, with the statue of the goddess; at the foot of these steps the sacrificial altar. Nothing can possibly be simpler or in better taste. These marble columns—are they really and truly marble? Let me tap one with my stick.

Is the goddess looking? Any danger of *fascinum*?

These marble columns are—are stucco, by all that 's feminine The Corinthian order of architecture being now in vogue, the votaries of the goddess have, by a liberal application of stucco, converted the Doric columns of her fane into Corinthian. Judging their goddess by themselves, they feel assured that it must be hateful to her to be out of the fashion, and so they keep her house *à la mode*. Better sham Corinthian than genuine Doric, if Corinthian be the fashionable style: better anything, rather than out of date.

Infinitely more majestic is the adjacent Temple of Jupiter. The columns of the portico are certainly of brick stuccoed, but then they are three feet eight inches in diameter and forty feet in height; the statues on either side of the broad steps of approach are colossal, whilst the *cella* with its double tier of Ionic pillars is a habitation worthy of the dread deity who sits enthroned within. But enough of temples for the present.

I will cross over to the Basilica, and see how justice is administered at Pompeii. The Basilica has been designed with a view to grandeur and effect, rather than to the asphyxiation of the judges. It might be the exchange, a temple, a second forum, just as well as a court of justice; for it is simply a large paved area open to the sky, and surrounded by a gallery and portico, and having at one end a raised tribune for the judges. The walls of the portico are painted in imitation of coloured marbles, and the court adorned with statues and fountains. If there be nothing sacred for a Sapper, neither is there for a Pompeian. Here in the High Court of Justice, in the awful presence of those two big-wigs, Marcus Holconius Priscus and Caius Gaulus Rufus, people are chatting and joking and laughing as though the place were a pot-house; whilst, as if to show still further their disrespect, the more hardened are amusing themselves by scribling and scratching on the painted walls of the portico their names and their opinions of men, women, and things in general.

What is it that this young sinner is scratching with the point of a nail?—

"Nemo est bellus nisi qui amavit."

A very pretty sentiment, but hardly suited to the occasion. And the old man beside him?—

"Quod pretium legi?"

Contempt of court, by Astræa! Where are the ushers; where the lictors? The lictors are just now busily engaged in hauling from the dungeon, beneath the tribune, an unhappy wight who looks as if he had been in a free fight and got the worst of it. What are the charges against him? That he, Tertius, did enter the workshop of Marcus, the sculptor, and of malice prepense and aforethought strike at and smash divers and sundry statues of gods and goddesses—to wit, one Jupiter, one Venus, one Mercury. That he, at the same time and place, did impiously and sacrilegiously blaspheme the gods, calling them creatures made with hands, the work of men's fingers. That the prisoner is one of the sect known as Nazarenes.

Pestilent fellows, these same Nazarenes; always getting them

selves into trouble. What can be the meaning of it all? What makes them so cantankerous? Why, in the name of common sense, can't they perform their religious rites in peace, and allow their neighbours to do likewise? I should much like to question the prisoner on the subject, but it is exceedingly dubious whether the opportunity will be afforded me. If to furnish a meal to the wild beasts at the amphitheatre be his ambition, it is likely to be gratified. The decurions, most good-natured of men, look excessively black; and the audience, now hushed into silence, is evidently to a man against him. I wouldn't stand in his sandals for a trifle. To be devoured by wild beasts is not my ambition, if it be his.

This building, with the portico of eighteen columns, on the opposite side of the Forum, is the Chalcidicum, or Exchange. Like the Great Theatre, the temples of Venus and Mercury, and other edifices, the Exchange is a gift. An inscription on the architrave over the side entrance sets forth that Eumachia, the priestess, has, in her own name and in that of her son, built, at her own expense, the Chalcidicum crypt and portico. In its interior arrangement the Pompeian Exchange is not dissimilar to the Basilica. There is a portico of forty-eight columns, a large atrium surrounded by a double gallery, and in lieu of tribune an inner hall, or chalcidicum. In the atrium are ranged blocks of stone for the display of samples. Beneath the portico bargains are struck, and in the adjacent chalcidicum ratified. Priestess Eumachia has done the thing well; no expense has been spared on the building and its decorations. The columns of the portico are of white marble; the statues of Piety and Concord, works of art; and the flower-borders along the panelled walls prettily conceived and carefully executed. After so much plaster and stucco, it is a relief to see something solid and genuine. When a third-rate city apes the capital, there must needs be a certain amount of sham. But at Pompeii it is all sham, or next door to it. In the entire city are not more than half-a-dozen edifices whose columns are of real marble, the bas-reliefs and cornices of anything more solid than stucco; and of these half-dozen the Exchange heads the list.

Trade is brisk this fine morning. The galleys of Siricus have

arrived from the Ægean, and a crowd of buyers and quidnuncs are gathered round the stone counters whereon are displayed his wares. Stylus and tablet in hand, Elpidius and other eminent merchants are walking to and fro beneath the portico, stopping from time to time to make an offer or a bid; whilst at the foot of the statue of Concord money-changers are shouting and squabbling over notes of hand, bills of exchange, and the market value of this security and of that. By the twinkle of his little black eyes, the puckers at the corners of his toothless mouth, and his self-satisfied demeanour generally, it is easy to see that Levius, old fox, has done somebody. What rascality is he after now, I wonder? Why does he make his exit through that little side door, instead of by the portico? I will follow him, and see. As I thought; having succeeded in swindling his neighbour, he is going to return thanks to his god, Mercury, whose temple is in direct communication with the Chalcidicum. The Exchange on one hand, the Decurionate on the other, could a better site have possibly been selected for the fane of the god of thieves and of tricksters?

Although subject to Rome, Pompeii is a municipium; her citizens are permitted to choose their own magistrates, make their own laws, and levy their own taxes. Home rulers are they in the freest acceptation of the term. They have their Lords and their Commons, the former being represented by augustals, the latter by decurions; both owing their election, not to their superior intelligence and moral worth, but to the amount of money in their coffers, the size of their estate. This building, with the Ionic portico, is the Decurionate; and the imposing edifice adjoining, with portico of the Corinthian order, is the House of the Augustals. No servile copyists are the augustals; nothing like unto their tabernacle is to be found in Pompeii or elsewhere. Under the same roof are Pantheon, sanctuary, council-chamber, banqueting-hall, and accommodation (limited) for the twelve members of the house. In the centre of the spacious atrium is an altar, round which are ranged the twelve superior divinities; and at its extreme end three compartments, the central one adorned with statues of Augustus, Livia, and Drusus, serving as council-chamber, the others, left and right,

being devoted to sacrificial uses and gormandizing respectively. Prayers said, sacrifices offered, debates concluded, the remainder of the day and a portion of the night are spent in feasting; which reminds me that Phœbus is reported to have good wine, and that his tavern is but a stone's throw hence, near the Thermæ Nigidii. Here are the Thermæ. I may as well peep in and see who is bathing. Half Pompeii, to judge by the number of tunics and togas suspended against the walls of the spoliatorium, where our friend Holconius the ubiquitous is divesting himself of his outer garments preparatory to taking his midday bath. The tepidarium crammed. Red and perspiring from the caldarium, Pansa, Diomedes, Nigidius Majus the donator of the baths, and a dozen more, are under the hands of the attendant slaves. Diomedes is having his portly person shampooed; Pansa, his nails trimmed; Nigidius, his hair dressed; Paquius, his entire body lubricated; and so diverse and potent are the unguents and essences used in the operation, that the place smells like a perfumer's shop.

Poof! what a heat there is in the caldarium! I wonder how they stand it as they do. Were I to steam myself even once a day, in less than a month I should be as thin as a weasel; and there are men here who, bathing three, four, five times daily, are fat as prize oxen. So much of their time is spent at the bath that, were it not for the honour of the thing, they might almost dispense with a residence. Ask that fop, Paquius, how he divides his day, and he will answer you, two hours lounging, four eating, eight at the bath. The Thermæ are his club.

This circular room, opening out of the spoliatorium, is the frigidarium. In summer nothing can be pleasanter than to sit in that large marble basin and dabble in the icy water; but not in winter. Those whose constitutions are strong enough to bear the shock, few in number, take one plunge and out again, circulation being restored by a game of tennis in the adjacent court or a cup of mulled wine at the tavern of Phœbus.

A horn of thy best, O Phœbus! Falernian let it be, but Falernian of the Faustianus Ager. Faugh! this viscous, resinous abomination Falernian? Why, it tastes of anything rather than of the grape. If that be thy best, O Phœbus of mis-

fortune, give me of thy worst—the wine of the district grown on Mons Vesbius' southern slope or the more fertile soil of the Campania. Picatum this? More drinkable, but of the headiest. Why dost doctor thy wine, friend Phœbus? Why not leave it in its natural state, instead of boiling it, and still further ruining its flavour by the admixture of resin and what not? To suit the taste of thy clients, sayest thou? Then a murrain on the taste of thy clients! If they drink of thy Falernian of an evening, right well can I understand their drinking again the next morning. A better emetic they cannot find.

Where to now? Having visited the principal buildings in the quarter of the Forum, I may as well bend my steps in the direction of the theatres, and return by the walls to the Gate of Herculaneum and the Villa of. Diomedes, where is better wine than this of Phœbus.

Little better than lanes are these streets of Pompeii. This of Nola is one of the best. In it are some of the handsomest houses of the Pompeian aristocracy. Yonder large building facing the baths, and occupying an entire block three hundred feet by one hundred and twenty, is the residence of Pansa, who boasts that it is the best planned, best built, and most tastefully decorated house in the city; but then, as every one is aware, Pansa's geese are all swans. I will go and have a look at the model dwelling. A mosaic-paved passage, running between two of the shops by which the building is on three sides surrounded, leads into an atrium forty-five feet by twenty-five, having an impluvium open to the sky in the centre, and three bed-rooms and a recess on either side—the bed-rooms nothing more than closets. To swing a cat in one of them its tail would have to be of the shortest. Facing the entrance, and open to the atrium, a tablinum, where friend Pansa keeps the family archives and the waxen images of his ancestors, which, regardless of expense, he has had made to order, and duly authenticated by the proper authorities. To the left of the tablinum a reception-room; and to the right a passage leading into a peristylum, surrounded by a covered portico of sixteen Ionic columns, and with flower-beds and a fish-tank in the centre. Under the portico to the left four bed-rooms; and at the further end a dining-room and library.

In rear of the triclinium, or dining-room, and extending the building's entire breadth, a two-storied portico; beyond it a garden. Nothing very original in the arrangement, nor remarkable in the fitting up. It is a Pompeian house on a larger scale than usual, with paintings and mosaics in rather questionable taste. Although not half its size, the house of Oculatus, next door, is, from an artistic point of view, worth a dozen of it. The paintings on its walls are not daubs struck off by the house-painter at so much a panel, but the work of the most renowned Pompeian artists. Mosaics and flooring are to match, and the furniture of the chastest; for Oculatus is a man of taste, and fully alive to the truth of the aphorism, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Were he rich as Pansa, his house would be a fine-art gallery; and, as it is, he has the finest collection of intaglios in all Pompeii. I should much like to see it; but a visit to Oculatus is not to be lightly undertaken, for he is a poet —an improvisatore—and when the fit seizes him escape there is none. Superfluous this "*Cave canem!*" at the threshold. Far more redoubtable than any living dog's bark or bite are the verses of the master.

The Pompeian Aristarchus is, unquestionably, Nigidius Majus—he who built the baths over the way, where we saw him a while ago in the spoliatorium. The wealthiest man in the city, he can afford to gratify in princely fashion his artistic proclivities; and he is the happy possessor of some of the finest paintings, bronzes, and mosaics to be found outside the capital. This is his house; and I only wish I had the looting of it,—not for the gold and silver or costly gems that it contains, not that I might carry off the renowned mosaic of the Battle of Issus, but to possess myself of a certain bronze statuette of a Dancing Faun—the gracefulest, sprightliest, airiest, most life-like figure that was ever conceived by mortal man, let alone executed.

But here I am at the Quadrivium, formed by the intersection of the streets of Nola and Stabiæ, and my shortest way to the Great Theatre is up the latter. The city's main artery from north to south, the great shopping street of the wealthier classes, a busy thoroughfare is the Via Stabiæ. Chariots drawn by gaily caparisoned steeds, such as are seen in the capital, there are

none; only a few litters, an odd horseman, lumbering country wains drawn by sleek, soft-eyed oxen, asses laden with the produce of the adjacent Campania, and the cows and goats that supply the city with milk. Notwithstanding the absence of chariots, in the roadway is little room to spare, and the raised side-walks are crowded with white-togaed citizens of both sexes, abroad on business or on pleasure. For observation and annotation, a better spot than the Quadrivium is not to be found within the city's limits. North and south, and east and west, stretch the two principal thoroughfares—the Via Nola and the Via Stabiæ. What do I see? Nothing very remarkable, either from an architectural or from any other point of view. The streets are narrow, the widest being but twenty-one feet in breadth, including the side-walks; the houses, paltry. Such of the private dwellings as are not surrounded by shops have, with few exceptions, a dead wall, painted red or other vivid colour, facing the street; the windows are few, the balconies fewer; in the smaller houses a single door suffices to give light, air, and access to the occupants. Viewed in perspective, the Via Stabiæ is not imposing; it may, perhaps, improve on closer inspection.'

This raised side-walk is so extremely narrow that great circumspection is necessary to avoid being jostled or jostling others into the not particularly clean gutter below. By keeping the inside, not only shall I avoid the risk of a fall, but be better able to inspect the shops, which in Pompeii are open to the street, with broad marble-topped counters, similar to those of fishmongers, abutting thereon. Very small and unpretending are these same shops. Behind the counter, a den, some eight feet square, having stone shelves for the display of the stock in trade ranged along the walls—by courtesy, the shop; and beyond it two closets for the accommodation of the proprietor and his family. Although a single glance at the counter is sufficient to enable the passer-by to determine the precise nature of the business conducted within, over many of them is a sign, or rude drawing emblematic of the proprietor's calling. The chequers on this doorpost denote a tavern. The Pompeians are a droughty race; and the liquor-dealers, legion. Some of them, like our friend here, conduct their business in a respectable manner;

they are wine-sellers, and nothing else. But not a few endeavour to attract custom by a commerce, not of the publican, but of the sinner. Where the wine is sold over the counter, or drunk standing, the business may be set down as perfectly legitimate; but wheresoever there is a snuggery or bar-parlour for the convenience of customers, ten chances to one that mine host is a knave or worse. The inns located in the vicinage of the gates are of the humblest description, a yard for the horses, and a tap, kitchen, and a couple of bed-rooms for the guests, being the extent of the accommodation. Besides these taverns, there are shops for the sale of the hot drinks dear to the Pompeian palate, dram-shops and low eating-houses, where the food served is plenteous in proportion to its unpalatableness. The chief purveyors to these humble establishments are the priests, who, for a monetary consideration, hand over daily the sacrificial remains from their respective temples. To the hungry Pompeian meat is meat; whether it have been offered to Isis or Venus he cares not a straw. To the Nazarenes alone is meat that has been offered to the gods an abomination; and the sect is too insignificant to injure the trade. But, injury or no injury, the eating-house keepers owe them a grudge for their squeamishness, and will be certain to muster in force at the Amphitheatre when Tertius is offered to the beasts.

An ass turning a mill—the sign of a miller and baker. The millers of Pompeii have a reputation, and deservedly so; for, considering their appliances, the flour they turn out is surprisingly good. Was ever seen a more primitive contrivance for grinding corn than the one here at work? Two great cones of lava, the lower one stationary, and hollowed to receive its fellow, which is in its turn hollowed to receive the corn, and furnished with a yoke-bar for the motive power, mule, ass, or slave, by whose exertions it is made to rotate. Thine is a hard lot, Neddy! To be made to gyrate the livelong day is bad enough; but, with a wealth of golden grain within a foot of thy nose, to be regaled with unlimited stick and a modicum of straw and chaff is indeed past endurance. May Fornax curse thy cruel master, and may his next baking be burned to a cinder!

That large house on the opposite side of the street belongs to

the decurion, Marcus Lucretius; and here lives Siricus, the merchant, who, by this inscription on the mosaic flooring of the vestibule, has taken "Salve lucrum!" as his motto. These open doorways compensate in great measure for the absence of windows. The atrium of most houses can be seen from the street, and Paulus can observe what is going on within, and make up his daily budget of news, without having either to cross a threshold or cross-question a single porter. It is convenient, not for Paulus alone, but for other less inquisitive mortals, who, not wishing to intrude, time their visits according to the aspect of the atrium—the master's leisure to receive them. Like all Southerns, the Pompeians pass the greater portion of their time in the open air; and, when the weather permits, the atrium is, even during the winter months, the principal reception room of the villa or mansion. The *œci*, or sitting-rooms, being unprovided with fire-places, are uninhabitable during the cold weather, and, for four months out of the twelve, the ladies of the household pass their waking hours in trotting up and down the colonnade of the peristylum or shivering over a brasier in the smallest room of the gynæceum. From seeing, day after day, Lucretius Siricus and the rest of them in the open privacy of their own homes, one soon begins to take quite an interest in them and their belongings—to speculate whether the fair Lesbia will succeed in hooking that young Spoonus, who is always calling, and Paqius work the oracle sufficiently well to make uncle Siricus loose his purse-strings and fork over the sesterces of which he stands so much in need. That Popidius is about to take unto himself a wife, I can tell by the garlands twined round his door-posts; by the crowds passing in and out of the house of Helvinius, that he or some one belonging to him has taken his departure for Hades.

A bad place for the quidnunc is Pompeii. Let Paulus run as fast as his little legs can carry him, news travels faster; the last *on dit*, the freshest bit of scandal, is known to all the world before he gets a chance to retail it: the most he can do is to improvise still further particulars, and hope against hope that he will find some one sufficiently stupid to believe him.

What have we here? The Thermæ Stabianæ—the Great Baths.

In this establishment are public baths for women as well as men, private bath-rooms, a swimming-bath, two noble halls, where our friend Oculatus may be heard daily reciting his latest inspirations to a bored and highly inattentive audience, and a spacious gymnasium. The Pompeians have certainly reason to be proud of their Thermæ: considering the smallness of the population, they are magnificent.

Whose the military statue in the adjacent quadrivium? Marcus Holconius Rufus, by all that's insufferable! Not content with having his effigy in the Great Theatre and in the Forum, his fellow-citizens must needs stick him up within eye-shot of his own domicile, which is a little lower down the street (Holconii), at the corner of that leading to the Triangular Forum. Why, in the name of Græculus esuriens and everything that is sycophantic, can't they call the town Holconium, and have done with it? This corner house facing the Thermæ is the residence of another Rufus (Cornelius), likewise a prominent citizen; and the one opposite, that of Munatius, whose statue of the Apollo Citharædus is so much admired.

The Temple of Esculapius! Doctors, surgeons, and chemists are numerous in the city, and, notwithstanding the healthfulness of the climate, sufficiently well to do. Periodical blood-letting being considered essential to health, there are thirty thousand veins (be the same more or less) to be breathed; fights being frequent, gaping wounds to be closed not a few. From exposure to the sun by day, cerebral attacks are common, and fevers through exposure to the dew by night. Epidemics are there, and endemics, and the divers minor ills that flesh is heir to. Of these last, derangements of the stomach, arising from gluttony, are the most prevalent. To the Pompeian, chiefest of all pleasures are those of the table. However close-handed in other matters, money is no object to him where eating and drinking is concerned. Though he have a wife beautiful as Venus, and chaste as Lucrece, she holds but second place in his affections: the first belongs of right to his cook. Were it a question of losing wife or cook, he would not hesitate an instant.

"Since a victim thou must have, O Death! take my Livia; but spare my Davus!" would be his answer to the importunate

scythe-bearer knocking at the gate. "More than one eligible maiden is there ready to console me for the loss of Livia: a cook such as Davus is nowhere to be found." In the delicacy and costliness of the viands, in the profusion of the dishes, in the culinary "surprises" devised by their respective cooks, Pansa, Diomedes, Nigidius, and Amphitryons of the same stamp endeavour to surpass each other. Has Diomedes a Thracian wild boar, Pansa has oysters from Britain; whilst Nigidius, in default of exotic delicacies, will tickle the palates of his guests with a dish all the more toothsome because forbidden. Murænæ fattened upon—upon—"long pig." To decline a dish being considered by all right-thinking Pompeians a breach of good manners, disrespectful alike to the giver of the feast and his cook, and heel-taps contrary to all laws convivial, the parting libation is generally followed by a *chasse* in the form of an emetic. Exit Davus, enter doctor, is the usual programme; enter undertaker, should, as not unfrequently happens, an attack of apoplexy supervene.

A thoroughly cosmopolitan city, all forms of worship are tolerated. Here is the Iseon; and on the high ground by the Triangular Forum yonder, the Greek temple dedicated to Neptune. Pompeii possesses two Forums—the Great and the Triangular. Through the latter lies my way to the Great Theatre; and this vestibule of eight Ionic columns is the principal entrance—not badly designed by any means, and the site, the finest in the city, commanding a superb view of the Gulf, the Islands, the Valley of Nuceria, and the Campania, right away to Nola. Extending obliquely from the vestibule, two elegant Doric colonnades of ninety columns, and on the third side, and forming the base of the triangle, a small circular shrine, the Temple of Neptune, and a semicircular belvidere with sundial. Beneath the left-hand colonnade, through an arched corridor, down a flight of steps, and lo the Great Theatre! From his pedestal in the orchestra Marcus Holconius Rufus, the founder, eyes me suspiciously. A thousand excuses, O Marcus! for having presumed to sneer at thy popularity, to doubt thy exceeding worth. Were thy public benefactions confined to the building and bestowal of this theatre, well deserving wouldst thou be of a hundred statues. A princely gift was it, truly. Larger theatres there are,

and more richly decorated; none chaster nor more cleverly planned. A happy inspiration, that of the architect, to utilize this hill by cutting his theatre out of it, instead of building atop or alongside it. The horse-shoe seats are all hewn out of the soft tufa, and faced with slabs of white marble; nothing can possibly be simpler: everything is simple when one sees how it is done. Equally simple is the disposition of the house: to understand it, the stage will be my best standpoint. Immediately in front of me the statue of Holconius; beyond it a semicircular platform, with bisellæ for the chief magistrates; and beyond it again four tiers of seats for the patricians. A low wall separates the patrician from the plebeian portion of the house, divided by six flights of steps, into five compartments; above the topmost tier, the women's gallery, which, for greater privacy, has a separate entrance and staircase, and is partitioned off into a number of alcoves or boxes provided with screens to hide the fair occupants from the vulgar gaze. The seats being of the narrowest, there may be accommodation for five thousand spectators; but with the blue sky overhead, and the white marble walls and fittings glistening in the sunshine, and the Campania and the purple mountains for a background, an audience and actors would detract from, rather than enhance, the general effect. Other theatres look most imposing when filled; this when deserted and silent, which last it is no longer, now that the trumpeter in the adjacent barracks has wakened the echoes with his martial strains.

Although no longer fortified, the walls having been dismantled by Sylla at the close of the Social War, Pompeii has a garrison, the presence of troops being deemed necessary by the imperial Government, not to guard her from possible attack from without, but to suppress probable dissension and tumult within. A quarrelsome, pugnacious lot are these Pompeians. Some twenty years since, at the Amphitheatre, they fell upon and defeated with heavy loss the men of Nuceria, their neighbours and rivals, who had come to see the games. Justly indignant at such a flagrant breach of hospitality, the survivors appealed to the Emperor Nero, who gave judgment in their favour, the sentence passed on the aggressors being banishment of the ringleaders and the closure of the Amphitheatre and all places of public

amusement for the space of ten years. For, such inveterate theatre-goers as the Pompeians a severer punishment could not possibly have been devised. Their hated of the Nucerians has been thereby increased tenfold; and were it not for the presence of the military, they would soon feed fat the ancient grudge they bear them. Soldiers and gladiators, joint occupants of the barracks, live amicably together. See Nobilior tossing the infant daughter of the veteran Nestor; and Valerius, twenty times victor, fashioning a wooden sword for Lieutenant Anser's son and heir. Not half so brutal are they as from the nature of their calling one would suppose. A wild beast in the ensanguined arena, when life and honour are at stake, a good-tempered, inoffensive Goliath when out of it and not drunk, is the gladiator; a general favourite with the populace; esteemed by the men, admired by the women, and loved by the little children whose big play-dog he is. Exceptions there are, but few. The strong are usually pacific; it is your mannikin, whom a single blow would annihilate, that snaps and snarls. A short life and a merry one being his motto, the combat over, he takes his fling. His hard-won money is spent at the wine-shop and the lupinar; and as he never does anything by halves, he drinks, and drinks, and drinks, until, roaring drunk, he is captured by the patrol and put in chokey. In the guard-room yonder I espy four of the fraternity, expiating their misdeeds, their feet in the stocks, which, from their rueful countenances, must be of particularly cruciating conformation.

Right pleasant quarters for officers and men is Pompeii. No plaguy field-days; no reviews in honour of distinguished visitors, patrician or military; no defiling in front of the Emperor, as at Rome. The duties are limited to mounting guard at the barracks, furnishing a couple of sentinels for each of the city's gates, and patrolling the streets at sundown, in quest of any gladiator or brother in arms who may have been sacrificing too freely to Bacchus. To the subversion of all regimental order, the officers are permitted to have their wives in barracks. That gold and jewel-bedecked old campaigner, who is marching up and down the gallery, is the centurion's better half; and the cringing little woman beside her, the ensign's "lady." If Roman discipline be maintained, there is, apart from the guard-room stocks, no out-

ward evidence thereof. The barrack-yard is badly swept; the walls and columns of the portico are disfigured with graphites and caricatures; clothes are hanging about in all directions, and a rabble of children making dirt pies in the gutter. The company being veteran, it is only when under arms that the Draconian rules and regulations of the Roman army are strictly enforced.

The barracks, the Great Theatre, and the Lesser Theatre, or Odeum, conjoin. Just a peep at the last, as I proceed on my round of inspection. Holconius has a rival—not a very dangerous one—in the person of Marcus Oculatius, the donor of the Odeum, whose munificence is recorded by a simple inscription—"M. Oculatius, M. F. Verus II., vir pro ludis"—on the floor of the orchestra. In the adjudication of public statues the Pompeians show a nice discrimination; Marcus Holconius Rufus, having "donated" tribunals, crypt, and theatre, is honoured with three; the public benefactions of Oculatius being, as yet, confined to the Odeum, an inscription on the orchestra and a statue in the Forum is considered, in his case, sufficient recognition. I am of the same opinion myself. Whether Marcus Oculatius be richer or poorer than Marcus Holconius I know not; but I can see, with half an eye, that he is more economical. The theatre has, evidently, been built by contract, and badly built; there is a vast deal more lath and plaster than marble. Very similar to the Great Theatre in its interior arrangement, the general effect is dismal as well can be: roofed in, and scantily supplied with windows, it looks much more like a place of repose for the dead than a place of amusement for the living: no great flight of fancy is necessary to imagine the stage an *ustrinum* for the cremation of bodies, and yon tiers of seats *ollæ* for the collocation of cinerary urns. At the Odeum the presence of the multitude is as necessary as it is unnecessary at the Great Theatre: to dispel the pervading gloom and chilliness, the stage must have its full complement of players; every seat its occupant.

In his workshop at the back of the Odeum, sadly contemplating the wanton mischief done by the idol-smasher Tertius, see Marcus the sculptor. As a modeller and fashioner of gods and goddesses, native and foreign, he is second to none. Amongst his more important works may be mentioned the

Venus Pompeiana, the Dii Consentes in the House of the Augustals, and the galaxy of cosmopolitan deities in the Iseon.

As patrons of art the Pompeians rank high. It is extremely dubious whether in any city of the Roman empire are more artists in proportion to the population; and many of them considerably above mediocrity. The frescoes in the houses of Cicero, Sallust, Oculatus, Siricus, Lucretius, and Holconius bear ample testimony to the skill and taste of the painters; statues and statuettes innumerable to that of the sculptors and workers in bronze; whilst Rome itself cannot show a finer mosaic than the 'Battle of Issus.' If in some of the larger pictures the drawing be somewhat stiff and faulty, it is more than atoned for by the exquisite grace and airy lightness of the nymphs, sylphs, naiads, and dancing-girls, cupids, fauns, elfs, and imps, which adorn the smaller panels. In a little Campanian town one must not look for the masterpieces of an Apelles or a Glyon. So long as there be nothing seriously to offend the eye, the visitor should be content; thrice happy if he find anything to please it; and fastidious must he be who in Pompeii fails to do so. Art-treasures there are in profusion, many of them in the possession of men beneath whose humble roof no stranger would expect to find aught more artistic than house-painter's daub or plaster image. Innate with these Pompeians is the love of the Beautiful: to its embodiment, Venus, they have dedicated their city. And little cause has the goddess for complaint. If she be the patroness of no unsightlier city, she is fortunate. It is all very fine for the visitor straight from the capital to tap the columns of the Forum and other public edifices, and cry "stucco." Pompeii is not Rome, but a third-rate city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with a very limited revenue at the disposal of its quæstor. For the embellishment of the one, the world has been ransacked, all the nations thereof have been laid under contribution; out of the pockets of the citizens has come every sesterce expended on the other. Ways and means considered, the results achieved are marvellous. Fifteen years have barely elapsed since the city's almost total destruction by earthquake, and yet the damage done is well-nigh repaired. In a few days the restoration of the Forum will be complete; the House of the Augustals, the

Basilica, and the Chalcidicum are receiving their finishing touches. Let the same rate of progression be maintained, and, before the expiration of another fifteen years, Pompeii will not only have recovered from her disaster, but have completely distanced the neighbouring cities of Herculaneum and Stabiæ, her rivals in trade and sisters in misfortune.

In dismantling the walls, Sylla conferred a double benefaction on the citizens; he put it out of their power to indulge in that most dangerous and expensive of all amusements, rebellion, and gave them the promenade of which they stood so much in need. That the engineer to whom was confided the task of fortifying the city did not take the job by contract, is evident. The walls are high enough and thick enough for a military stronghold of the first class, and most carefully constructed of huge blocks of travertine, so closely fitted as to render the use of mortar unnecessary. Here at the gate of Stabiæ is the junction of the seaward and landward lines of defence. By ascending these steps leading to the battlements, I shall obtain a good view of the entire line of circumvallation, and be able to continue my walk along the north-eastern ramparts to the gate of Herculaneum. From this watch-tower I command the city and the walls in their entirety, from the gate of Stabiæ all the way round to the adjacent barracks. They are even more solid than I imagined. The outer wall is twenty-five feet in height, the inner fifteen, and both upper and lower ramparts of sufficient width to allow the passage of chariots. Were they so minded, the citizens might make a racecourse of their walls; and, as it is, they have a splendid causeway.

The gate of Nuceria; the Amphitheatre.—Out of all proportion to the size of the town seems at first sight the Amphitheatre, there being seats for ten thousand spectators and standing room for as many more; but when one remembers that it has been built, not for the use of the citizens alone, but eke for that of the good people of Nuceria, Nola, and the surrounding Campania, its great size no longer surprises. An oval of four hundred and thirty feet by three hundred and thirty-five, it is smaller by fifty feet than that of Pozzuoli, and of much less solid construction; the one being built on a triple row of arches, and of hewn stone,

brick, and mortar, the other on the ground, and of the rough masonry known as *opus incertum*. There are thirty-four tiers of seats, and forty flights of steps, dividing the house into wedge-shaped partitions, or *cunei*, each with a separate entrance.

What may be the bill of fare for to-morrow? Let's see the poster. Thirty pairs of gladiators—Valerius, Faustinus, Nobilior, Nepimus. Combats on horseback with lance and shield; ditto on foot with swords, net and trident, cestus, &c. Wild beasts, awning. I must go. Could I only get that patron of the fancy, young Ampliatus, to give me the straight tip, I might possibly win a few sesterces. We shall see.

To have built her villa so close to the Amphitheatre, methinks Julia Felix must like the howling of wild beasts and the smell of blood. If gladiatorial exhibitions be her little weakness, she has the wherewithal to gratify it. To keep a score or two of gladiators, and a select assortment of the *fera natura* to try conclusions with them, would not ruin her. Pity that it is against the law. Her wealth is something fabulous; she owns half the shops and tenement-houses in Pompeii. And what is more, she has her money all to herself. So ugly and repulsive is she that not a man has had the courage to woo her, or make her the offer of his hand.

Can anything be finer than the prospect from this northern rampart of the Campania and the mountains, or of Mons Vesbio and the coast-line from the Capuan Gate? Nature looks so fair and peaceful, that any sudden convulsion on her part seems impossible. With the Campania all aglow with sunshine, and Mons Vesbio looking down so protectingly upon it, who could dream of danger? And yet twice within a very short period has the city been shaken to its foundations; and what has happened may happen again. May the gods avert the evil, and Venus protect her worshippers against all mishap!

Here I am at the gate of Herculaneum. What meaneth the fanfare of trumpets and clanging of cymbals that I hear? Wherefore all the crying and shouting? Is it the wedding of Popidius or Holconius, who is receiving an ovation; or Pansa re-elected ædile, who is being escorted in triumph to his home? No; it is the *exequiæ* of some distinguished citizen, departed this

life; Helvinius who is being carried to the tomb. Clearing the way come the lictors; and behind them the musicians, blowing with all the strength of their lungs, the *præficæ* weeping, wailing, tearing their hair, and beating their bosoms; and, in appropriate mourning, the city's chief magistrates, duumvirs, decurions, ædiles, and the rest; tumbling, grinning, dancing, the buffoons and acrobats. See the arch-mime strutting along and imitating to the life the pompous carriage and patronizing manners of the defunct; and doing his best to look miserable, and as though his accession to the family honours and estates was an affliction too grievous to be borne, the chief mourner Helvinius that is, Arch-mime, Arch-humbug! Arcadians both! On a bed covered with costliest draperies, its face exposed to public view, the corpse, and in rear its living relatives in deepest sables, its dead ancestors in wax; slaves bending under the weight of household furniture, objects of art, and whatever in life it most esteemed; its friends and acquaintance, more musicians, mourners, and mountebanks; the mob. The family vault is close at hand: I will go and see the cremation.

The reverse of dismal is the Pompeian cemetery—the "Street of the Tombs," leading from the gate of Herculaneum to the suburb of Augustus Felix and the Via Domitiana—a branch of the Appian Way. The site is the very gayest outside the city's walls; the mausoleums on either side of the paved roadway present quite a jaunty appearance, and even the solemn cypresses seem to have lost somewhat of their stiffness, as under the gentle pressure of the breeze they nod their heads to the worthy gentleman who is about to be laid to his rest hard by. Snug-lying in the Helvinian vault, and the best of company all around. In the priestess Mammia, Aricius Scaurus the duumvir, Calventius Quietus the augustal, and Marcus Alleius Lucius Libella the ædile, the great majority is well represented, and our friend Helvinius will have no lack of kindred spirits with whom to flit when abroad of an evening.

Halt! front! 'tention! The body has arrived at the marble door of the mausoleum, and, amidst a greater hurly-burly than ever, is being deposed on the pyre prepared in the adjacent ustrinum. By mounting the steps of this cenotaph I shall obtain

a better view of the proceedings. What I cannot see I must surmise.

Extended on a funeral pile of resinous woods, its face turned skywards, lies the body; and towards it, with slow and tragic step, advances the chief mourner to perform the last rites of duty and affection. He re-opens the eyes which he closed in death, impresses a kiss on the impassive lips, and in solemn tones pronounces the valedictory formula, "Vale, vale, vale! nos te ordine quo natura permiserit sequemur"; then retires a few paces whilst the attendant slaves complete the construction of the pyre. Odoriferous woods and spices, costly apparel, ornaments, furniture, are heaped upon it, with oil and essences to make its combustion more rapid and complete. A torch is handed to Helvinius, who, with averted face, sets it ablaze.

Dead as a doorpost, and as deaf, is, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the poor old man; else would the hollabaloo awaken him. Trumpets braying, cymbals clanging, men shouting, women shrieking, there could not be more noise had Tartarus broken loose. In front of the ustrinum is a free fight, hitting and counter-hitting amongst the men, scratching and tearing of hair amongst the women. The fumes of the burning wood and of old Helvinius appear to have driven them all mad. It makes me long for a glass of liquor. I will pay Diomedes my visit: in his absence the fair Julia will, I am sure, be pleased to do the honours of the house. *Vale* Helvinius! Nothing became thee in this world like the leaving it. A fitting climax, incineration, to a life well spent. Instead of becoming food for worms, and poisoning all the springs in thy vicinity, inodorous and innocuous, in vase of Oriental alabaster, will repose thy ashes, perchance to be gazed at centuries hence admiringly and curiously by travellers from distant lands of whose very existence thou hast not so much as heard. *Vale*, old relic, *vale!*

Verily there is no accounting for taste. Julia Felix the acrimonious selects the quarter of the Amphitheatre as her residence; Diomedes the Epicurean, that of the tombs. Largest and best appointed of all the suburban villas is that of Marcus Arrius Diomedes, a wealthy freedman and a hospitable. His cook rivals, some think excels, the culinary artist and licensed

robber who does in more senses than one for Pansa. In his cellar are the choicest wines that money can procure; open are the gates of his atrium.

The master not yet returned; but the mistress at home to visitors. Diomedes is a widower; and the mistress is his daughter, the reigning toast of Pompeii—Julia. Let me assume my company smirk, and endeavour to make myself agreeable to the damsel.

Salve! fairest Julia. Accept the respectful homage of thy most devoted slave.

Yes, I have been to the funeral, but did not stay the end.

Assist at the games to-morrow? Assuredly, since Julia will be there. To see Tertius torn to pieces by the beasts will be, as she charmingly observes, awfully jolly.

A glass of wine after my melancholy offices? Tha-anks much. To thee!

Concerning the Fulvian scandal, nothing particularly fresh. Paulus watching the premises with Argus eyes. Positive that the midnight visitor is none other than Lotharius, and that the lady—ahem! Men ill natured and censorious! How can she say so?

Sad, very sad, that business of young Palumbus. Lost his last sesterce to the gamester, Corvus, and found dead in his bath the next morning. Over-excitement, say some; poison, whisper others.

An admirer of the widow? Not in the least.

Prefer Lesbia? Have a perfect horror of blondes.

My lady love? . . . . The atmosphere of this room is perfectly overpowering. Diomedes' wine seems coursing like liquid fire through my system, and the sight of his daughter adds fuel to the flame. Dressed in the shortest and most diaphanous of tunics, her arms bare, her feet in sandals, and her well-shaped legs visible to the knee, a more bewitching object than Julia was never seen on summer's day. Hers is a beauty that plays the dickens with a fellow's senses and virtuous resolves "right away." A single glance from those lustrous black eyes of hers, the slightest pout of those ripe ruby lips, does the business: escape from her toils there is none. They say that she has a temper of

her own; that the man who gets her will have a handful. Well, Julia is just the sort of handful that I should like to have. She is the handsomest girl in Pompeii, and the old man's money-bags do not lessen her charms. Nothing venture, nothing have. I have a great mind to try my chances: she can but say No, after all. Shall I? Shall I not? Human nature can stand it no longer. Here goes. . . . . Who is my lady-love? Thyself, fairest Julia, thyself.

Oh! who's that thundering at the door? Diomedes, by all that's inopportune and provoking! Boanerges! how he hammers away! The very house is shaking.

Hey! what? Where am I? Why, blessed if I haven't been sleeping; and my Pompeian love-making is nothing but a dream. At my feet lies the ruined city; and across the plain, belching forth fire and smoke, and groaning like a giant in pain, looms the fell destroyer, Vesuvius. It was his voice, not the knocking of Diomedes, that I heard. Yes; there lies Pompeii, and not in very much worse plight than the morning after its destruction. August the twenty-fourth, in the year of grace seventy-nine. Eighteen hundred years!—twenty-one thousand six hundred months!—ninety-three thousand weeks!—six hundred and fifty-seven thousand days! It is a diuturnity. And yet how very little has the world changed even in that great length of time! When I review my dream, which was no extravagant coinage of the brain, but a true reflex of the times and the manners of the people, I am amazed at their resemblance with our own. The duplicate of every Pompeian whom I have beheld in the spirit I have at one time or other met in the flesh.

Rise, Pansa, and in the person of Josh. Huggins, Esquire, of Rottenborough, thrice mayor, self-made, self-conceited, purse-proud, ignorant, and insufferable, behold your double! Not in the Forum—the market-place—stands his statue, for royalty of pretersuperlative, superhuman goodness is already there, as likewise a twenty-four pounder taken from the foe; but from over the mantel-piece of his dining-room his portrait, by Pre-raphael, R.A., the gift of his admiring fellow-citizens and brother-idiots, smirks at him, and he at it, as he gobbles and guzzles his food.

Holconius, permit me to present you to Backshish, who at his own cost replanted and embellished a public garden, which, through civic neglect, had become a by-word to all nations.

Tertius! in the Rev. Mr. McGrath, the great Irish controversialist, you will find a kindred spirit. Having no idols made with hands to smash in pieces, he pitches into the saints, and, in a truly charitable and Christian manner, unceasingly ridicules and vilifies the religion of the people amongst whom he dwells.

Priestess Eumachia!—the Lady Bountiful, like yourself, a public benefactor, and the builder of a marine Chalcidicum, or market for the sale of fish.

Levius!—Abraham Solomons, the bill-discounter and money-lender, whose god is the British Mercury—Mammon—and who believes in no lesser profit than sixty per cent.

Augustals of Pompeii!—my lords spiritual and temporal. Decurions!—the honourable members of our Lower House. In the manner of your election, in the supernal wisdom of your debates, in the cleverness you display in finding out how not to do it, you are birds of a feather.

Nigidius Majus!—Sir Bethnal Green, a brother-virtuoso and hydropath. His collection of pictures and works of art is finer than your own; the drinking-fountains he has erected would supply your baths with water, were they twice as large.

Priests of the different temples!—the clergy of the Holy Catholic Church, who, in default of sacrificial meats, sell indulgences and anything and everything for which a purchaser can be found.

Paulus!—Mr. Pry, a gentleman whose indefatigability in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties equals your own. Nobody's business is his business, and he does it thoroughly. However conversant we may any of us be with the state of our own affairs, Pry is still better. He knows all our fortunes to a fraction; the meat that is eaten in our houses to an ounce. He can tell you the causes which led to the separation of the Bickers; why Julia Hooker's marriage with Captain Spoonbill was broken off; the true story, from beginning to ending, of the

great Tingent divorce case. Omniscient is he, or pretends to be and the falsest, meanest, most dangerous of men.

Valerius! Faustinus!—the Dorking Chicken, the Bilston Pet, gladiators of renown. Although they fight with their bare fists instead of with sword, javelin, trident, and cestus, like the members of your honourable guild, they hit so hard, and hit so straight, that were it not for their admirable dexterity in parrying a blow, there would be little life left in the vanquished when carried from the ring. The Chicken, having distinguished himself in a fight with a giant from beyond the seas, was carried in triumph by the members of our Chalcidicum and presented with a purse of gold. The Pet is the friend and Mentor of many young patricians, who take from him lessons in the noble science of self-defence. It is not in Pompeii alone that gladiators are held in high esteem by the people.

Diomedes!—Mr. Alderman Turtle. Scaurus!—yours to command.

In its hankerings after social distinction, in its efforts to outshine, in its endeavours to keep up appearances, in its jealousies, bickerings, hatreds, uncharitableness and littleness, between Pompeian society of eighteen hundred years ago and civilized society of to-day is little or no difference. What man was, that he is, and that he ever will be, one part lime, four parts water, and ninety-five human nature.

As darkness descends upon the plain, and the glare of the burning mountain grows each instant redder and more menacing, I behold as in a camera the destruction of Pompeii. There is the bright Campanian city, with its forums, temples, and public buildings glittering in the sunshine; there are its walls, its gates, its streets, its mansions, its shops, its porticos, just as I saw them in my dream; there is the Great Theatre and the Odeum, and there, crammed with spectators, is the Amphitheatre. In the arena, his foot on the neck of the vanquished Nobilior, stands Valerius, twenty-one times victor, awaiting the signal of death or of reprieve; and close by, beneath an archway, the two gladiators whose turn next it is. Pansa, Holconius, Levius, Nigidius Majus, Paulus, Ampliatus—I espy them all; and, in the women's gallery, Julia, looking daggers at her dear friend and mortal enemy,

Lesbia. Above the hum of many voices, I can distinguish the growling and snarling of wild beasts; and can imagine the feelings of poor Tertius, who, in the adjoining cell, can hear the gnashing of their teeth. How he must bewail his impetuosity, wish that he had left the religion of his fellow-citizens alone, and allowed the heathen to go to Tophet after their own fashion!

Twenty thousand down-turned thumbs is the response to the suppliant glance of the wounded gladiator. Nobilior, you must die. As the blow descends on the neck of the victim to Pompeian bloodthirstiness, the building trembles, the spectators start to their feet; there is dismay on every countenance. What is it? Are the foundations of the Amphitheatre giving way; the walls crumbling? Ah! there it comes again, and along with it a cry from twenty thousand throats, "The earthquake! the earthquake!" quickly followed by the more dreadful one, "The mountain is on fire! Fly! fly!"

Through the forty vomitories rush the occupants of the *cunei*, blocking, in their frenzied efforts to escape, the corridors, where they fight and bite and stamp and tear like wild beasts and panic-stricken human beings. The gate of Nuceria is close at hand; if they can but reach it and the open Campania, they are safe! The gate of Nuceria!—with the burning ashes falling thick as hail upon them, it seems miles and miles away. What possesses Diomedes that, instead of making for the gate of Nuceria, he speeds as fast as his corpulence will permit him in the opposite direction, and Julia after him? Do they hope to find shelter in the spacious cellars of their villa; or are they risking their lives to save their treasures and their household gods? Others besides Diomedes and his daughter are speeding homewards. Running along the avenue leading to the great baths, and the Street of Stabiæ, I see the wife of Sallust, the families of Pansa and Nigidius Majus, and many others with them. Thicker and thicker fall the burning ashes; the wooden roofs of the houses catch fire; the entire city is ablaze. What will become of the unfortunates who have sought shelter within its gates? We know, and, thanks to Signor Fiorelli's ingenious device for taking casts of the cinder-encrusted bodies, how many of them met their fate. In a lane near her house fell,

to rise no more, the jewel-laden wife of Sallust. In their respective gynœceums the women of Pansa and Nigidius laid them down to die. Pot-valiant Phœbus died amongst his bottles, like a man and a publican; the priest of Isis, as became a reverend butcher, sacrificial axe in hand. Nemesis overtook Diomedes as he was making his escape through his garden, with all the cash upon which he could lay his hands. Poor Julia was asphyxiated in the cellar, where she had taken refuge with her slaves. Tertius, seeing the coast clear, effected his escape, and, like a pious man and a Christian, returned thanks to Heaven for the consuming fire, which, descending so opportunely, had saved him from the jaws of the lions and destroyed the heathen. No one having found time to liberate the gladiators, they died with their feet in the stocks. At their posts, like Roman soldiers, bravely met their death the Veteran Company. After a lapse of eighteen centuries, the various incidents of the tragedy in their minutest detail are as patent to the visitor as though it had happened but yesterday.

Exulting in the mischief he has done, and threatening to serve Resina and the two Torre as he has already served Herculaneum, Stabiæ, and Pompeii, Vesuvius vomits forth a stream of liquid fire, whilst, in startling contrast to his sinister visage, over the mountains of the Sarno rises the gentle, silvery moon.

CHAPTER XII.

SORRENTO.

"*E un piccolo Paradiso!*" exclaims my *cicerone* as, standing together on the flat roof of a house where apartments are to be let, he points to the Piano di Sorrento. "*E un piccolo Paradiso! Non è vero, Eccellenza?*"

It is not very difficult to account for the gentleman's enthusiasm. It is his interest to make the most not only of the view but of the house and everything appertaining thereto, to induce me to believe that Sorrento is the most delightful spot on earth, or, as he expresses it, "a little paradise"; for, in the event of my taking the apartments, he will be sure to receive a handsome *buona-mano* from the padrona.

"Signor Michele! have you ever travelled? Have you been in Inghilterra, in America, in Kamtschatka, in Saskatchawan, in the country where men's heads do grow beneath their shoulders? You have not. Then, before calling your trumpery Piano di Sorrento a *piccolo Paradiso*, let me advise you to see a little more of the world than that infinitesimal portion thereof which is bounded on the north by the Bay of Naples, on the south by Monte Comune and the Conti de' Fontanelli, on the east by the Punta di Scutolo, and on the west by the Capo. On your return you will find that your little paradise is a very little paradise indeed. You have heard the proverb, 'Ad ogni uccello suo nido è bello.' You are a bird—a goose—and it is solely for that reason that your nest, Sorrento, seems to you the prettiest in all creation; which allow me to inform you it is not."

The padrona is listening on the stairs; and when terms have

to be agreed on with Italians, I know from experience that it is wisest to stands on the *Nil admirari* platform.

But whilst pooh-poohing Michele, I secretly agree with him. The prospect is very lovely. It is the month of May, the month of flowers—of the Madonna. Sky and sea are of the bluest, earth of the greenest; the trees are in full leaf; the air is sweet with the odour of orange blossoms, and the smiling Piano di Sorrento at its freshest and brightest. A charming spot, truly, whereat to pass the summer. How delightful it must be to sit the livelong day beneath the orange-trees, enjoying one's *dolce far niente à la Napolitana*, and at night on the house-top, studying the stars, and listening to the warbling of the nightingales! How delicious to bathe in the pellucid waters of that grotto beneath, and to—.

Yes, I will take the apartments, and pass the summer in Sorrento.

The villa—in Southern Italy every building not a church, a stable, or a stye, is either a villa or a palazzo—the villa is the joint property of a family of four—two brothers and two sisters; the former married, the latter spinsters of a very certain age. The first floor belongs to the brothers, who live there; the second, to the sisters, who let it, and burrow in some dark den in the basement, which is common to all. It is not poverty that forces them to do so, but thrift—that innate love of gain which is alike observable in the Attic bee and in the Neapolitan *contadina*. The family is well to do—rich for Southern Italy. Beside the villa and its dependencies, they own two moggie (one acre and three-quarters) of orange-garden, and rent another moggia or so somewhere in the vicinity. If it so pleased them they might sit with their arms folded from one year's end to another, and still have the wherewithal to purchase their daily macaroni and meat on Sundays and festas. But they don't please; and two harder-working men than the brothers Andrea and Vicenzo d' Angelis it would be impossible to find, were one to search the entire Piano di Sorrento. Arcangelis d' Angelis (Archangel of the Angels), the elder sister, and our landlady, is a tidy little body of fifty, or thereabouts, and smart as a steel trap. She is ready to do anything and everything for a consideration.

She will; if we desire it, make the rooms, go to market, cook the dinner, and serve at table; when she is about, servants are, to believe her, not only superfluous, but a positive nuisance—a *seccatura*. She knows the English taste: she has had two English families in her house, and they were *contentissime*.

It is only as a purveyor that I have need of the Archangel's services; and an excellent one she proves herself. Everything she purchases is of the very best quality, and the price charged not unreasonable. She has, of course, her little per-centage, but it is very small, and she is welcome to it. A *cordon bleu* she is not. Pending the arrival of the cook, she has been permitted, at her special request, to try her hand; and if the old saw about the devil sending cooks be sooth, Archangel is one of the fallen. Did the English families, her former tenants, really express themselves perfectly satisfied, they must have been easily pleased, and have had the digestive powers of the ostrich. She is, however, not above being taught, and needs not twice telling. In the bush or backwoods, where culinary utensils are few in number and of the most primitive description, she would be invaluable. Her equal for shifts and expedients I have never met. She has, I have accidentally discovered, a method for computing the flight of time that would astonish the Astronomer-Royal. I had occasion to remark that the eggs were too hard; that, not being a chicken, I preferred them soft-boiled—three and a half minutes at the outside.

"Would His Excellency be so good as to step into the kitchen and tell her the proper moment to take them out?"

I do so.

"Good! His Excellency will find them done to a second in future."

"But, without a watch, how will she be able to note the time?"

"Easily. To boil an egg as the signor likes it, takes just ten *Paters* and a half."

Whilst I had my eyes fixed on the minute hand of my watch, she had been hard at work making up the lee way in her daily orisons, and had run off ten *Paters* and a half at the call of time.

The old lady is a trump. She does her best to make us

comfortable, and to anticipate our every want and wish. I ought to be as happy as the day is long; to be likewise *contentissimo*. Am I? The best way of answering that question will be to describe how I pass my time; and as one day no more differs from another day, than does one hour from another hour on the face of a clock, I will take the day that has just closed as an example.

At six o'clock I turned out, drank a cup of coffee, smoked my matutinal cigar, and wrote until eight—the hour at which I take my swim. For sea-bathing Sorrento is, out and out, the best place in the vicinity of Naples. Perhaps I had better add—in my opinion. The Neapolitans don't think so. The water is too clear and cold for them; they prefer taking their dips at Naples, where the chill is taken off by the city's seething sewage; or at Castellamare, where the salt sea waves are strongly impregnated with sulphur from the adjacent springs. Sorrento is the best place for sea-bathing on the Bay of Naples; and, for swimmers, the best bathing-place at Sorrento is the grotto hard by. They call it a grotto, but it is in reality a ravine—one of the many by which the *piano* is intersected.

La grotta is the most killing fly in the Arcangelis collection. When the foreign fish, for which the padrona delights to angle, refuse to bite, when they turn up their noses at the various baits held out—lovely view, delightful orange-garden, new milk from the Arcangelis cow, and fresh-laid eggs from the Arcangelis poultry-yard, &c.,—our fisherwoman fastens the grotto-fly to her line and makes her final cast.

"But your Excellency, just think of the grotto! In no other villa at Sorrento is such another grotto to be found; *and all to yourself!* It is but two steps from the house, easy of access, and delightfully cool on the hottest summer day. You can have your arm-chair and table carried down, and there, seated by the water, be able to combine shade, sea air, and a lovely vista of the Gulf with the privacy of your own *salone*."

It was the grotto-fly, skilfully thrown, that hooked me; and I regret to be obliged to add that one twist in it was a twister in more senses than one. When her ladyship stated that I should have the grotto *all to myself*, she, to use a very mild expression,

twisted round the truth. The ravine extends to the village of Carotto; and the Carotters have right of way, of which they avail themselves without scruple. From ten o'clock in the morning to eight in the evening the ravine rings with the shrieks and laughter of women, girls, and children, who, in the lightest of bathing-costumes, are splashing and dashing and disporting themselves like so many kelpies in the briny. Having no desire to figure in story as a Sorrentine Actæon, I do not sit at the water's edge, as suggested by Arcangelis, but in the orange-grove, two hundred feet above, where I can see without being seen by the ladies. At eight in the morning the fishes and I have the grotto entirely to ourselves, and it is very delightful. The water is still in the shade, cool, and clear as crystal. Half an hour in it once a day is sufficient. When the bottom is sandy, as at Castellamare, the water is much warmer, and one can remain in two hours without feeling the least chilly. The Neapolitans do so, and many of them bathe two and even three times a day. Whether they are the stronger for it in the end, is best known to themselves. But two things were wanting to make the grotto a perfect bathing-place—steps by which to leave the water, and a dressing-room; and these, at an outlay of three francs, have now been constructed. It took a stonemason but six hours to fashion the former, whilst four hours more sufficed him to hew in the soft tufa cliff a recess large enough for the latter.

After my bath I took a turn in the orange-grove in rear of the house, and had a long talk with Andrea, the elder of the Brothers d'Angelis. The subject of our confab. was, as usual, of oranges and lemons. The fruit has just begun to form, and, from the appearance of the trees, he is in hopes of a good crop this season. But in orange-growing, as in every other branch of horticulture, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and until the fruit is gathered no opinion can be formed as to quality or quantity. The "wind that shakes the barley" plays the dickens with the fruit; a hailstorm plays the deuce; whilst a black frost is death without reprieve. Twice in the present century have the orange-trees been destroyed by the cold; and although many years have elapsed since the last visitation, what has happened may happen again. Frost is the zero in the Sor-

rentine orange-grower's litttle game. When it turns up, all previous winnings are swept away. The orange is of slow growth; not until the tree is eight years old does the planter make a profit, and during these eight years he is dependent on his walnuts for the payment of his taxes, and on the beans, and whatever vegetables he can grow between the trees, for the support of himself and his family. My friend Andrea lives in constant dread of wind, frost, and hail, and is not ashamed to acknowledge it. For his sister Arcangelis, who is strong in faith, the elements have no terrors. So, at least, she affirms. It may please Providence to try her by the partial or entire loss of the fruit; but that will be the extent of the infliction. *Her* trees killed outright! No danger. When the frost comes, all she has to do is to pin the effigy of the patron-saint of oranges to the trunks of the trees, and the destroyer will see the sign and pass over. To make assurance doubly sure, the worthy woman assists the saint in his work of protection by placing huge brush screens in every hole and aperture through which the treacherous *tramontana* can effect an entrance; and when the weather is very cold indeed, she keeps her lamps—the lamps in front of the half-dozen shrines with which the house is ornamented—burning the whole day through.

The orange is propagated by grafting the scion of the sweet variety on the wild or bitter stock, in the same way that the rose is grafted on the blackthorn; and that the orange-grower may be prepared for any emergency, and have young trees to replace the old ones as they become decayed, attached to every *aranciaria* is a nursery.

Unfortunately, the bad years are to the good in the proportion of two to one: one good year, one bad, one indifferent, is the usual calculation. The balance has to be struck every three years, and, according to Andrea, it is seldom satisfactory; but, from Adam downwards, was ever seen a contented husbandman? The bulk of the crop is gathered in December and January, when the fruit is only half ripe, and packed for exportation. To look at it sets one's teeth on edge. Until February, the only orange fit to eat is the Mandarin, and even then the large variety, the Portugallo, has not come to maturity. At Sorrento, April

and May are the months for oranges; and it is only since I came here that I have learnt what the fruit is really like. There is no more resemblance between the great copper-coloured, loose-skinned Portugalli, that Arcangelis picks for our dessert, and those yellow, immature abominations which we see in England, than there is between a sloe and a *magnum bonum*.

At twelve o'clock I breakfasted, and after breakfast took a short siesta under the trees in *my* orange-garden; for, on discovering that Arcangelis had evolved the grotto's privacy out of her "inner unconscientiousness," I insisted upon having a corner of the *masseria* tabooed to all and every one, save and except their Excellencies' noble selves and their more intimate friends and acquaintances. In all Sorrento there is not a pleasanter nook for the lotus-eater. It overhangs the ravine, and commands a lovely view of Vesuvius and the curve of the Bay as far as Naples. The sides of the ravine are covered with fern, moss and lichens; the sombre hue of orange and lemon is relieved by the silver-green foliage of half-a-dozen venerable olive-trees; whilst, to make it still more pleasing to the eye, I have, to the wonder and delight of the D'Angelis family, laid out a garden with beds, walks, and flowers *à l'Inglese*. Here I read, work, and take my siesta in a grass hammock, which I have had slung from the olive-trees; and here likewise we receive such visitors as do us the pleasure of calling. Were it not that I am fearful of giving mortal offence to the cook, I would have my meals out of doors into the bargain, and only return to the house at bed-time.

At four I paid my neighbour, Signor G., a visit. Of the numerous villas which overhang the sea between Meta and Sorrento, the Villa G., or the Ravin, as it is called, stands first in point of situation. In front there is the Bay in its entirety; in rear a garden tastefully laid out, but chiefly remarkable for a magnificent Norfolk Island pine; to the right, Monte Sant' Angelo, the Camaldoli, Meta, and the Punta di Scutolo; and to the left the *masseria* of the Capucin Convent.

Prince F. excepted, Signor G. seems to be the only man at Sorrento who takes an interest in flowers. His garden is a small one, but he makes the most of it. The avenue leading

to the house is one mass of roses, jessamine, and glycine; and in every available spot is planted an azalea, camellia, gardenia, or some other shrub or flower suited to the climate. Annuals do not thrive in Southern Italy: shade and water them as one will, the heat overpowers them. Hardly have they blossomed ere they fade away. The house, small for an Italian villa, is well planned—just the kind of box that I should like to own were I to take up my residence in the sunny South. On the right of the vestibule, which is approached by a flight of steps, is the billiard-room; on the left, a room of corresponding size, which ought to be, but is not, the *salle à manger*. The entire front portion of the first floor, minus fourteen feet partitioned off to form a library, is taken up by the saloon, a fine vaulted room, forty feet by twenty-five; and on the same level, with windows opening on to it, is a broad terrace overhanging the sea. Upstairs are five bedrooms; and in the basement, which looks seawards, and is so spacious that it may almost be said to form a second house, are the kitchen, offices, and servants' rooms, as likewise the coach-house and stables.

The number of servants employed to keep house and grounds in order, to cook the padrone's meals, clean his horses and his carriage, fetch his marketing from Sorrento, and perform the hundred and one odd jobs about the place is—start not English Jeames, faint not Belgravian Chawles, who so obstinately refuse to carry up a scuttle of coals to the nursery fire because it does not come within the "spear of your dooties"—one, all told, as I'm a sinner! "Pooah fellow!" Eh?

Believe me, he does not stand in need of your contemptuous pity. His wages, fifteen pence per diem, are sufficient for his modest wants. Indian corn bread, beans, macaroni, salad, washed down with a glass of very sour wine, is all the food he needs. Were he to eat meat three times a day, and swill beer like an English servant, he would be a dead man in a fortnight. His master eats more bread than meat, more macaroni and vegetables than either, and cares not who knows it. In the eyes of Italians there is in abstemiousness nothing of which to be ashamed. It is only in England that a man's respectability is estimated by the length of his butcher's bill.

I should be surprised to hear that Signor G.'s, expenses, exclusive of house rent, amounted to more than 150*l.* per annum. His horses, shoeing included, stand him in under a hundred francs a month. They likewise have Italian stomachs, and are all the better for low diet. If they ever have a feed of oats, it is when their master goes into Naples for the day, and puts them up at the livery-stable in Castellamare. They may get a little hay occasionally, but their ordinary food consists of straw, bran, and carrots. They are not in hard condition certainly, but they look sleek, and can perform the light work that is required of them without lathering. Signor G.'s horses and man-servant costing him only 75*l.* per annum, he would have 75*l.* left for food and clothing; and I don't believe he spends it.

There are two great drawbacks to the Villa G.—the insecure position of the house itself, and the small quantity of ground attached to it. The villa stands on the very edge of the cliff; and when a heavy gale is blowing from the sou'-west, the entire building trembles to its foundations. The cliff may stand for centuries, but it may not.

At six o'clock I dined, and after dinner returned to the garden, where I was soon joined by the Archdeacon of Sorrento, who often drops in of an evening. With sad thoughtful face, low soft voice, gentle manners, and scrupulously neat in dress, Don Rafaelle is in every respect a model Italian ecclesiastic. Abstinent, hard-working, charitable, he is, to use an Angelis expression, "un sant uomo"—a really good man. If there be a particle of bitterness in his composition, it is towards those who have despoiled, not himself, but the Church, and, by despoiling her, the poor and needy. Were all Catholic priests as unambitious as Monsignore the "Nolo episcopari" sneer would lose its point. The see of Lucera—a rich one for Southern Italy—was pressed upon him, and he refused to accept it. Having no desire for personal aggrandisement—feeling that Sorrento, his birthplace, had more claim upon him than the city of Lucera—he begged permission to remain amongst his own people; and his request was granted. Very small is the stipend he receives from the present Government—considerably less than that of the

Welsh parson who is "passing rich on forty pounds a year." Yet he does not grumble and growl, nor appeal to the "benevolent public" for pecuniary assistance. He cuts his cassock according to his cloth, dènies himself all luxuries, and gives whatever he can save to the poor.

Don Rafaelle has been in England. On the fall of the Bourbons he had, for political reasons, to leave his archidiaconate for a time, and, one place of exile being the same to him as another, he migrated to our foggy isle. Although professing the highest admiration for La Gran Bretagna and for my countrymen, who were, it would appear, kind to him in his adversity, it is easy to see that our great Babylon appalled him, and that some of our most cherished institutions (the roast beef of Old England amongst the number) filled his soul with horror and amazement. Imagine the sensations of a Neapolitan as, on a gloomy December's morning, he is whirled into London by (say) the Eastern Counties express train from Harwich. Just think what his feelings must be as, from the railway arches of that truly abominable line, he beholds the muddy streets, the courts, and backyards of the mean two-storied, smoke-begrimed houses, the squalid poverty and wretchedness observable in everything and everybody in the short stretch that lies between Stratford and Shoreditch stations. Or, if it be unfair to select one of the winter months for our Italian's presumed introduction to the delights of the first city in the world—the only one that is worth inhabiting—let us take June or July, the height of the London season. Behold him seated in a stuffy lodging, sweltering with the heat, and gasping for breath. His sitting-room is not so very small for London, but after Italian rooms it seems to him a dog-kennel. What we so complacently call English comfort is to him discomfort of the very worst kind. He would like to tear up the carpets, pull down the curtains, and smash the horrid guillotine windows into smithereens. He prays for air, air, air; and that is the very thing he can't get. Said a Neapolitan to me, "In what does your boasted English comfort consist? According to my experience, it seems to be alternate freezing and thawing during the winter months, continuous suffocation during the summer ones. With your open fire-places, your front

is in Central Africa, your back in the Arctic regions. In the hall it is Nova Zembla, on the staircase Spitzbergen ; whilst your bedroom is hot as the Red Sea. And in summer—*Dio mio*! until I went to England I, a Southern Italian, did not know what heat meant. In your English houses I thought I should have been stifled. To describe an English room you must use an English word ; it is 'poky.'"

I hastened to explain to him that in "good houses" the rooms are large and lofty; the hall and staircases properly heated.

"My friend," he replied, "you speak of the exception ; I of the rule. All your friends and acquaintances have not, I presume, their town houses in Belgravia, in Tyburnia, or in Grosvenor Square ; nor is it every foreigner who can afford to put up at Claridge's or the Langham. When I speak of English houses, I mean ordinary houses—ninety-nine out of every hundred—and I say again, they are detestable. You English assert that our houses are uninhabitable,—that we Italians do not know the meaning of the word 'comfort.' The accusation is not altogether just. For eight months out of the twelve our houses are very habitable, and, during the remaining four, we can, if we choose—which we do not—have stoves in some of the smaller rooms, and hibernate like the bears and Russians. But your houses are built neither for the short summer nor yet for the long winter, but for some mid-season which has no existence except in your own imaginations. You talk of 'home comfort' ; but the reason your homes seem so comfortable to you is, not because they are so in fact, but that for nine months of the year your English climate is so wretched that there is no attraction for you out of doors or away from your own firesides."

The moon being nearly at the full, I repaired, after the archdeacon had taken his departure, to the flat roof of the villa, whence the view is more extensive than from the belvidere in the garden. Oh the loveliness of these Italian nights! Where is the mortal so apathetic as to be insensible to their charm? On such a night as this I can hardly bring myself to believe that the violet star-sparkled vault above me is the same firmament that looks down on my native land ; that the great yellow

moon is the same moon that shines so cold and silvery on the English landscape; that earth, sea, air, is not that of some other planet millions of miles away from our own right little, tight little island. In England, however fine the night—and that we have many fine ones during our short summer far be it from me to deny—there is almost invariably something wanting to make it perfection: it is slightly damp, or slightly chilly, or it would be pleasanter were there a *leetle* more air. A night such as this—one of a hundred equally fine that we shall have between this and the setting in of the rains in October—I have never yet seen in England: it is perfect, or as near perfection as anything I can imagine. The nights may be warmer in Venus and brighter in Saturn, but these of Sorrento are warm enough and bright enough for me.

What a scene is that from the roof overhead! In the moonlight how exquisitely lovely is hill and vale, sea and mountain, rock and island; how fragrant the faint odour of the few remaining orange blossoms; how caressing to brow and cheek the soft night air. Whatever blemishes may, in the garish light of day, be discernible in the landscape have now entirely disappeared; Sant' Angelo's bald places are covered, the rugosity of Vesuvius has been smoothed, and all hardness of colouring completely toned down. If the Italian moon be not quite so bright as our English sun, it is sufficiently so to enable one to descry each building on the *piano*, each tree on the mountain-tops—to distingnish every prominent object along the coast, from Torre Annunziata to Naples. So transparent is the atmosphere that the lights of Naples seem scarcely more distant than those of Sorrento, whilst the revolving beacons at Cape Miseno and the island of Ischia might be, so far as appearance goes, five miles distant, instead of the twenty that they really are.

As, leaning on the parapet wall, I smoked the pipe of contemplation, Arcangelis made her appearance on the house-top. My hostess, she thinks it a part of her duty to look after my well-being in all things, and had come to warn me that the moonlight is very unhealthy—that it gives the fever. I assured her that she need have no anxiety on my account; that we

English were moon-proof, and did not suffer from being exposed to her rays.

"We had, then, a moon in our country?"

"Most assuredly."

"But not the same moon?"

"The same moon! Why, of course it was."

"Straordinario!" She could almost swear that she had heard the Inglese, her late lodgers, say that the English moon was vastly different to the moon of Italy.

A few days since she wanted to rob us of all participation in the blessed sunshine. It was dangerous, she said, to walk out at midday.

"I did not fear sunstroke."

"Ah! that was because I had no experience."

"Experience of what? Of the sun?"

"But yes,"

"Did she, then, suppose that we had no sun in England?"

"That was her impression."

"For what reason?"

Because Inglese had told her, time and again, that it was not for society they had come to Italy, but to see the sun. Besides, my compatriots were all fair and ruddy. If we had a sun, why were we not sun-burnt? After that, who will say that the time has not arrived for the priest to be superseded by the schoolmaster?

I remained on the roof until midnight. For the last three hours I have been writing. It is now three A.M., and high time to turn in.

Lest the reader should imagine, from the above description of my daily life, that Sorrento must be the most desirable residence in all creation, I had better show the reverse side of the picture—state what are the drawbacks to one's perfect felicity and contentment.

Imprimis, there is absolutely no society; not a family is there in the entire *piano* that can be said to receive. Until the fall of the Bourbons Sorrento was a fashionable summer resort. The Counts of Syracuse and Aquila, brothers of the late king, had villas there, as had likewise many of the leading Neapolitan families—the Strongoli, Santa Severina, and Serra-Capriola amongst the number. King Francis sent to the right-about, his

uncles had to follow him into exile. Their villas at Sorrento were confiscated, and sold for what they would fetch—the Syracusa to some foreign lady of eccentric habits; the Aquila to Massa, the silk-mercer, of the Strada Toledo. One after another, the different families disposed of their villas to the hotel-keeping fraternity. The Villa Strongoli became the Hôtel Tramontana; the Villa Nardi, a dependence of the same; the Villa Santa-Severina, the Hôtel Gran Bretagna, and so on, through the entire list. Sorrento is now nothing more than a great caravansary; the only society to be had there that of the *table-d'hôte*. The fact of there being no Anglican chaplain, no mendicant friar of our Established Church duly licensed to preach the gospel of peace and make mischief, is sufficient proof that Sorrento is not a favourite resort of the English; for the "little flock" must be a very little flock indeed, that is so insignificant as to be considered not worth the trouble of "shepherding" by some needy emissary of the Continental. The advent of the Empress of Russia did the place more harm than good. The enhanced price of everything, of apartments more especially, frightened people away, and, during the sojourn of her Imperial Majesty and her suite, the town, never particularly lively, was duller and sleepier than ever. People who come to Sorrento hoping to find a little congenial society will be disappointed, as will likewise those who select the place as a summer residence on account of the "beauty and diversity of its walks and drives." At Sorrento is only one drive, the Strada di Massa, whilst the bridle-roads to the Camaldoli, Conti de' Fontanelli, S. Agata, &c., are altogether too steep and rugged to be pleasant either on pony-back or donkey-back. Walks there are none. The Massa road is always ankle deep in dust, whilst the numerous lanes by which the *piano* is intersected are not only dusty and filthy, but hemmed in by walls ten feet in height, which completely shut out the view. Twice only since my arrival have I walked into Sorrento, and I don't mean to try it again. With a boat in the grotto below, why should I? When the thermometer is at 80° it is pleasanter to sail than to walk. Were it not that I am fond of boating, I would never stir outside the garden wall of the villa. The Piano di Sorrento is very beautiful—from a distance.

The second objection to Sorrento as a summer residence is the absence of pleasant walks and drives. In spring and autumn, when the rains have cooled the air, and one can climb the *vicolucci* that lead to the summits of the adjacent hills, without danger of sunstroke on the road, or an attack of fever from suddenly checked perspiration on returning to the house, it is different. In April and May, and from the fifteenth of September to the end of October, Sorrento is delightful—just as delightful, although not more so than are Capri, Cava, Amalfi, and many other spots in the vicinity of Naples at the same season, But, to enjoy it in summer, one must either have great resources in oneself or be a Turk and confirmed lotus-eater. If the visitor be neither artist, musician, scribbler, nor book-worm, all he can do is to gaze on the Gulf, dream away the long summer days in *loggia* or orange-garden, and make *kief à la Moslem*. Life at Sorrento is what the French call "*la vie contemplative*"; and that style of existence does not suit the energetic Anglo-Saxon temperament.

Sorrento is a capital place for sea-bathing; but, that over, there is absolutely nothing to induce one to remain. Boating is the only diversion, and one can have too much of that. Stay a week if you visit it *en touriste*, a month or six weeks if you come for your dips; but don't let anything induce you to take a villa for the entire season, unless you desire to die of *ennui*.

As a winter residence Sorrento is even less desirable. It has a northern aspect, and, lying right beneath the range of hills that run westwards from Monte Sant' Angelo to Cape Minerva, it does not get its fair share of sunshine. To enjoy a little warmth one must go beyond the Capo, and during the winter months the road thither is oozing with moisture. When Mr. Murray states that "the peculiar position of the plain gives it all the advantages of the climate of Naples, with few of its defects," it is evident that he did not give himself the trouble to consider what that peculiar position really is. Had he done so, he would at least have added—in summer. A single glance at the plain should be sufficient to convince any reasonable being that it is cold and damp in winter. Exposed where it should be sheltered, and sheltered where it should be exposed, over-

shadowed by mountains and thickly planted with orange and lemon trees, how can it possibly be otherwise? All the quotations in the world won't confute stubborn facts. What Galen may have said and Tasso sung in its praise, matters very little to us prosaic mortals of the nineteenth century. If in the time of Tasso the air was so serene and temperate that man became immortal under its influence, it has undergone a change for the worse. The Sorrentines do not enjoy better health, nor live longer, than their neighbours at Massa or Capri, whilst the local doctors, whose fees are very moderate, manage to eke out a living by prescribing for the ills that Sorrentine flesh is heir to. As with the climate, so with the good things of this life. The Sorrentine wine, whose praises were sung by Ovid, Martial, and Horace, is nowadays very poor tipple indeed; the veal that Boccaccio found so delicious comes not from Sorrento, but from Castellamare. The final objection to the place is that it is not "convanient" to Naples. Near as the city seems, to go and return by land is a day's journey, and a very fatiguing one, too, whilst taking the boat entails a night's absence. These are the drawbacks to this *piccolo Paradiso.* They are sufficient to deter one from selecting the place as a residence; but they do not detract from the enjoyment of the bird of passage.

Happy bird of passage, without encumbrance, who wingest thy flight whithersoever thou listest—now to the fragrant pine-forests of the north, now to the palm-groves of the tropics—come with me to yon terrace overhanging the sea, and say if in all thy flittings thou ever gazedst on fairer prospect. Carry thine eye round the entire sweep of the Gulf, from the Piccola Marina beneath us to the ruined temple of Hercules on the Capo yonder, and point out, if thou canst, a single blemish, a single eyesore in the entire panorama. Are these cliffs too bold; is Monte Sant' Angelo too rugged; or dost think, with a Vandal of my acquaintance, that the harmony of outline is marred by the presence of Vesuvius? Are the "tints of the earth and the hues of the sky" not sufficiently varied? Should the "purple of ocean" be deeper in dye?

Nothing could be improved: it is absolutely perfect. That thy opinion? It is mine.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAPRI.

THE most picturesque, the most attractive object in the wondrous panorama of the Bay of Naples is unquestionably the Island of Capri. After scanning the entire coast from Cape Miseno to Cape Minerva, and from Cape Minerva to Cape Miseno, it is not on the smiling slopes of Posilipo, on the radiant city, on Vesuvius, on Monte St. Angelo, that the eye of the beholder lovingly lingers, but on the majestic outline of distant Capri. From all points of view, at all times and seasons, the island looks grand and imposing. In the early morning, when the precipitous cliffs of Monte Solaro are gilded by the rays of the rising sun, in the fierce heat of noonday, in the purple glow of evening, by silvery moonlight; when, dimly seen through the driving mist, Capri is ever sublimely beautiful. And it is not "distance that lends enchantment to the view": on closer inspection, its beauties increase rather than diminish.

According to tradition, the island, which is now separated from the mainland by a channel four miles in width, once formed portion of it, and was disrupted by some violent convulsion of nature; and tradition likewise hath it that its earliest inhabitants were Teleboæ—Phœnicians from the coast of Acarnania, who entered into possession some 1250 years before the birth of Christ. So much for tradition. Trustworthy history dates from the reign of Augustus. That emperor, having met with a favourable omen on landing (a withered ilex is said to have become suddenly resuscitated before the eyes of the imperial visitor), obtained the island from the Neapolitans, to whom he gave

Ischia in exchange. It would seem that the omen proved a happy one, and that Augustus never repented him of his bargain. The climate suited him, and, if we may believe Suetonius, he managed, notwithstanding his failing health, to pass the time pleasantly whenever he visited his little sea-girt seignory. He constructed roads, built villas, baths, and aqueducts, and, as sovereign lord of Capri, earned for himself the same reputation for wisdom and beneficence that he had already done as emperor in Rome. To the islanders he was a sort of imperial Sir Roger de Coverley. He encouraged manly sports, had a body of young athletes attached to his person, and revived those Isthmian games, a love for which the inhabitants had inherited from their Greek ancestors. But these halcyon days were of comparatively short duration. In the fourteenth year of the Christian era Augustus was gathered to his fathers, and Tiberius reigned in his stead. As ill luck would have it, this miscreant had, during the reign of his predecessor, paid several visits to the island, and had carried away with him such pleasing reminiscences of the beauty of its site and the salubrity of its climate that when, after twelve years of misgovernment, he found Rome getting too hot to hold him, and old age and infirmity creeping upon him, he determined to retreat thither, and make the most of the few years of life that remained to him. And if making the most of one's time consist in the commission of every atrocity that the heart of man can devise, it must be admitted that Tiberius did not let the grass grow beneath him. Leaving Rome under the pretext of dedicating a temple to Augustus at Nola, he appointed Sejanus his lieutenant, continued his journey to Capri, and at once proceeded to carry out his programme, which was to make the island a little Gomorrah, having all the improvements that an advanced civilization could suggest. The existing villas being altogether too small for his requirements, he built him twelve palaces, which he dedicated to the twelve superior deities,—the largest and handsomest that to Jupiter, on the height called the Saltus Caprearum, at the eastern extremity of the island. Of these palaces so little now remains that their size and splendour can only be imagined; but from the massiveness of their foundations, the extent of ground they cover, the

statues, bas-reliefs, mosaics, frescoes, and fragments of costly marbles found amongst the ruins, there can be no doubt that they were little, if anything, inferior to the proudest buildings in the capital. And it was not on his palaces alone that the imperial spendthrift lavished his wealth: everything else was on a scale of equal magnificence. The roads were constructed of solid masonry, and, instead of winding and zigzagging along the hillsides, were carried boldly, by means of viaducts, across the valley; the reservoirs were of sufficient magnitude to supply the almost springless island with an abundance of water; for hardiness of design and solidity of construction the port was unique, whilst the lighthouse above the Saltus rivalled that of Alexandria. The barren island was transformed into a garden; and little remained to remind the beholder of its former occupants, the wild goats, but the name Capreæ. His labours completed, Tiberius proceeded to enjoy himself, after what fashion the reader may learn by referring to Suetonius and other historians of the period; for his recreations were hardly of a nature to permit of their being here described at length. His daily life whilst in Capri may be summed up in two words—bloodshed, debauchery; and when, ten years later, he died, or was smothered at Misenum, whither he had gone for change of air, the world was happily rid of the greatest monster that ever appeared in human form. But, as the poet truly says, "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Not a peasant but has heard of the wicked Timberio; the name of Augustus is unknown.

From the death of Tiberius to the middle of the ninth century there is a great hiatus in Caprese history. It is supposed that the island continued to be a favourite resort of succeeding emperors, and that in the beginning of the sixth century it was given by Justinian to the Benedictines of Monte Casino; but it is merely supposition. In the year 868 the Emperor Louis ceded it to the Amalfitans; and from that date up to the commencement of the eleventh century, what with Amalfitans on the one hand, and Saracens on the other, the islanders appear to have had a hot berth of it. Time and again the island was invaded and pillaged by these latter worthies, whose head-quarters were at Gaeta; and so many of the inhabitants were carried

into captivity, that at one period it was nearly depopulated. From the accession of Roger to the throne of Naples and Sicily (1130) up to the present time, the history of Capri has been that of the adjacent mainland. The Caprese rebelled against Roger, but were forced to submit; and, until the loss of Sicily by Charles I. of Anjou, the island formed part and portion of the Two Sicilies. At the separation it fell to Naples; but, during the war between Charles II. of Naples and James I. of Sicily, it was taken by Bernard Sarriano, and annexed to the latter kingdom. It was, however, soon restored to Charles, who was so well pleased with the conduct of the inhabitants, that by special diploma, bearing date 1299, he exempted them from all the more burdensome rates and taxes. The privileges and immunities accorded to them by Charles were confirmed and increased by his successors. By three diplomas, dated respectively 1442, 1448, and 1452, Alfonso the First of Arragon decreed that the island should never be alienated from the royal domain; that the islanders should continue to enjoy all the privileges conceded to them by previous sovereigns, and be further exempted from the hearth-tax; and that the Capri town-council should be thenceforth permitted to exact from Neapolitan fishermen a certain per-centage on all the *aguglia* (gar fish) taken in Caprese waters.

Change of government did not affect the fortunes of the islanders. Whilst their fellow-subjects were being squeezed and oppressed by the king's lieutenants, they escaped scot free. They were as well off under the house of Arragon as under the house of Anjou; as much petted by the German as by the Spanish viceroys. But they had their troubles. The king's protection was insufficient to preserve them from the attacks of the Turkish corsairs; whilst, more terrible than any corsair, the plague visited their shores. In 1571 the famous Barbarossa made himself master of the island, and, by all appearance, held it; for on a perpendicular rock, 1,200 feet above the sea, can be seen the ruins of a fortress which he is said to have built, and which he certainly occupied. The plague came a century later (1656), introduced, it is supposed, by a lock of hair cut from the head of the plague-stricken daughter of Baron Morcaldi; and

sent to her friends in the island. The havoc it committed was fearful. So many were smitten that the dead were left to bury the dead, and the island was turned into a charnel-house.

The most interesting portion of Caprese history is, to Englishmen, that which relates to the occupation of the island by British troops during the last French war. On the 12th of May, 1806, an English fleet, consisting of four men-of-war, one frigate, and two gun-boats, under the command of Sir Sidney Smith, attacked the island, and, after a gallant resistance on the part of the French, captured it. Being of great strategical importance to our fleet, then blockading Naples, the small garrison of three hundred men left in it by Sir Sidney Smith was shortly afterwards strengthened by six hundred and eighty-four men of the Corsican Rangers, and two years later by the Malta Regiment; the entire force under the command of Colonel Lowe—the Sir Hudson of St. Helena notoriety. During two years and a half Lowe was busily engaged in putting the island in a thorough state of defence; and so satisfied was he with his engineering, so confident of the impregnability of his stronghold, that he dubbed it "the Little Gibraltar." If the gallant colonel did not overrate the strength of his position, he did his abilities as commandant. The sight of the English flag fluttering on the heights of Capri so enraged Murat that he determined to repossess himself of the island, let the cost be what it might. All the ships of war and transports then lying in the ports of Pozzuoli, Castellamere, Salerno, and Naples were hastily equipped, troops put on board, and the plan of attack concerted. On the morning of the 4th of October, 1808, the signal was given for sailing. The fleet, composed of one frigate, one corvette, twenty-six gun-boats, and nearly one hundred transports, stood across the Bay in three divisions—the first and strongest, that from Naples, steering for Orico, at the north-west end of the island, the others, from Salerno and Castellamare respectively, taking up their position in front of the two landing-places—the Grande and Piccola Marine. At three o'clock in the afternoon the attack commenced. Colonel Lowe had been duly apprized of the warlike prepartions which were being made on either side of him; but, feeling perfectly secure in his rocky

fastness, and imagining that Ponza, not Capri, was the point aimed at, he had not only neglected to make counter-preparations, but had dispatched the Ambuscade frigate, and other vessels cruising in the offing, to the assistance of the former island. He was disagreeably surprised, therefore, when, one fine October morning, he saw the French flotilla standing for the island; and still more so when, a few hours later, he discovered that the attack on the two Marinas, which he had imagined to be the important ones, were feigned, and that the enemy had succeeded in effecting a landing at Orico. It was too late to remedy the mistake. The French had escaladed the cliffs, and were already on the platform of Ana-Capri, which they held, despite the efforts of Colonel Lowe to dislodge them. During the night the French commander, General Lamarque, succeeded in landing more troops; and on the following day the Ana-Capri division of Colonel Lowe's garrison, numbering eight hundred men, surrendered.

The hopes of the besieged now lay in the reappearance of the Anglo-Sicilian fleet, in quest of which Lowe had, on the morning of the 5th, sent sundry dispatch-boats. A protracted resistance was out of the question; for not only was the English position commanded by the French battery on Monte Solaro, but Lamarque, impatient of delay, and fearing the arrival of our fleet, had, notwithstanding the heavy fire directed against him, descended the steps leading from Ana-Capri to the valley of the Marina, and had closely invested the town, whither Lowe had retreated with the remnant of his forces.

All eyes were turned seawards, and great was the exultation of the besieged when, after three days of anxious suspense, the fleet was descried bearing down on the island. But their joy was of short duration. A gale of wind springing up, the fleet was forced to haul off again; and Murat, then at Massa, lost not a moment in landing supplies. At it they went again, hammer and tongs; the assailants losing many men, the besieged, being under cover, comparatively few. Once again, at the eleventh hour, the hopes of the latter were raised for an instant. On the morning of the 16th, the man on the look-out at the telegraph station above the Villa Jovis, reported the English fleet in the

offing. Lowe hurried to the spot. The fleet! where away? The colonel couldn't see it; neither could the gentleman in charge of the semaphore—a rascally old monk, discovered subsequently to have been all along a spy in the pay of Murat. Despite the reiterated asseverations of Aniello Salvio that the white specks seen on the horizon were not cumuli, but sails, Lowe refused to be convinced. Like the governor of Tilbury Fort, he was not to be led astray by the ravings of a visionary. The British fleet he could not see, because it was not yet in sight; and that same evening he capitulated to General Lamarque, the conditions being that the persons and property of the inhabitants should be respected, and the garrison permitted to embark for Sicily on board their own vessels. These terms Murat refused to ratify. He insisted upon an unconditional surrender, and dispatched his aide-de-camp, Colonel Manches, to Lamarque, with an order to that effect. But Manches, finding on landing that the English fleet had again made its appearance, slyly kept the letter in his pocket, and allowed things to take their course. It was not from Murat, but from the English admiral that the protest came. He refused to be bound by the terms of surrender; and it was only at the urgent request of Colonel Lowe, who declared that any violation of the same would dishonour the British flag, that he yielded. On the morning of the 26th the English embarked for Sicily, and, until the restoration of the Bourbons, the island remained in undisputed possession of the French.

Not a breath of wind stirring; the cliffs of Sorrento reflected in the water as in a mirror; Vesuvius smoking languidly; Naples looking very white and bright in the early sunshine; Ischia, very blue; the entire scene exquisitely soft and peaceful. His Excellency's boat, manned by four swarthy, bare-legged *marinaji*, awaiting his pleasure at the Piccola Marina. For Capri ho! Give way, my sons, and bend to your oars with a will. Make the island under two hours, and you shall have an extra *bottiglia*. Past the hotels Tramontana, Tasso, and Sirena, at whose open windows the *forestieri* are already seated, their eyes riveted on the "Bay of Beauty"; past the Grande Marina, the Tonnara, and the Grotto of Queen Joanna, to the

Capo di Sorrento. The Capo, rounded Capri, is seen ahead, and shortly afterwards Massa Lubrense, embosomed in its olive-groves and vineyards, and the western coast of the Sorrentine peninsula, as far as the Punta della Campanella, open to the view. The promised *bottiglia* has the desired effect; the rowers make their boat fly over the smooth water. Every minute the island looms larger and larger, and, one after another, the ancient castles and palaces crowning its dizzy heights detach themselves from the environing cliffs and crags, and stand revealed in all their ruined grandeur.

Within the stipulated two hours I am landed at the Marina. The approach of my barque has long been signalled; and on the little pier a score of donkey-girls, *facchini*, and vendors of curios are stationed ready to receive her.

Holy Madonna! only one passenger! What is one miserable Inglese amongst so many? He cannot be divided; he must be scrambled for. And they scramble.

"His Excellency will take my donkey?" "No; mine!" "No; mine!"

"Giovannina—Maria—Teresa will carry his portmanteau."

"His Excellency is going to the Hôtel Pagano—to the Timberio—to the Hôtel Quisisana," *e da capo.*

Mounted on the best-looking donkey—bad looking at the best—with a bare-legged siren in front carrying my portmanteau on her head, and another bare-legged siren behind steering my quadruped by the tail, I mount the steep, rough road that leads from the Marina to the village of Capri. I have heard much of these Capri donkey-girls, of their finely shaped heads, of their Grecian profiles, of their lithe, graceful figures, &c.; and, there being no time like the present time, I proceed to take stock of my pilot, who, like her charge, is decidedly the best looking of the lot. I look at the broad side of her full front, and at the still broader side of her full rear; I look at her sideways, and edgewise, and slantwise; I examine her from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and from the soles of her feet to the crown of her head; and the more I look, the less I see in her to admire.

Although an Englishman, I am not afflicted with the spleen; my breakfast has not disagreed with me,—I feel disposed to

look at the roseate side of everything; but, for all that, I cannot admit that my *ciucciara* has the slightest pretension to beauty either of face or form. She has certainly two very black piercing eyes and a set of particularly white, even teeth; but forehead, nose, upper lip, mouth, chin, are all faulty. It would puzzle Darwin himself to discover in the damsel the slightest trace of Greek descent. Her form is no more Grecian than her face; square shoulders, short, broad back, thick waist, great heavy haunches, and such a pair of legs and feet! Her walk is that of a British Grenadier rather than of a goddess. That the young lady has a very high opinion of her personal charms is evident; and no wonder. She has been so often told that the Capri women are the handsomest in Italy—in the world—that she truly and honestly believes it, and hopes yet to find some *Milordo Inglese* who, smitten with her beauty, shall cast himself and, better still, his fortune at her feet. More than one Capri girl has succeeded in captivating and capturing an Inglese; why shouldn't she? Why should she not indeed? Let one man commit a folly, and a dozen others will be sure to do the same. Let Brown make a *mésalliance*, and Jones and Robinson straightway follow suit. Were I afflicted with the madness of King Cophetua, it is certainly not on a Caprese that my choice would fall. Presuming that it were essential to my happiness that I should espouse a bare-legged lassie with no other dower than Nature gave her, I would seek her in the Emerald Isle rather than in the island of Capri. If my Nora's eyes were not quite so black as Mariannina's, they would be infinitely softer, her cheeks would be rosier, her skin fairer, her figure much more graceful, and she would be fresh and comely long after her Italian rival had become worn and faded. Besides, my Nora would, in all probability, have a heart; she would not regard me altogether in the light of a money-bag; she would not be everlastingly calculating how many quattrini she would inherit at my decease. She would be grateful to me for taking her from out of her ancestral mud cabin and improving her position in life.

Daughter of a thankless race, *va!*

The roads have certainly not improved since the days of Tiberius; that leading from the village to Ana-Capri, now in

course of construction, being the only decent one in the island. They are bad, very bad; and the tender-footed, tender-hearted *forestiere* winces as he sees his poor *ciucciara* tramping along after him over the cruel stones. It is, however, compassion completely thrown away. The soles of the girl's feet are tough as any rhinoceros hide: she doesn't feel it in the least. This road, leading to the Salto, whither we are bound, would be considered rough even by the well-shod Tyrolese chamois-hunter, yet my *ciucciara* steps out as unconcernedly as though she were treading on three-ply carpet. It is only when I inquire concerning the state of her poor feet that she begins to limp. The opportunity is too good to let slip. Now is the time to move the Englishman's bowels of compassion, and to beg a few soldi.

"Yes, it is very painful to the feet [limp]. But what to do? The padrone takes all the money she receives for donkey hire, and she has nothing to depend on but her *buonamano*" (limp, limp).

"If she were given the money, would she purchase herself a pair of shoes?"

"That she would" (Limp, limp, limp).

She would do nothing of the sort. The money would be added to other *buonamane* which she has laid aside, and some fine Sunday morning she would make her appearance at mass in all the glory of a pair of enormous gold ear-rings. It is not from me that she will succeed in coaxing five francs, or four francs, or two francs; if she get even one, she may consider herself fortunate. I have no intention to aid in providing her with the adornments requisite for the witchery of some infatuated *forestiere;* and if she succeed in her matrimonial schemes, it will be through no fault of mine. So, to her evident disappointment, instead of my purse, I pull out my cigar-case, and change the subject of conversation.

Apart from the story of her own particular grievances, the damsel has little to say for herself: she is as stupid as a pot, and has not a particle of fun in her composition. An Irish colleen in the same position would know something of the history and legends of her birth-place; and, if she could not furnish the desired information, she would invent. But this girl

knows little or nothing of the island's history. She has heard that Timberio was a very bad man, and that one Barbarossa built the castle at the other end of the island; but whether the gentlemen in question were black, white, yellow, or brown, Jews, Turks, infidels, or heretics, Romans, Neapolitans, Inglese, Tedeschi, or Americani, she has not the remotest idea. As to inventing a story, she could no more do it than she can fly.

Very picturesque is the last stretch leading to the Villa Jovis, but savagely so. Looking at the wilderness of rocks on either side of the road, it is almost impossible to believe that the entire plateau was once a garden, and the hill-sides covered with luxuriant vegetation. That the rains of eighteen centuries should have washed the soil into the valley beneath is perhaps not so surprising; but what has become of the solid masonry, the walls, arches, and buttresses which supported the terraces? where are the roads that led to the valley of Tragara and to the sea-shore? Of the many stupendous works constructed by the Romans at this end of the island, all that remain standing are the substructures of the palace and the lower portion of the lighthouse; and they are likely to stand for eighteen centuries to come. If the superstructure of the Villa Jovis was in any way proportionate to the basement, it must have been a fortress rather than a palace.

However antiquaries may differ as to the general appearance of the building and its internal arrangements, on one point they appear to be agreed—that the vaulted chambers in the basement, still in good preservation, were the reservoirs and bath-rooms of the villa. To the ordinary visitor the learned dissertations of these worthy gentlemen possess very little interest: whether the supposed theatre were really a theatre, or a temple dedicated to the tutular deity, he cares not a straw. For every *savant* who visits the spot, there are five hundred who cannot distinguish a Roman brick from a pantile; and when all has been said about the ruins that can be said, it must be admitted that the site has considerably more attractions for the classical scholar and the lover of fine scenery than for the antiquary.

The view from the Capo is, *sui generis*, the finest in Italy—in the world—for the Bay of Naples is admittedly the bay of bays;

to behold it in all its beauty, the best stand-point is the Capo. On a clear day the prospect extends from the Punta Licosa to Cape Circello, a distance of 120 miles, thus embracing the Gulfs of Salerno, Naples, and Gaeta. Beginning southwards at Point Licosa, the first object which arrests the eye is the massive form of Mount Alburnus; next the range of "purple Apennine," which forms the background to that dreary malarious expanse, the plain of Salerno, but as seen from the Capo, thanks to the thirty odd miles of blue sea intervening, another Campagna Felice. Salerno itself is not visible, neither is the Eastern Costiera of Amalfi; but the Western Costiera, with the town of Vettica Majore, is as clear and distinct as though, instead of fifteen miles, it were but five miles distant. Midway between Capri and Cape Sottile lie the Islands of the Sirens, no longer dreaded by mariners, who take refuge under their lee in rough weather; whilst immediately facing the Capo stands Cape Minerva, or, as it is now called, the Punta della Campanella. Of that famous temple of Minerva, said to have been built by Ulysses on the headland which bears her name, naught but tradition remains. The splendid fane of the goddess has been superseded by a solitary watch-tower, having no pretensions to architectural beauty.

To the left of Cape Minerva, Massa is descried, peeping from out its olive-groves; and a little beyond it a rocky promontory, which provokingly hides Sorrento. High above the Sorrentine peninsula, which forms the central section of the panorama, towers Monte St. Angelo. A stretch of blue sea, and there is the Campagna basking in the sunshine, with the mountains of the Sarno and the more distant Apennines in the background. Following the sweep of the Bay come the two Torre, with Vesuvius looking down menacingly upon them; Resina, Portici, then Naples. Carrying the eye slowly westwards, the hill of Posilipo is seen, with its villas and vineyards, Nisita, Pozzuoli, the town and castle of Baiæ, Cape Miseno, the long, low line of Procida, with Cape Circillo, the northern headland of the Gulf of Gaeta looming beyond it, Ischia and the two small islands of Ventotene and Ponza. Ischia just completes the half-circle, and, until the eye rests on the castle of Barbarossa and the heights of Ana-Capri, the horizon bounds the view. In plain

guide-book English, that is the prospect from the Capo; but how to describe the magical effects of light and shade on rock, cliff, and mountain, the exquisite tints of land and sea, the wondrous transparency of the atmosphere? On this spot, with one of the fairest scenes on the earth before his eyes, Tiberius planned his schemes of vengeance, and perpetrated those cruelties which have made his name a by-word. It was from here that the imperial fiat went forth which condemned to death many of the most illustrious senators and citizens, his quondam friends, Sejanus, Flaccus, and Marinus amongst the number, and here likewise where, according to Suetonius, he amused himself by torturing his victims prior to tossing them over the cliffs. The precise spot where he made them walk the plank is still called the Salto di Timberio, and lies on the light-house side of the villa. Eleven hundred feet clear drop, it is a leap that could hardly have been taken twice; and the mariners stationed beneath, whose duty it was to harpoon all those who should be found alive after striking the water, must have had an easy billet. As he looks around him, and meditates on the various tragic events which marked the dark reign of Tiberius, the visitor will be hardly likely to forget Christ's crucifixion, which took place in the sixth year of the emperor's residence in the island. Presuming Pilate to have sent an account of the remarkable occurrences that had taken place at Jerusalem, it was most probably on this very spot of earth that the Roman emperor read it. It is consolatory to know that, however cruel the tortures he inflicted upon others, he in his own person suffered the torments of the damned.

> "The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
> Make instruments to scourge us."

A few days before his death, when he was lying prostrate at the Villa of Lucullus at Misenum, the famous lighthouse above the Salto was destroyed by an earthquake. It is supposed that it was rebuilt; and, if so, it must have been again destroyed, for all that remains standing is the lower portion—a mass of solid brick-work, forty feet square at the base. What must have been the height of a lighthouse whose base was forty-two feet square

On the site of this palace now stands a small hermitage, dedicated to Our Lady of Succour; and should the visitor be of an inquiring disposition, and desirous of learning the precise meaning of the *longa et exquisita tormenta* spoken of by the historian, he has only to ask the gentle hermit for a glass of the wine which (*moyennant finances*) he dispenses. The stomach-ache, which will assuredly ensue, will be more than sufficient to make him imagine the reverend gentleman Tiberius in a monk's cowl, and himself one of the *damnatos*.

The view inland from the Capo is in its way almost as fine as the view seaward. The precipitous cliffs of Ana-Capri are seen to great advantage, as are likewise the ruined castle of Barbarossa, the dismantled forts on St. Michele and Castello, the valley of the Marina, and the two hills known as Tuoro Piccolo and Tuoro Grande. About a mile from the Capo, at the extremity of the valley which separates the two Tuore, is situated the celebrated grotto or temple of Mithras—*magno Mithræ antro*, whence Mitramania, Matromania, and vulgarly, on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, Matrimonia, as being presumedly one of the many places where Tiberius held those orgies in which the sacred rite of matrimony had no part. It is some three hundred feet below the valley's level, and is reached by a badly paved *vicoluccio*, half path, half staircase, *à la Caprese*. Passing beneath a huge over-hanging rock, fair and straight before one is the so-called temple. It is a large cavern, sixty feet in greatest length by forty in greatest breadth, and varying in height from twenty-five feet at the entrance to upwards of fifty at the extreme end. In its present condition, to rehabilitate the temple in the mind's eye requires a powerful effort of the imagination. A couple of crumbling walls, a dais, and a few steps form a somewhat slender basis for the fabric. The grotto is divided into three compartments, one large, two small, the first being at least five times the size of the others put together. For the first twenty-four feet there are walls right and left, in sufficiently good preservation to show that they formed the sides of a vaulted chamber, the spring of the arch being distinctly visible. Beyond, the sides and roof of the grotto are in their natural state; but rising from the floor to a height of nine feet, and occupying two-

thirds of the remaining space, are a couple of horseshoe dais, the lower ten feet broad, the upper fifteen. These dais are reached by two flights of narrow steps, one immediately above the other, a third flight of twelve steps leading from the uppermost to a niche in the rock a little to the right of the centre. Putting this and that together, it would seem that the temple was of composite build, nature and art having had each a hand in its construction. There may have been a porch, and there certainly was twenty-four feet of vaulted aisle, not unlike a railway arch, the dais above mentioned, and two small chambers; but there apparently the builder's labours ended: the rest was Nature's handiwork. Although the only objects discovered in an unmutilated condition were a Mithratic bas-relief, an altar of white marble, now in the British Museum, and a slab with a Greek inscription recording the sacrifice of the boy Hypatus, there can be little doubt that the decorations were of a costly description, much broken marble and fragments of statues having been collected on the spot.

Little by little the Tempio di Matromania, which at first sight seemed nothing more than a huge cavern, assumes its ancient aspect. The portico is rebuilt, the vaulted aisle restored, the statues are replaced on the dais, and at the altar's foot the high priest is seen performing the mystic rites of Mithras. Kneeling on the body of the prostrate bull, he plunges a knife into the neck of his victim. Out gushes the blood; dog Toby rushes to the front, and makes the most of his opportunities; one of the two assistant flamens extinguishes his torch, the second waves his heavenwards, crying, "Buon giorno, Eccellenza!" Eh? che? what? Confound the rascal if he hasn't disturbed me just at the most interesting point of the entire performance—not Mithras, but the *genius loci*, notwithstanding the *massaro* who pretends to own the road, and claims the right to levy black-mail on all *forestieri*. It is high time to decamp. *State vi ben'. Addio!*

The grotto is not the only object of interest in the valley of Matromania. On the opposite side of the ravine is an exceedingly fine natural arch, from which one has a charming view of Cape Minerva, the Islands of the Sirens, and the Gulf of Salerno.

The village of Capri lies snugly nestled in the dip between the two great mountain masses which form the eastern and western divisions of the island—Monte St. Michele and Monte Solaro. Extremely picturesque when seen from the water, it loses much of its beauty when closely inspected. The Cathedral, which looked so imposing against the clear blue sky, is found to be an exceedingly ramshackle edifice, surmounted by a cupola designed neither by Michael Angelo nor Brunelleschi. The Palace of Queen Joanna is only remarkable for its ugliness. The streets are dirty, narrow, evil-smelling alleys, and the houses not fit for pigs to live in. The upper portion of the village faces Naples, and has a northern aspect; the lower looks southwards, over the Mare di Sicilia—the Sicilian Sea. In a little spot so replete with objects of interest as Capri, it is no easy matter to decide which is the most interesting standpoint; but, taking it all in all, I am inclined to give the preference to the terrace of the Hôtel Quisisana. Circling from right to left, there are the Faraglioni, dear to artists and all lovers of the picturesque, three perpendicular cone-shaped rocks lying off the Point of Tragara—Tuoro Grande, Tuoro Piccola, and St. Michele. On the south-western slope of the Tuoro Grande is supposed to have stood Tiberius's villa number two, and on the summit of St. Michele his fourth, which, for size and splendour, must have ranked immediately after the Villa Jovis. The entire southern slope of the latter hill is covered with the ruins of ancient buildings, the most remarkable being those known as the Camerelle—the little rooms. These Camerelle are nothing more than the built-up arches of two roads or viaducts, the lower one leading from the palace on Castiglione to that near Point Tragara, the upper from the valley to the summit of St. Michele and palace number four. How many arches there were in all it is impossible to calculate—several hundred probably; and that they were turned to some account is certain. What that something was is not so certain. Archæologists have agreed, as usual, to differ on the subject; but, from the general appearance of the vaults, and from the hardness of the cement used, it is more than probable that they served as reservoirs.

At the foot of St. Michele, and immediately in rear of the hotel, is the village, with its flat-roofed, many-tinted houses, all jumbled together in picturesque confusion; and in the foreground, giving quite an Oriental aspect to the place, a magnificent palm-tree. Westward of the village rise the perpendicular cliffs of Monte Solaro; beneath them, a little to the left, the fortress-crowned height of Castello, whilst directly in front, and completing the circle, are the venerable cloisters of the Certosa and the open sea. Clothe the hill-sides with olives and gigantic cacti, the valley with trellised vines, orange and fig trees, in painting sea and sky make free use of ultramarine and cobalt, sketch in a house here and there, and a profusion of crumbling walls and ruined arches, and you have the picture. In the valley of Tragara—where is not precisely known, but certainly not very far removed from the site of the Hôtel Quisisana—stood the Spintriæ and Sellarii—the imperial colleges of debauchery; and beneath the Castello, Villa number five.

For some time past the most interesting topic of conversation with the Caprese has been "The Road"—the new road leading from the village to Ana-Capri. From time immemorial the only way of reaching Ana-Capri by land was by a flight of five hundred and thirty-five steps cut in the face of the perpendicular precipice, which, together with the still more perpendicular cliffs of Monte Solaro, divides the island about its centre into two distinct parts. If a road was ever constructed by Tiberius, there are no traces of it remaining; and, in default of gunpowder, it is more than probable that his Imperial Majesty was appalled by the magnitude of the undertaking, and, whenever he visited his palaces at Capodimonte, Monticello, and Damecuta, either patronized the staircase or went round by sea to Calamare or Orico. Thanks to a paternal Government, the road so long prayed for is at length made, and, on the strength of it, the Capri Newman has invested in a brand-new pony-carriage for the special use and benefit of lazy or decrepit *forestieri*, who care neither to ride nor walk. The road which, at some future period, is to be continued to the Grande Marina, now starts from the Piazza, and is, for the first quarter of a mile or so, nearly level. A little distance out of the town, on the right-

hand side, some hundred paces from the road, is seen a large building in rather dilapidated condition—the Palazzo Inglese; and "thereby hangs a tale."

In the middle of the last century a Lincolnshire baronet, who shall be nameless, finding our English climate too enervating for his constitution (he had run through his fortune, and was in hourly expectation of arrest), crossed over into Holland. There he made the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman similarly circumstanced to himself—a gentleman without a stiver in his pocket, but with a project in his head by which a fortune might be realized in less than no time, the project being to establish agencies in Italy for the sale of salt fish of every description. This project he, in due course, disclosed to Sir N., who was so impressed with the "genuineness" of the undertaking, that he then and there entered into partnership with the "promoter." The necessary capital having being subscribed, by whom does not precisely appear, Sir N. started for Genoa, there to pave the way, and await the first consignment of stock-fish. Business prospered. Before long it was thought desirable to establish branch agencies in other seaport towns; and Sir N. removed from Genoa to Leghorn. At Leghorn he took up his quarters in the house of one Canale, an old man blessed with a young and pretty wife, Anna della Noce. With this lady Sir N. fell violently in love, old Canale winking at the flirtation that was being carried on under his nose, like a benevolent gentleman and an Italian. He did not mind it in the least—was rather pleased, indeed, that his wife should have found favour in the eyes of his lodger, the rich Milordo Inglese; was his Excellency's most humble and obedient servant to command. But, unfortunately for the lovers, there was another party not to be conciliated—a very powerful party in those days—Mother Church. The story of their loves having come to the ears of the Leghorn Consistory, the too complacent Signor Canale was politely requested to give the heretical foreigner his *congé* without delay. Unwilling to lose so good a lodger, Canale tried to temporize—to come to terms. The matter had been misrepresented: the admiration of the Milordo Inglese for his, Signor Canale's, wife was purely platonic; he was a wealthy man, and would come

down handsomely for being allowed to live in peace, &c. It was of no avail. If the thrice-accursed heretic was not at once shown the door, the Canales would be forthwith excommunicated, and, not improbably, made to answer for their contumacy before the Holy Inquisition. The refusal of the Leghorn priesthood to view matters in a golden light can only be accounted for by presuming that one of the body—very probably more than one had already cast eyes on the fair Anna, and had vowed to oust his rival; for with the black-robed there is but one passion more potent than greed—jealousy.

The affection of the Canales for their English friend, or for that. gentleman's money-bags, outweighed their affection for Mother Church, and, unable to tear themselves from the one, or to withstand the commination of the other, they did the only thing that, under the circumstances, they well could do—quietly left Leghorn, taking Sir N. along with them. They went to Naples; but hardly had they arrived in that city ere they were served with an injunction in all respects similar to the one with which they had already been treated in Leghorn. The advent of the black sheep had been notified to the brethren at Naples, and the inhabitants of the "Faithful City" had been duly warned against harbouring the outcasts. Ten times more bigoted than the Livornese, not a soul in the city dared to take them in. What to do? Where to go? In a happy moment the fair Anna recollected that she had an aunt living in Capri, and, better still, that the Caprese were poor, and had the reputation of being not over particular. By a liberal expenditure of money, the rough ways might be made smooth, and all yet be well. So to Capri they went, and everything turned out as Anna had prophesied. The islanders were delighted to see the wealthy Milordo and the worthy Signor Canale and his lovely *sposa*, and all went merrily as a marriage bell. Children were born to—to old Canale, Sir N., with his usual good nature, standing godfather to each succeeding Canaleno. There was no bickering or strife, no jealousy or heart-burnings; the Canales was in every respect a model Italian household.

All this time the salt-fish business was progressing bravely, and Sir N.'s erewhile empty coffers were gradually filling up.

Had he so minded, there was nothing to prevent his return to ——, the family seat in Lincolnshire. But he didn't choose to return to England,—he preferred Capri; the climate suited him, as did likewise the society of Signor Canale and his pretty helpmate. The old Hall in the damp fen county might go to Halifax: he would build him a palazzo in the sunny South, and spend the remainder of his days in Capri. And so he purchased the best site in the island, and set the masons to work, and at a cost of thirty thousand ducats (be the same more or less) built a palazzo—a very fine palazzo indeed—the same Palazzo Inglese which, notwithstanding its dilapidated and neglected condition, attracts the eye of the stranger to the present day. Prior to its completion Sir N. paid a visit to his native land; for what purpose not even the fair Anna could ferret out. On his return he and the Canales took up their residence in the new palazzo, a happy and united family.

Being now, thanks to salt codfish, a comparatively wealthy man, Sir N. determined to take life easily, and endeavour, by a virtuous old age, to atone for the transgressions of early manhood. But it was not to be. His constitution had been so completely undermined by youthful excesses that even the genial climate of Capri proved insufficient to restore him to anything approaching robust health. It enabled him to drag out a few years of existence—how many is not precisely known, the date of his arrival in the island being uncertain.*

When Anna della Noce saw his end approaching, she became extremely anxious concerning his soul's condition, and the conditions of his will; particularly the latter. She begged the parish priest to attend to the welfare of the one, the village lawyer to see to the proper engrossment of the other; but to the gentleman on the right hand of his bedside, who implored him to consider his poor immortal soul, and to the gentleman on the left hand, who implored him to consider his poor mortal chil—godchildren, he answered but one word, "*Pazienza!*"—patience; and with a smile on his lips, and faintly murmuring "*Pa-zi-en-za!*" he passed away. That he should have died unconverted concerned no one but himself; but that he should have

* According to Burke, Sir N. died in August, 1764.

died intestate seriously concerned others—Anna della Noce and her children to wit. If he had not made a will, he ought to have done so ; and had he done what he ought to have done, he should have left every carlino of which he died possessed to his dear friend Anna and her offspring. It might not yet be too late—she would consult her friend, the *avvocato.* Consult him she did, and between them they drew out a will, to which they appended Sir N.'s signature. It was a most creditable production ; the sharpest Chancery lawyer that ever lived could not have misinterpreted the intentions of the testator—they were as plain as the sun at noonday. No descriptive particulars of the property ; no tedious statements as to the nature of investments; not a word about the estate in Lincolnshire. The Baronetto Inglese left the whole of his real and personal estate, in Capri and elsewhere, to Anna Canale, *nata* Della Noce, with remainder to her children. That was the sum and substance of it ; and the document looked so authentic, so excessively eccentric and Inglese, that, in spite of its genuineness being questioned, the lady would have doubtless succeeded in carrying it triumphantly through the Neapolitan Court of Probate but for a little *contre-temps,* which neither she nor her legal adviser had foreseen—the existence of a properly drawn up and attested will, made by Sir N. during his last visit to England, and consigned by him to the safe keeping of the family solicitor. Concerning the authenticity of this deed there could not be the slightest possible doubt, it being guaranteed by no less a personage than the Lord Chancellor himself, by whose court the estate was to be administered. The provisions of the will were briefly these :—an annuity to Anna Canale, with legacies to her younger children ; and to her eldest son, whom he constituted ward in Chancery, the whole of his real and personal estate in Great Britain, he assuming the arms and surname of ——. He further directed that his body should be removed from Capri to England, and buried in the family vault at ——, in Lincolnshire. If the dispositions as to herself were not so liberal as she, Anna Canale had devised, they were not so unfair after all. The Inglese had done the correct thing, and, instead of leaving his money to a pack of heretical relatives, who did not care a button for him, he

had devised it to his disinterested and affectionate friends, Samuele and Anna Canale, and—and their children lawfully begotten. So she meekly resigned herself to the will of Providence and of Sir N., and gave her legal adviser a few ducati for the trouble he had taken in composing and engrossing a testament which, for all his cleverness, had proved mere waste paper in the end. But one thing troubled her—that clause in the will which directed that the body of the testator should be removed from Capri to England. Its non-fulfilment might invalidate the entire deed from beginning to ending. Where was the body? She had not the remotest idea. Having died unshriven and unaneled—outside the pale of the Holy Catholic Church—Sir N.'s body had been denied Christian sepulture. It had been handed over to an old man who did odd jobs about the place, with hasty instructions to hide it away out of sight somewhere; and where that somewhere was, the old grave-digger having himself died in the interim, no one knew. A body must be procured; but how, when, and where? That was the question. All good Christians were, twenty-four hours after their decease, tumbled crop and heels into a deep pit beneath the Cathedral, with a shovelful of quicklime for a winding-sheet. Impossible to get at one of them. Equally impossible to purchase or to "snatch" a body; it would be sure to get to the ears of the priests, and there would be the devil of a rumpus. But, as has already been abundantly shown, Anna was a woman who had her wits about her. She remembered that the hermit at the Capo had lately died, and that prior to his decease he had obtained permission to be laid in the vault under his hermitage. Why not take him? No sooner thought of than put into execution. The old monk was grubbed up and sent to England, and now, in happy ignorance of his change of quarters, lies in the ancestral vault of the ——. Sir N. was the *first* Englishman who made a donkey of himself in the island of Capri.

A short distance beyond the Palazzo Inglese is the ravine which separates Monte Solaro from Castello, and from the viaduct which spans it is one of the prettiest peeps on the road: to the right, the perpendicular cliffs of Monte Solaro, rising to a height of 1,200 feet above the roadway; to the left, the rugged

heights of Castello, with its ruined fortress, curtain-wall, and bastions; between them, the sailless Sicilian Sea. Just below the road, with full southern aspect, is the Clos-Vogeot of Capri, the vineyard where the best wine is grown.

Capri wine has a reputation; not the Capri wine concocted by the Neapolitan Borgia, Scala, and sold by innkeepers to confiding *forestieri* as Capri Bianco and Capri Rosso, but the veritable juice of the Capri grape. It is a generous, full-bodied liquor, and, when carefully made, little inferior to the second growths of Burgundy; but carefully made it very seldom is. The Caprese look more to quantity than quality; wine is wine, so long as it finds a market, and they are perfectly indifferent as to how it may be classed by connoisseurs. At present it stands much lower than it ought to do: it is rough, and smells and tastes consumedly of the sulphur with which the vines are dusted in the spring, to preserve them from the attacks of the *phylloxera*. Inferior though it be, it is apparently good enough for some palates, more than one misguided forestiere having succumbed to its baleful effects. After oil, wine is the most important production of the soil, the yield in good seasons being five hundred botte—over nine hundred hogsheads. From the ravine of Mulo the road, having now the cliffs of Solaro towering on the left and the valley of the Marina and the Bay far beneath on the right, ascends by easy gradient for three-quarters of a mile or so to the extreme end of the ridge, whence by four bold zigzags it reaches the base of the perpendicular crag on which is perched the ruined Castle of Barbarossa. The last reach is cut in the face of the solid rock, which here descends vertically into the sea. The road seems absolutely to overhang the yawning abyss, and leaning over the parapet wall one cannot repress a shudder. That no lives were lost in its construction is little short of a miracle. The men had to be suspended by ropes from the heights above, and, whilst at work, a few strands of not over tough hemp all that lay betwixt them and eternity. The slightest inadvertence on the part of the men whose duty it was to "lower away," a single false movement on that of the workman himself, and he would have been precipitated headlong into the surging waves a thousand feet beneath. Hardly less surprising

is the small amount of money that has been expended on the works.

The distance from the Piazza to the entrance of the village of Ana-Capri, where the road terminates, cannot be much under two miles, a good half of which had to be made by blasting in the face of the cliff a ledge sufficiently wide for parapet-wall and roadway, the remainder by alternately blasting and cutting—considerably more of the former than of the latter. Yet the contract price for this stupendous piece of work was only 5,000*l.*, increased subsequently to 6,000*l.* Labour is certainly cheap in the island, stonemasons being paid three francs per diem, and the girls who carry off the earth and rubble from twelve to fifteen sous; but it is very inferior. To watch the latter working would drive an English contractor out of his senses. Each of them has a basket which will hold probably half a hundredweight, and, with their baskets carefully poised on their heads, they march to and fro between the point of excavation and the point of discharge at the rate of one mile an hour. From observations made on the spot, I calculate that the weight of earth carried by one of these human wheelbarrows during the day is, supposing the distance traversed each trip one hundred yards, something over a ton. How many of them it would take to perform the work of one English navvy I leave the reader to calculate. Easily though they take it, the work is more than enough for them. Most of those now employed on the road are quite young girls, but their faces are so drawn and worn that it is distressing to look at them. Badly fed, badly housed, the freshness of youth has completely disappeared ere they have well reached womanhood. Now that I have seen more of these Capri women, I am inclined to modify my sweeping condemnation of their general appearance, as exemplified in the person of my *ciucciara*. Some of them are not bad-looking. Without being the beauties that enthusiastic and not over-refined artists would have one believe, they are not devoid of a certain comeliness. Taking them all round, perhaps a score, or one per cent., might be called handsome, fifty more passable-looking; the remainder are decidedly plain, not to say ugly. A few have such blue eyes and light hair, that one cannot help

thinking of the English occupation of the island, whilst grey eyes and brown hair are so common that they seem to be the rule rather than the exception. Here and there one detects, or fancies that one does, the Saracenic profile; the Grecian, never. As to their figures, how can they possibly be graceful, when, from the time a girl can carry a basket, she is daily laden like a camel?

That poising weights on the head induces erect carriage is true enough; but they must be light weights. Carrying a pitcher of water from the well *à la Rachel* is one thing; carrying a barrel of wine or hundredweight of charcoal from the Marina to Ana-Capri, three miles up hill, is another. The former duty gives grace and pliancy to the figure, and stateliness to the step; the latter broadens the waist and shoulders, shortens the neck and back, and causes the overburdened drudge to tread like an elephant. All the posing in the world would not make a Capri woman graceful; and were artists to draw their island beauties as they are in the flesh, few people would, apart from their merit as works of art, look twice at their pictures. But, happily for them, few men are more fully alive to the soundness of the maxim, *L'art embellit la nature*, than the artists who have established themselves in Capri. Subjected to their judicious treatment, the hard black eyes are made to rival those of the "dear gazelle" in softness; the short, broad nose is lengthened, the long upper lip shortened, the square chin rounded, and the "model" so transmogrified that her own mother would not recognize her.

Before the culminating point is reached, the road crosses the old staircase, which has unfortunately been almost completely destroyed by the huge masses of rock dislodged from the cliff above by the workmen. It makes one sad to look at it, and almost regret that the new road was ever constructed. Were every invective that has been vented on those same steps turned into a paving-stone, there would be more than sufficient to pave the streets of Naples anew; were every drop of sweat that has fallen upon them collected, there would be enough water to flood them. And yet, now that this dreadful staircase has been superseded by a good macadamized road, every one seems to regret the

change. Says the heavily laden *contadina*, "The old way was the shortest"; says the artist, "It was infinitely more picturesque: that new parapet wall is a dreadful eyesore"; says the archæologist, "It had the merit of antiquity: it is not everywhere that one can tread in the footprints of a hundred generations." Even those whose every step in the olden time was accompanied by a malediction can remember how good a glass of very inferior wine tasted on reaching Ana-Capri. Massimino's tap is no longer the same tap that it used to be. Whilst contritely admitting that I have contributed my full quota of paving-stones to the presumed heap, I must candidly confess that, were it of any avail, I would cast my vote for the old state of things to-morrow. The new road is a very good road, a very creditable road, a very convenient road... for those who are thick in the wind and shaky on the pins; but, residing neither in Capri proper nor yet in Ana-Capri, the island being nothing more to me than a very picturesque, delightful spot wherein to spend a week or two during the spring and autumn, suffering neither from weakness of the legs nor from shortness of breath, I am selfish enough to regret the old staircase. Capri is not a place that will bear modernizing or civilizing: deprive it of its primitiveness, and the charm is gone. People there are in the world, unfortunately, who think otherwise, who can't leave well alone, and are miserable unless they are improving, according to their lights, somebody or something. The smaller towns along the Riviera having been so excessively civilized that the cost of living is now as high if not higher than in Paris or London, the pioneers—the forlorn hope of the reforming, refining army—have been forced to seek green fields and pastures new, and poor little Capri has been invaded. For the last two or three years a number of them have been striving hard to civilize the island, and give a little "tone" to Capri society. Prior to their arrival, the island was societyless: the residents did not associate with the visitors, nor the visitors with the residents; each lived independent of the other, and every one was happy and contented. To subvert the old order of things, to make of Capri an Italian Dinan or St. Malo, has been the endeavour of the interlopers; and they have been so far successful that natives and aliens are already

at sixes and sevens, and the once-peaceful little island has been turned upside down with their gallivanting, masquerading mummery and tomfoolery. The Caprese are so lamentably ignorant of the world and its ways, that they can't be made to understand that "a line must be drawn somewhere." In inviting foreigners to their *tarantelle* no line was ever drawn, no invidious distinctions made; all were welcome: why should they not be so, in their turn, at the four-francs subscription balls got up by the *forestieri?* What may be their criterion of eligibility? Lineage? Then why is Federico left out in the cold? His family is one of the oldest in Capri; he has an uncle a canon—a very big gun in the Church—and that he is a waiter is his misfortune, not his fault. Is it wealth? Old Cotogna, who could buy up the entire lot, is excluded. Is it virtue? Then should several of the invited be struck off the list. Were these self-constituted arbiters of elegance people of position, were they even rich, some excuse might be made for their presumption; but they have neither blue blood in their veins nor red gold in their pockets; they are as thrifty and as close handed as the natives, whose poverty they affect to despise. They are supremely ridiculous. That is the light in which the efforts of the refiners are regarded by the Caprese, and there are many who are not Caprese whose view of the situation is pretty much the same. The island is now in a transition state; it has lost the primitiveness which was its greatest attraction, and gained notoriety; the gay doings of "Capri society," its fancy balls, its private theatricals, and, above all, its "Badminton" (the game, not the cup), having been duly reported in a print of no less importance than the Nice *Observer*. The Niçois must have been wild with jealousy on discovering that their city was not the only fashionable winter resort in the Mediterranean, and that the gaiety of the Queen of the Riviera was eclipsed by that of Capri.

The plateau of Ana-Capri reached, the island seems so completely metamorphosed that the visitor rubs his eyes in complete bewilderment. What are those ruins to the left? Barbarossa—the castle of Barbarossa? Impossible! The corsair's stronghold is perched on the apex of a perfectly perpendicular cliff, whilst this is comparatively easy of access.

What are those heights beyond it? Solaro! Why they are only a few hundred feet high, whereas Monte Solaro is two thousand. One forgets the ascent that has been made, and that one is standing twelve hundred feet above the sea-level.

A short distance out of the village, just above the spot where the old staircase terminates, is the site of Tiberius' ninth villa, known as Capodimonte. There are so few traces of it remaining that, unless one's attention be specially directed thereunto by guide or hand-book, it is passed by unnoticed. Whatever may be left of the ancient fabric has long disappeared from sight, buried beneath the earth washed from the adjacent heights by the rains of centuries. A powder-magazine erected by the English marks the spot.

Neither guide nor guide-book is necessary to determine the position of the castle of Barbarossa, which stands on an eminence three hundred feet above it. Still in good preservation, it is the most striking object in the Ana-Capri landscape. The ascent thereunto is not quite so easy as it seems from a distance. It is rough, exceedingly rough, and of the steepest. In mediæval times it was the citadel of the island, the stronghold to which the inhabitants used to flee for safety on the first cry of "The Saracens are coming," and a more impregnable position it would be difficult to find. North, south, and east are precipices to look at which make one giddy; on the western side alone is the fortress assailable, and there by an ascent so steep that it would damp the ardour of the bravest corsair that ever wore turban. When Barbarossa made himself master of it, he must have starved the garrison into surrender. Properly provisioned, the Caprese might have snapped their fingers at king and corsair. Besides the battlements, two round towers, in very fair preservation, are still standing, as likewise the donjon keep, whence there is a superb view of the three gulfs, the lower portion of the island, and the table-land of Ana-Capri. With the exception of the small space on which stands the village, Ana-Capri is one vast olive-grove. The scenery is not so imposing as that of Lower Capri. Here are no beetling cliffs, no frightful precipices, no yawning ravines; Solaro looks quite sedate, and Barbarossa has its best side turned to the spectator. Although

extremely picturesque, the western side of the island will not, from an artistic point of view, bear comparison with the eastern. Elsewhere than in Capri the scenery would be pronounced beautiful, lovely, exquisite, enchanting; but, with the Salto and the view from Barbarossa fresh in the recollection, it is generally voted tame, the colouring too subdued and monotonous. To the archæologist Ana-Capri has little to offer in the shape of Roman remains. Of the twelve Augusto-Tiberian villas, four are supposed to have stood at this end of the island,—the first, as already stated, at Capodimonte, the second at Timberino, the third at Montecello, and the fourth at Damecuta; but it would require a divining-rod to determine their exact position. That they did once exist is evident, Roman bricks, stones with the mortar still adherent, pieces of marble, and tesselated pavement lying scattered about in every direction; or, if that be not sufficient to convince the visitor, he has but to summon the nearest *massaro*, who will, for a trifle, remove sufficient earth to disclose a portion of the foundation walls of the palace. All four had a northern aspect; they faced the Bay, and, so far as is known, not a single building of importance stood on the southern side of the plateau, that is, fronting the open sea. The most important was, or rather is, supposed to have been that of Damecuta, for the ground never having been properly examined, all that has been written on the subject is at best mere guess-work. Here would be a fine opening for some follower of Dr. Schliemann, with a little spare cash. Could an equitable arrangement be made with the Government as to treasure trove, it would be worth while excavating on a more extensive scale than has yet been attempted, if not at Damecuta, at some other spot where the ruins have been left undisturbed by the irrepressible curio-hunter. There are many such places in the island. Hadrawa, the German archæologist and antiquary who, at the close of the last century, was employed by King Ferdinand to superintend the excavations then being carried on in the island, did but make a beginning. His more important excavations were at the Villa Jovis, the Grotto di Matromania, Campo Pisco, the Palazzo a Mare, and the Thermæ on the south side of Castello, the last mentioned being the only one that was

thoroughly carried out. If the spoil was not as proportionally great as at Herculaneum and Pompeii, sufficient was found to justify further search. Why, then, were not the excavations continued? The answer is, that, every object of value having long since been carried off, digging and delving is mere waste of time and money. A more stupid response could not well be given, especially as the spoliation is almost invariably laid to that Caprese *bête noir*, Barbarossa.

Whoever the depredator may have been, it certainly was not Barbarossa. That worthy was a Mahometan—a man whose faith forbade him having in his possession any object in the likeness of living thing. The holy fathers of the early Christian Church having set him the example, that he destroyed every statue and bas-relief that came betwixt the wind and his nobility is likely enough; but that he caused excavations to be made simply that he might have the satisfaction of smashing all works of art found, is not to be entertained for a moment. He would no more have thought of carrying off a statue than of lading his vessels with the bricks of the Pharos; the sort of loot that he wanted—gold, silver, and precious stones—was much more easily extracted from the coffers of the living than from the ruined habitations of the dead.

Whenever the spoliation took place, it was centuries before Barbarossa. Everything points to the Romans themselves as the culprits. That they removed the more important works can admit of no doubt; but did they make a clean sweep? Did they carry off marble pillars, bas-reliefs, vases, all the internal decorations of these villas? The story of their having been, on the death of Tiberius, razed to the ground by order of the Senate is a story, and nothing else. Not only is there no record of such a decree having been issued, but, on the contrary, the writings of contemporary historians go far to prove that the villas were at various times inhabited by succeeding emperors. Which of them was it that commanded their demolition? On this point history is silent. It is not of much importance. Sufficient has been found by Hadrawa and others to prove that the spoliation, whenever it may have taken place, was not complete, and that many objects, having value in our eyes, were left behind by

the outgoing tenants, and, were the excavations continued, many hidden art-treasures would be brought to light. Where coins, medals, and fragments of costly marble are being constantly found by the vine-dressers, who merely tickle the earth with their *zappe*, it is surely not going too far to presume that more would be discovered by digging deeper.

A short distance from the Martello tower which marks the site of the Palace of Damecuta is Orico, where the French effected their landing on the memorable 4th of October, 1808. That they should have been permitted to do so does not redound to the credit of the Maltese and Corsicans whose duty it was to prevent them. Had they fought with any pluck, not a Frenchman would have planted his foot on the plateau of Ana-Capri, for the British position was so strong that it might easily have been held against twice the number of men engaged in the attack. Not only had the sea-cliffs to be escaladed, but, more terrible still, several hundred yards of a steep hill had to be mounted ere the assailants could obtain a firm foothold and cross bayonets with our men. Major Hamill, who commanded the Maltese, appears to have been the only man on the English side who distinguished himself. He fought valiantly, and when deserted by his men, refusing to surrender, was bayoneted on the spot where he stood. His remains rest in the church of Ana-Capri, and a marble tablet in the wall of the little piazza records his heroic death. An exquisitely ludicrous picture of the landing of the French, drawn on the spot by an artist of the period, can be seen at a house in the village. Were the English troops as stiff as they are depicted by this Caprese Horace Vernet, that they should have been beaten is not so surprising as that they should have managed to bend their legs sufficiently to run away.

Magnificent as are the views inland—if inland they can be called, where the spectator is never more than half a mile from the sea—the coast scenery is finer still. He whose explorations have been confined to *terra firma* has seen but half the island —the least interesting half. *The* excursion is the boat-excursion round the island.

Steering westward from the Grande Marina, the first object of interest is the Palazzo a Mare—the marine villa,—the Osborne

House of the Emperor Tiberius. Here, Father Neptune has assisted Father Time in the work of destruction. The dash of the waves has undermined the cliffs, and the front walls of the building have fallen bodily into the sea. Hadrawa made extensive excavations on the spot. Although the place had been evidently despoiled of its more costly decorations, as from its close proximity to the sea was only natural, many fine marble columns and mosaic pavements were discovered, besides an altar to Cybele, of exquisite workmanship. The fragments of white and coloured marbles found weighed 1,600 cantaji, or fourteen English tons.

Eastwards of the Palazzo a Mare in the valley of the Marina, stood the sixth and seventh palaces, at Truglio and Aiano respectively. Their exact position has never been satisfactorily determined, the entire valley being so overspread with ancient substructures that it is almost impossible to say where one building finished and the next began. Besides the palaces above mentioned, there are extensive Roman remains at Villa Nova, Sopra Fontana, Parate, Campo Pisco, as likewise at St. Costanzo, which is supposed to have been the site of the ancient city destroyed, of course, by Barbarossa. About a mile to the westward of the Palazzo a Mare is the world-renowned Grotto d' Azzurra. Through a rocky arch only just sufficiently high to admit the boat, a vigorous push on the part of the *marinajo*, and the visitor is suddenly transported from this matter-of-fact, work-a-day world to the "Enchanted Realms of Bliss—to the Siren's Cave, beneath the Blue Depths of Ocean—to Fairyland." The water is of the loveliest cerulean blue; the walls and roof of the grotto are tinged with the same colour; through the entrance comes a bright gleam of golden sunshine. It is weird and beautiful beyond description. As he sits, lost in admiration, the oar-compelling magician's slave and accomplice, an antiquated son of perdition, who has the while been quietly divesting himself of the shirt and drawers which constitute his entire apparel, takes a header into the water.

In the twinkling of an eye the slave of the oar has been transformed into an animated statue of composite parts—head and neck of bronze, frosted silver from the shoulders downwards.

Who says that it is caused by the refraction of the light from without; that it is an optical illusion; that the whole thing can be explained on scientific principles? Out with him! he has no business here. Friendly viator, do not believe a word of it. Accept rather the poetical explanation of Mouravieff, as given by Mangoni, in his 'Richerche sull' Isola di Capri,' "that the fisherman Glaucus, metamorphosed into a sea-god, having selected this grotto for a habitation, water and rocks changed forthwith to his own hue (Γλαυκος, blue), a colour which they have retained to the present day."

On yonder rock reclining, the azure scales of his armour glittering in the grotto's tremulous light, behold his godship surrounded by his court,—tritons, sounding a fanfare on their sea-shell trumpets; sirens, singing their most seductive lays; mermaids, coquettishly combing their tangled tresses, and casting sly glances from behind their mirrors at some dashing *attaché* in blue and silver, or gallant plunger in green and gold; many-hued dolphins, gambolling in the translucent water, and all the denizens of the vasty deep, from the unwieldy tunny to the lively fregalia, paying homage to their lord and king.

The local tradition ascribing the discovery of the grotto to a fisherman named Ferrara, in the year 1822, is simply absurd. So far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was minutely described by Capaccio; and that it was known to the Romans is beyond a doubt, a subterranean passage, now blocked up, leading from it to the heights overhead—very probably to the Palace at Damecuta. The grotto may have been the bathing-place of the ladies of the imperial harem, and Tiberius not unacquainted with the marvellous effects of the refracted light on the human form divine.

Between the Grotto d' Azzurra and the Punta di Carena, the south-western extremity of the island, the coast scenery is comparatively tame. The cliffs no longer rise vertically from the water, but terrace-wise to the plateau of Ana-Capri; the hill-sides are clothed with oak and olive, and the savage beauty which characterizes the eastern side of the island entirely disappears. The terraces above Orico are planted with cacti, whose mawkish fruit is sent in large quantities to Naples, where it finds

a ready market amongst the lower orders, who find everything excellent that is filling and cheap.

The Punta di Carena rounded, Capri is itself again. No more terraces, no more trees, no more verdure; nothing but sea-worn rocks, riven crags, and vertical cliffs, whose stupendous height dwarfs the dizzy Salto into a mere diver's leap. Beyond Limbo the wall of rock rises almost perpendicularly to the summit of Monte Solaro, a height of 2,000 feet. And, of those who visit Capri, ninety-nine out of every hundred return to Naples without having seen its southern coast. They pay a flying visit to the Blue Grotto, scamper to the Villa Jovis, if time permit, and feel perfectly satisfied that they have "done" the island, and seen everything that is worth the seeing. They have seen, I repeat, but one half of it—the least attractive half. From all points of view, the plateau of Ana-Capri excepted, Old Solaro looks imposing; but it is only when seen from his southern base that he can be called sublime. Were this water excursion undertaken solely to behold his seaward front, one would be amply repaid for one's trouble. But Monte Solaro is only one of many objects of interest along the southern coast. Here is the Grotta Verde, the green grotto, which rivals the Grotta Azzurra,—in my estimation surpasses it. Colour is entirely a matter of taste; one prefers blue, another green; and, whether blue or green, the tint of the water is in both grottos matchless. It is only when it comes to the setting of these two jewels of the deep that the emerald has the advantage. The sapphire is cut, but not mounted. The walls of the Grotta Azzurra are merely the sides of the box in which it reposes, and whose cerulean tinge detracts from rather than enhances its beauty. The emerald, on the contrary, has its lustre increased by the setting. The Passaggio Verde is not a grotto, but an arch hewn by the waves in the projecting cliff, and sufficiently large to permit the passage of a four-oared boat. The entrance is not, as at the Grotta Azzurra, through a hole of Stygian aspect. There is no sudden transition from bright sunshine to semi-obscurity. No need to wait five minutes to let the pupils of your eyes contract sufficiently to enable you to appreciate the exquisite tint of the water. The boat glides smoothly in, and you realize the wondrous beauty of the spot

at a glance. To say that the water is of the loveliest green would be to give a very faint idea of its beauty. Brighter than emerald, deeper than beryl, with a brilliancy possessed by neither, it is a colour that defies description. Emerald shot with opal is the nearest approach that I can make to it; and the setting, the deep blue sea at either entrance. Does the reader say that blue and green do not harmonize? Let him see the Grotta Verde, and he will feel inclined to alter or to modify that opinion. Those who assert that the Passaggio Verde is "greatly inferior" to the Grotta Azzurra must have visited it at an unfavourable hour. It should be seen late in the afternoon, when the sun is forty degrees above the horizon.

A quarter of an hour's pulling brings us to the point where the seaward cliffs of Monte Solaro terminate, and to the Piccola Marina. It being the height of the quail season, quail-catchers and quail-shooters are beating the hill-sides, whilst all along the shore are planted the high poles from which the quail-nets are suspended. Twice a year, in May and September, these birds visit the island—in the spring on their voyage from Africa to Europe, in the autumn on their return trip. Until recent times the quail harvest —the harvest of the air—was to the Caprèse of scarcely less importance than the harvest of the sea, the number caught annually being almost incredible, amounting, if one may believe old writers, to hundreds of thousands. The bishop of the island derived no inconsiderable portion of his revenue from a quail tax, and was known at the Vatican, not by his prelatical title, *Vescovo di Capri*, but by his sobriquet, *Vescovo delle Quaglie*—Bishop of the Quails. Since the beginning of the century their numbers have been steadily decreasing, and at the present time the amount caught barely suffices to pay the cost of the nets and the rather heavy tax that the present tax-levying government has thought fit to place upon them. The nets are of two descriptions—the standing and the fan. The former is of large size—say 200 feet in length by thirty in height, and is suspended from poles, a fold in the net catching the birds as they fall after striking. The latter, which may measure 20 feet when opened to its full extent, is attached to two light poles, and carried by the fowler, who is accompanied by a cur trained to the sport. With his net spread out in front

of him, the quail-catcher slowly advances, the dog beating the hill-sides in such a way as to flush the birds in the direction of his master, who, by bringing the two poles smartly together, catches them as they strike. It is tiring work, and not over-remunerative, fifteen quails being considered a fair day's take in ordinary seasons. Quail-shooting is much better sport; but to carry a gun one must take out a licence, price five francs—a prohibitory amount for the poor Caprese. At five sous apiece, the price at which the birds are usually sold, it would require a hundred of them to pay for the licence. The season is short, and the flight of the quails uncertain: to-day they may be in thousands; to-morrow not a feather is to be seen. All depends on the direction of the wind.

Capri is not a sportsman's paradise. Some woodcock visit the island in the month of November; but so very few, that they are hardly worth the seeking. By subsidizing the men working in the vineyards, one may bag, perhaps, fifteen or twenty brace in a season. An English pot-hunter, residing in the island, has raised the reward for every bird marked down, from ten sous to twenty (the bird in hand is only worth twenty-five), and so gets the pull over his brother sportsmen, who persist in adhering to the old tariff. The instant a cock is marked by one of the subsidized, off he rushes to the hotel where the *cacciatore* Inglese has taken up his quarters, to impart the glad tidings.

"A woodcock, your Excellency! A splendid fellow! Quick! quick!"

Whether the lurking-place of the said bird be on the summit of St. Michele or Solaro, at Timberio or Limbo, matters little to this mighty Nimrod; away he goes hot-foot to the spot. At twenty yards' distance he halts for a minute or so, to recover breath, and brace his nerves for the pot-shot. He is ready. The peasant throws a stone at the bush; up gets Master Cock; bang! and over he goes, or, more probably still, wings his flight unscathed to another covert, to be again marked down and have a franc paid for his signalment.

Seated on the projecting wall of rock, which serves as break-water to the little haven, his easel in front of him and a fisherman looking admiringly over his shoulder in rear, sits the ubiquitous

artist, sketching the Faraglioni. It would be interesting to know how many thousand artists of different nationalities have visited the island since the beginning of the century; how many times these Faraglioni rocks, and other equally favourite bits of Capri scenery, have been transferred to canvas. Was ever, I wonder, Exhibition of Royal Academy or Paris *Salon* without either landscape, sea-piece, or study from Capri figuring on the walls? So far as my memory serves me, there have been invariably two or more Caprese standing dishes in the bill of fare,—'The Faraglioni from the Piccola Marina'; 'A Capri Wedding'; 'Dancing the Tarantella'; 'Mariannina: Study of a Capri Girl'; 'A Capri Interior'; or similar subjects. As to the merit of these same works of art, I should be sorry to hazard an opinion. They sell. The artists now resident in Capri are not in the first flight. With two or three honourable exceptions, their time is almost entirely devoted to the production of "pot-boilers," *i.e.* pictures dashed off anyhow, and sold by weight, by measurement, by anything, rather than by high-art standard, to keep the pot a-boiling. They don't seem to pull very well together, these artists. Some of them have married Capri girls, and live anyhow, *à la Caprese*. The unmarried board at the Hôtel Pagano or de Francia, and, whether married or single, they are all jealous of one another.

Another five minutes and we have passed the gorge which ascends from the Piccola Marina to the level of the new road opposite the Palazzo Inglese, and are under the fortress-crowned heights of Castello. A few more strokes of the oars, and we sight the valley of Tragara and the village of Capri. This valley of Tragara is, as we have already said, one of the prettiest bits in the island, and is seen to even greater advantage from the water than from the terrace of the Hôtel Quisisana. The most conspicuous object in the foreground is the venerable convent of the Certosa, now turned into a prison-barrack for the reception of the more hardened defaulters of the Italian army. The presence of these ne'er-do-weels in the island, although not an advantage, is far from being the dreadful infliction that strangers suppose. They are, taking them all round, a very inoffensive lot, and have been sent to vegetate in Capri for misdemea-

nours which would in the English army have entailed no severer punishment than a few days' pack drill and confinement to barracks. To have been three times reported for drunkenness, ditto absence from barracks, the smallest deficit in the weekly accounts, is sufficient to consign the Italian soldier to the ranks of the *straf-bataillon* and to the tender mercies of the martinets in command of the military prisons.

The convent built and endowed by Giacomo Arcucci, seneschal to Queen Joanna I., was taken by King Ferdinand from His Lordship of the Quails, and presented to his brother of Ischia as a thankoffering, His Majesty having derived much benefit from the mineral waters of that island. The spoliation should have taken place two centuries earlier, or immediately after the disappearance of the plague in the year 1656, for during that fearful visitation the brethren did not distinguish themselves. They shut themselves up in their convent, and obstinately refused to hold communication with the outer world. Neither would they attend the sick, nor administer the sacraments to the dying. Passing the Point of Tragara we come to the Faraglioni, three conical rocks of great height, in the outermost of which is a natural arch, and through it our boat glides. Somewhere hereabouts was the ancient port and arsenal; but what its precise dimensions may have been, or how constructed, not a vestige remains to tell. A few hundred yards distant from the Faraglioni is the rocky islet where Masgaba, the favourite of Augustus, was buried; whilst beyond it again, high up in the deep ravine which separates the two Tuori, are seen the natural arch and the entrance to the Grotto of Metromania. At the foot of the Tuoro Grande is the water grotto—a cavern some two hundred feet in depth, which must be entered afoot, a wall of rock, beneath which the water percolates, preventing the ingress of boats. The inner section is dark as Erebus, and apart from the depth of water, which is considerable, has little to interest the visitor.

Another half-mile and we are beneath the ruined Pharos and the Salto, whence the *custode* is hurling boulders that the open-mouthed *forestiere* may comprehend how the "happy dispatch" was performed in the days of Timberio. A short time since, the

fatal leap was taken from the adjacent Capo—not by a human, but by a misguided donkey, the property of the hermit at the Villa Jovis. My boatman, who witnessed the catastrophe, says the way poor Neddy displaced the atmosphere was a caution to aëronauts. With neck outstretched, his fore legs wide apart, his tail at an angle of ninety, terror in every hair and bristle, down he came with a whiz that nearly frightened my informant out of his seven senses.

Meditating on the hermit's jackass, between whose sad fate and that of Tiberius'. victims I vainly endeavour to discover something in common, the last ten minutes of my water excursion round the island slips imperceptibly away. The keel of the boat grates on the shingle, and I find myself at the point from which I started five hours ago—the Grande Marina.

It is sunset. Sant' Angelo, Vesuvius, the entire sweep of the coast from Cape Minerva to Cape Miseno, is bathed in a flood of purple light; the sea in the foreground is of the loveliest violet tinge; in the shadow of the Vomero the distant city looms white and ghost-like.

Here at the Grande Marina, with the towering heights of Barbarossa between us and the western sky,

> "The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night";

but more rapidly than is the feather

> "wafted downward
> From eaglet in its flight,"

for in these southern climes there is little twilight. Hark to the bell of St. Costanzo! It is already the *venti-quattro*. The group of fishermen on the little pier disperses; lights appear in the windows of the cottages which line the beach, and the hymn to the Virgin Mother, which during the month of May is sung the whole day long by the Neapolitan *contadine*, comes floating on the soft evening air. Again the bell rings out: it is the Ave Maria, the Angelus.

> "Darker and darker
> The black shadows fall,
> Sleep and oblivion
> Reign over all."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WESTERN SHORE.

IF the eastern shore of the Bay of Naples be replete with classical and historical reminiscences, what shall be said of the western? From Virgil's tomb at the Mergellina to the Elysian Fields by Cape Misenum, ten miles as the crow flies, "there is scarcely a spot which is not identified with the poetical mythology of Greece or associated with some name familiar in the history of Rome."

At a villa on the shores of Posilipo Virgil wrote the Eclogues, Georgics, and Æneid; on yon rock overhanging the entrance of the Grotta di Pozzuoli his ashes were deposited, or are supposed to have been, for on this point, as on so many others no less important, learned doctors differ. The Roman columbarium, called rightly or wrongly the Tomb of Virgil, has been for ages a place of pilgrimage for travellers, lettered, unlettered, and barbarian, who have inscribed their names on its walls, and in the shape of souvenirs carried off from first to last many tons weight of rubble. Beneath the knives of travelling Vandals Petrarch's laurel has disappeared; that planted by Casimir Delavigne will have, ere long, to be replaced by a third at the hand of some poetaster of the period. A laurel—why not a birch? In the minds of many British pilgrims, mine own amongst the number, the Swan of Mantua is associated more with the birch than with the bay, with the pliant bamboo rather than the leafy laurel. And that reminds me how incompetent I am to discuss "the men of letters whose memories still linger on the shores of Misenum and Posilipo." The erudition displayed in Mr.

Murray's 'Handbook for Travellers in Southern Italy,' and in that portion of it devoted to the district west of Naples more especially, fills me with confusion. Silius Italicus, Athenæus Phædrus, Dion Cassius, Seneca, Lucretius, Cluverius, Donatus, Eusebius—why of one-half the authorities quoted so aptly I have not so much as heard. The schoolmaster has been abroad with a vengeance, so, to avoid humiliation, I had better confine myself to the prosaic present, and leave the poetic past and its associations to the senior classics and double-firsts in the employ of Mr. Murray. Quote from memory I cannot; to "crib" I am ashamed.

From the sublime to the ridiculous, to the gross, is but a step—just the distance that separates the Scoglio di Virgilio from the Scoglio di Frisio. Although ignored by the æsthetic Murray, the works of Frisio are more familiar to Neapolitans than those of Virgil, his fish-tank better known than that of Vedius Pollio or Lucullus; and to his marine villa, contiguous to the ruined palace of Donna Anna Carafa, flock, on fine summer's nights, the *élite* of the city, to inhale the cool sea breeze, gaze on the moonlit waters of the Gulf, and last, not least, to sup. To sup with Frisio no invitation is necessary—not even so much as a letter of introduction. If you desire to make his acquaintance, and taste the vongola soup and other delicacies for which his *chef* is famous, you have only to walk straight in and give your orders; the more you order, the better pleased he will be. To Signor Frisio's entertainments there is but one objection: instead of offering the parting guest an embroidered napkin, an intaglio, or other trifling object by way of memento, it is his highly reprehensible custom to present him with a slip of paper covered with hieroglyphics, which he calls *la nota*—in plain English the bill; for, not to mince matters, the Scoglio di Frisio is a restaurant, and mine host a cook.

Bedecked with villas, gardens, and vineyards, still deserving of its name derived from the Greek, and signifying cessation of grief, is the promontory of Posilipo. Although poets, orators, philosophers, and statesmen no longer dispute the possession of a single acre, as in the days of Augustus, many are the celebrities, literary, scientific, and artistic, who, during the present century,

have resided on its sunny slopes; and a more desirable spot for passing the evening of life could not possibly be selected. Cessation of grief!—freedom from care! It must be indeed a heavy load which the charms of Posilipo cannot lighten.

Between its smiling shores and those of adjacent Baiæ startling is the contrast. Melancholy in the extreme is the prospect over the Phlegræan Fields; dreary and desolate the coast of Pozzuoli. The city of Puteoli has gone down in the world since the days of the Cæsars. For some centuries it was partially submerged; but the subterranean forces, which in the year 1538 threw up Monte Nuovo, gave it an upheave sufficient to place it several feet above the sea level. Since 1780 the ground has been again sinking, but very slowly—a quarter of an inch annually according to Niccolini, and at that rate its re-submergence will take no less than ten centuries. It is highly improbable that I shall live quite so long, but just within the limits of possibility that some of us may be still extant when the capitals of the Corinthian columns of its Serapeon shall disappear beneath the blue waters of the Bay. The same forces which upheave engulf, and it may happen that the subsidence of the ground whereon it stands will be a trifle more rapid than two feet per century. Far be it from me to wish evil to Pozzuoli or any other city, but I should like to see it just a *leetle* less elevated than it is at present—say fifty fathoms below high-water mark. If I kept on wishing for a month, I could not possibly wish for anything that would be more beneficial to it; for it is the dirtiest of cities, and a thorough washing and soaking would do it an infinity of good, as likewise its inhabitants. Instead of Pozzuoli, it should be called Puzzoli—the city of stinks—and the people Puzzauoli; stinkards. They are worse than stinkards; they are pests. The chief industry of the place is the manufacture of antiquities; and to palm them off on the verdant foreigner, to guide him against his will, and to importune him for *bajocci*, would seem to be the sole occupation of its inhabitants. Until he has spent half an hour in Pozzuoli, let no man say that he understands the signification of the verb to pester.

"Does his Excellency want to see the Solfatara, the Amphitheatre, the Temple of Serapis?" His Excellency does not.

He has done the place half-a-dozen times already, and could act as guide himself on an emergency: the Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano, extremely interesting to people who have never beheld Vesuvius or Etna in eruption; the Amphitheatre, larger than that of Pompeii, smaller than that of Capua, not to be compared with that at Verona—scene of Saint Januarius' miracle one hundred and one,—wild beasts refused to eat him—too tough; best portions of Serapeon removed; Corinthian columns of African marble in the Theatre of the Palace of Caserta; statue of Serapis in the Museum at Naples; Temple of Neptune, under water; Temple of the Nymphs, ditto; Mole restored by Antoninus Pius, and the scene of one of Emperor Caligula's maddest freaks, ditto. Drive on, coachman. If you want to breathe your horses, do so in a purer atmosphere than this of Pozzuoli.

Lakes Lucrinus and Avernus! Now is the time and place for a few quotations, for a little, judicious "padding." The temptation is great, but I will resist it. How many years have rolled away since first I heard thy dread name, O Avernus! and with an exceedingly irascible, cane-flourishing pedagogue for guide and mentor, I visited in fear and trembling thy shores and woods and caverns? More than I care to remember; and yet it seems but yesterday. Time has mitigated, to some extent, my aversion for thee, and that stupid Æneas, following whose footsteps in the world of spirits caused me such a world of woe; but not one atom my loathing and contempt for the cruel, cowardly tyrant who was my Sibyl on that weary pilgrimage. Were I to meet him now,—which is not probable, since he must long since have taken his departure for Tartarus,—I would hasten to prove to him, in his own person, that "easy is the descent to Avernus." Avernus! Can this contemptible fish-pond be the Lake Avernus of my school-days?—Avernus the demon-haunted, the unfathomable, the infernal, the principal entrance of hell! Is it possible that those scrubby chestnut thickets are the Cimmerian forests, these gutters the roaring torrents described by the poet; and that yon dank, dismal tunnel in the tufa cliff is the Sibyl's mystic cavern, whence pious Æneas took his departure for the realms of darkness? Not to be dis-

appointed with Avernus, one must be either a poet or an enthusiast of the Mrs. Blimber stamp. To me the Infernal Lake is as great a "sell" as the Tarpeian Rock or the Tomb of Juliet.

If Pozzuoli have gone down in the world, still more so Baiæ. It does not require any more sinking; it is low enough as it is—so low that some of its ancient villas and palaces can only be visited in a diving-bell. So dreary and deserted is the site, that at first glance the visitor feels mightily inclined to question the veracity of the historian, and to doubt whether Baiæ—Baiæ the gay, the fashionable, the dissolute, the beloved of emperors, statesmen, and poets—ever existed. But when he is shown the enormous substructures lying under water, and the masses of solid masonry wherewith the surrounding hills are overspread, incredulity gives place to amazement. What towns of lath and plaster are Brighton, Newport, and Trouville, when compared with this "Rome by the Sea," where the materials used for the foundations of a single villa would more than suffice for the construction of a dozen "genteel marine residences" of the modern style! What would a Roman architect think of the cardboard streets and squares, and the stucco crescents and terraces, of an English watering-place; of those "eligible family mansions" wherein dancing is dangerous, and to venture on whose balconies is perilous in the extreme? Echo answers, "What!" That the magnificence of Baiæ was not exaggerated its ruins sufficiently testify: that it was the most dissolute of cities may be accepted on the authority of Cicero, Martial, and a host of poets and historians, who, despite the prevailing laxity of morals, made it at one time or another their home. Sensible men, very; for how shall the moralist write authoritatively unless he live in the tents of the ungodly, and observe their wicked ways? It was not by shutting himself up in his closet, and by living the life of an anchorite, that the "Preacher" discovered how there is no new thing under the sun, and how all is vanity and vexation of spirit. There is precious little to sing or write about now, unless it be tertian fever and oysters. Baiæ is about the very last place to which any sane man would come for amusement: it is the abomination of desolation; and the sight of the sallow, emaciated daughters of the land would make

Don Juan virtuous as Joseph. The beauty of the Bay has been vastly overrated: it is pretty—nothing more. There is nothing to detain us in Baiæ, *cocchiere mio;* so whip up thy horses, and continue on thy way. Thou needest not again draw rein until thou arrivest at thy destination—Miliscola. That the Carceri di Nerone and the Piscina Mirabilis are highly interesting I am aware; the former as affording further evidence, if further evidence were needed, that the Emperor Nero was the greatest dabbler in brick and mortar that ever existed, every other ruin one passes being a something or other di Nerone; the second as showing what much better architects were the ancients than the moderns, and that, different to ourselves, the Romans believed in the wisdom of the adage, "What is worth doing, is worth doing well." To supply their fleets with water they built an aqueduct, the Julian, fifty miles in length, and a reservoir two hundred and twenty feet by eighty-three, and to such purpose that after a lapse of eighteen centuries the reservoir might serve again to-morrow. To supply a population of 500,000 with drinkable water, you Neapolitans cannot construct so much as a conduit to the sources of the Sarno, which are but twenty miles distant from your city. Put that in your pipe, my friend, and smoke it; and no longer think yourself the superior of those whom, for want of a better name, you are pleased to call *gli antichi*—the ancients. On many subjects their ideas were not half so antiquated as are those of your fellow-countrymen and of mine own.

The reservoir which supplied the Roman fleet with water has stood the wear and tear of centuries far better than the port where it lay at anchor—that celebrated Portus Miseni, now the Mare Morto, which has become so choked with sand, that there is barely sufficient water to float a dingy, and allow the shoals of fish that frequent it to wag their silvery tails. Dead, and very nearly buried, is the Port of Misenum; and not particularly animated the country lying between it and Lake Fusaro, where smiled the Elysian Fields before their removal to Paris. Everything that was worth removing has been removed. The owls and the bats are lords of Cumæ; and I have it on the authority of an American, concerning whose veracity there cannot be the

shadow of a doubt, that the Cumæan Sibyl, the self-same lady who sold the tomes to Tarquin the Proud, has emigrated to New York city, where, in a back room on the fifth floor of a brick tenement building, in a street off the Bowery—I forget the name—she can be consulted on present and future events any day, between the hours of ten and four, for the small sum of half a dollar.

But here I am at Miliscola. Say, my bold mariner, for how much will you take me across to Casamicciola? For thirty francs, eh?

Coachman, instead of crossing over to Ischia, as was my intention, I will return to Naples. It looks as though it were going to breeze up from the westward; and these boats are none of the safest. Besides, the fare from Naples to Casamicciola is only five francs—twenty-five francs less than from Miliscola. The times are hard; and twenty-five francs is worth saving.

You will take me for twenty francs: I am certain of it. When your horses are baited, coachman, let me know.

Will I give fifteen francs and a *buona-mano?* Why should I? I have a carriage, and can return to Naples for nothing.

What will I give? Eight francs, and such *buona-mano* as I may think proper.

You won't take it? Don't!

A Signor Inglese gave you thirty no later than yesterday. More fool he!

It is the tarifa. *Addio!* Whilst they are making up their minds to take me for ten, I will sit me down on the shingle and, with the aid of my Murray, endeavour to screw up my enthusiasm to scholarly pitch.

"It was in the Portus Miseni that the conference took place between Augustus, Antony, and the younger Pompey. When the two triumvirs went, unarmed, on board Pompey's ship, to arrange the partition of the empire, Menas, the admiral of the fleet, asked Pompey if he should cut the cables, and make him master, not only of Sardinia and Sicily, but of the whole Roman empire. 'You should have done it, Menas,' was the answer, 'without asking me. Let us now be content with our present fortune, for I know not what it is to violate my pledged word.'"

Eighteen hundred years hence, in the histories of the period, a similar conversation will very probably be recorded as having taken place between the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, on board a German ironclad, in the port of Kiel, where the great triumvirate of the nineteenth century had met together for a "Conference." "Sire," said Bismarck, "shall I slip the anchor, and make you master, not only of Germany, but of those German-speaking provinces of Austria and Russia for which your noble heart longs, and thus military dictator of the whole of Europe." "You should have done it, Bismarck," was the answer, "without asking me. Let us for the present be content with our five milliards, and the provinces we have filched from France and Denmark, and from our cousins-german of Hanover and Brunswick, and pray protecting Heaven that some bone of contention may arise between our brother-potentates which will make them fight like Kilkenny cats, and so enable us to get what we want in a loyal and Hohenzollern-Bismarckian manner."

On the headland of Misenum is buried the trumpeter of Hector and Æneas, who erected a monument to his memory, just as masters nowadays put up a "tablet" in memory of their faithful servitors, and record their decease in the obituary column of the *Times*. Not to their trumpeters. It is no longer the fashion to keep one; every man is his own.

At Misenum was situated the Villa Lucullus, where Tiberius was smothered; and between it and Baiæ those of Cæsar (Julius), Hortensius, Piso, Crassus, Cato, Pompey, Sylla, Domitian, and other celebrities too numerous to mention. On the opposite headland stood the Villa of Cornelia, the daughter of Scipio Africanus and the mother of the Gracchi, who must have lived to a great age, for, if I be not very much mistaken, she was seen quite recently at some town in the United States by a traveller of the name of Chuzzlewit.

"The long-narrow strip of beach which connects the promontory of Misenum with the Monte di Procida, and separates the Mare Morto from the sea, still bears, in an abbreviated form, the ancient name of Militis Schola—the parade-ground of the soldiers or marines of the Roman fleet. The beach is now used

as the place of embarkation for Ischia by those who prefer the short passage across the channel, called the Canale di Procida, to the voyage from Naples."

Right you are, my Murray, and so am I; for here come the boatmen to tell me that they will take me across to Casamicciola for ten francs and a *buona-mano*, as I guessed they would. Launch your skiff, my hearties, and let 's be off."

Very imposing looks the Castle of Procida from the water, and scarcely less picturesque than the Castle of Ischia, which Stanfield's picture has made so widely known. The island is not so much visited as it deserves to be. The view from the castle is superb. To the left the Gulf of Gaeta; to the right that of Naples; in front the bold headlands of Miseno and Monte di Procida and the shores of Cumæ and Liternum. The entire island is in the highest state of cultivation, and the inhabitants, by all accounts, the most orderly and industrious of the Neapolitan provinces, if not of the entire kingdom. Having had little intercourse with foreigners, they are naturally somewhat deficient in civilization. The men are frank and independent; the women not to be bought with gold. It would fare ill with any *milordo Inglese* who should insult a Procidana. Procida is not Capri, where any offence short of murder can be condoned for a few ducati, and where the foreigner is at liberty to play the satyr, provided he pay his way. The people hold fast to old habits and customs, and live in the same humdrum fashion as did their fathers before them any time these two thousand years. They build their own ships and sail them, intermarry, are subject to that most ridiculous of all diseases, nostalgia, and on the feast of their patron, San Michele, dance the tarantella in precisely the same manner as it was danced by their ancestors at the time of its first introduction from Taranto, hundreds of years ago. The island has traditions, but no history of its own, the only historical personage in any way connected with it being Giovanni da Procida, whose patrimony it was. Not so Ischia. It is as full of historical associations as an egg 's full of meat, and has had nearly as many historiographers as Baiæ itself. It has been called successively Pithecusa, Ænaria, Inarime, Iscla, Ischia; been occupied by Greeks, Syracusans, Romans, Saracens,

Pisans, Spaniards, French, English; been described by Homer, Virgil, Strabo, Pliny, and a host of travelling *literati;* and given shelter to Æneas, Marius, Ferdinand the Second, and Frederick of Aragon, and to the widows of Mattheus Corvinus, King of Hungary, of Galeazzo Visconti, of the Marchese del Vasto, and last, not least, to the widow of the great Pescara, the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, whose beauty, talents, and virtues were the theme of so many Italian writers of the sixteenth century, Ariosto the chief. Unlike the sister island, Capri, which presents no traces of volcanic action, Ischia has been celebrated from the earliest ages for what, in default of a better word, may be termed eruptiveness. Five hundred years before the Christian era, an outburst of Monte Epomeo forced its inhabitants to flee to the adjacent mainland; again in 262 B.C., and again in 92 B.C.; whilst minor eruptions are said to have occurred in the reigns of Titus, Antoninus Pius, and Diocletian. In the year 1302 of our era, the tyrant of the mountain, the giant Typhæus, had his last dangerous attack; since then his innards have been comparatively quiet. But he is terribly afflicted with boils and eruptions of the skin, his pulse is feverish, his temples throb, and there is no saying how soon he may be taken "real bad" again. It is the opinion of the faculty that so long as he keeps his pores open, and his brother-demons of Vesuvius and Etna do not overload their stomachs, his general health will continue pretty much the same as during the past six hundred years. In the contrary case, the chances are that there will be another dreadful eructation. He looks all right just at present, I am pleased to see, and much more staid and respectable than that old reprobate, Vesuvius, who, from the volumes of smoke he is emitting, must be "puffing his pipe" rather faster than usual.

"How gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair!" Whilst I have been making these few hurried notes, we have slipped across the Canal of Procida and are close into Ischia. There stands the picturesque old castle, with its grey walls, turrets, bastions, and causeway, just as in Stanfield's picture. There is the lava-current of 1302; and there Bagno d'Ischia, with its little port and the marine villa erected by King Ferdinand the

Second. This point is the Punta di Perrone; those kilns along the shore, the potteries where are manufactured the tiles for which the island is celebrated; and here we are at Casamicciola. Why, where are the donkey-girls and porteresses? In Capri my boat would have been signalled half an hour ago, and there would have been a score of bare-legged damsels on the pier, disputing the possession of his Excellency and his Excellency's baggage; possibly because Ischia is not Capri, and the Ischians not so dependent on the foreigner as the Caprese. All the better. I will take Shanks's mare, and save donkey hire.

A macadamized road, by all that 's wonderful! and trees and side-walks, and lamps and houses in decent repair, and women with shoes and stockings. This is civilization, indeed! When it comes to settling my hotel bill, I shall probably discover it in the shape of figures. What is the name of my caravansary? The Great Hotel of the Little Sentinel. Great and little don't seem to harmonize; but Napoleon and Wellington and Monsieur Thiers are evidences that it is possible to be little and great at the same time. Perhaps it may mean that the charges are great; the accommodation little: we shall see.

What a queerly constructed house it is! It reminds one of the Café de Madrid, in the Bois de Boulogne, built with the view of checkmating too inquisitive husbands. In lieu of windows, my bed-room has two glass doors, one "giving" on a terrace, the other on a garden. Should Mr. Bluebeard present himself at the garden entrance, Mrs. B. could slip out on the terrace; if on the terrace, into the garden. At this season (May), and during the summer months, glass doors are a decided advantage; but in the winter, when the tramontana is blowing, I can imagine there may be a trifle too much ventilation. Spring is the Capri season; summer the Ischian, when Casamicciola is so thronged with bathers that it is no easy matter to find accommodation. From the earliest ages the mineral waters of Ischia have been in high repute. Their curative properties were extolled by Strabo and Pliny, and modern writers would seem to be still more convinced of their efficacy. Powerful they are, without doubt, but their action is very uncertain. Immense benefit may be derived from their use, and serious injury occasioned. Never having had need

to try them myself, I am unable to speak of their effect from personal experience: but from what I have been told by persons entitled to speak *ex cathedrâ*, I have little hesitation in saying that they should only be resorted to after the waters of Carlsbad and Aix-la-Chapelle have been tried and failed to afford relief, and never without the advice of some eminent physician unconnected with the establishment. If the invalid fail to find a spring suitable to his peculiar disease, it will not be because the choice is so limited, for the entire island is one great therma. There are springs at Ischia, Casamicciola, Lacco, Forio, Panza, Moropano, Maronti; waters for the cure of paralysis, gout, sciatica, scrofula, dyspepsia, hysteria, deafness, hypochondriasis; waters for wounds, ulcers, fractures, diseases of the skin, eyes, bones, joints, muscles, liver, kidneys; waters for the cure of sterility and uterine complaints; waters for cooking, for bleaching, for softening the skins of fowls, and whitening the hands of ladies; waters for every disease and ailment which flesh is heir to, consumption of the purse, which we all know to be incurable, alone excepted. In the words of Doctor Dulcamara, these Ischian waters

> "Muove i paralitici,
> Spedisce gli apopletici,
> Gli asmatici, gli asfitici
> Gl' isterici, i diabetici;
> Guarisce timpanitidi,
> E scrofole e rachitidi,
> E fin il mal di fegato
> Che in moda diventò."

Prettily situated on a verdant hill-side is the village of Casamicciola; charming the view from the terrace of the Piccola Sentinella. It is not so extensive as that from the Hôtel Tiberio at Capri, but it is infinitely more smiling and home-like. Green, not grey, is the predominant colour; instead of cliffs and crags, there are hills and valleys. The Gulf of Gaeta, although not to be compared with the Bay of Naples, has a beauty of its own—the beauty of quiescence. All along the coast, as far as the eye can reach, scarcely a village is to be seen: the contrast between its peacefulness, its lonesomeness, and the high-pressure vitality of the shores of the Bay of Naples is very striking and soothing. Whether

it be from savagery to civilization, or from civilization to savagery change is ever grateful. After the noise, turmoil, heat, and dust of Naples, to behold a little unsophisticated nature is unspeakably refreshing—at least it is so to me. I cannot imagine a Neapolitan loving Nature for Nature's sake, or his living alone with her for any length of time, say in the Australian bush or the backwoods of America. A week of it would suffice to drive him crazy; before the expiration of the first month he would be dead. Were there no better pioneers than modern Neapolitans—no better settlers—those millions of fertile acres which are crying aloud, "Come till us, come till us!" would have to continue crying until the end of time, and this wide, wide world of ours would remain *in statu quo.*

That there were no donkeys at the Marina yesterday was not owing to the island being insufficiently provided with them. Here are half-a-dozen drawn up in front of the hotel, with their attendant *ciucciari*, who, if not as importunate as the Capri *ciucciare*, are quite pertinacious enough.

"If it be his Excellency's desire to make the ascent of Monte Epomeo, there is the donkey, Garibaldi by name, that is able to carry him."

"Have they no bigger donkey than the General?—no Don Carlos or Franceschin?"

"They have not."

"Then, the old hero let it be. If he carry me to the top of Epomeo without slip or stumble, it will be more than sufficient to convince me that he has not been misnamed."

For the valetudinarian, Ischia is preferable to Capri. It is possible to do a mile or two without having either to double to and fro like a bear in a cage, or to emulate the acrobatic feats of the nimble chamois. There is a fairly good road from Ischia to Casamicciola, four miles; and a middling one thence to Foria, three miles further. One can take a drive without being shaken to pieces, and a ride without the risk of a purl.

The baths are a great improvement on those of Castellamare; not only are they more spacious, but cleaner—for Italy, very clean. At the principal spring, the Gurgitello, there are a hospital for poor patients, making up four hundred beds, and two

private establishments, both sufficiently commodious to entitle them to rank as first-class hotels. The Gurgitello is one spring of many. In and around the village are a dozen others, varying in strength and in temperature from 98° up to 210°, or two degrees below boiling-point. The precise number of sources in the entire island does not seem to be known; but over fifty have been subjected to chemical analysis, and their peculiar properties tested and described.

When I said that it was possible to ride in Ischia without risking a purl, I should have added, provided the visitor does not attempt the ascent of Monte Epomeo from its northern base The short road to the summit is several degrees steeper than that to Monte Solaro, and; did I not hold on like grim death to Garibaldi's mane, I should slip over the crupper. The dangers of the ascent are considerably enhanced by the passage, from time to time, of files of clay-laden donkeys, which, being no respecters of persons, keep shoving against the General as though he were quite an ordinary quadruped, and his rider no better than a charcoal-burner. The subversive tendencies of the age would seem to have extended to the brute creation. The badness of the road is more than counterbalanced by the beauty of the prospect. It is very lovely, and at the same time perfectly novel. Were it not for Vesuvius smoking in the distance, I should never guess that the Bay yonder was the Bay of Naples. One advantage the Bay of Naples has over all other bays, it is as ever varying as the forms in a kaleidoscope; from no two points does it present the same aspect.

The view from Capri is widely different to that from Sorrento, from Sorrento to that from Castellamare, from Castellamare to that from Naples, and from Ischia to that from any other point of the entire panorama. Which may be the best standpoint is a matter of opinion. Some swear by Capri, others by Sorrento, others by Naples or the Camaldoli; and that it should be so is sufficient to prove, if proof were needed, that it is pre-eminently beautiful—as nearly perfect as it is possible for bay to be. By reason of its commanding the entire "Crater of the Gulf," minus the bit between Sorrento and Castellamare, which is hidden by the Point of Massa, I hold by the Salto di Tiberio, in the island

of Capri, otherwise I should almost be inclined to give my suffrage in favour of Monte Epomeo; for if from the Salto are seen Cape Minerva, the islands of the Sirens, the Gulf of Salerno, the Plain of Pæstum, and Point Licosa—the *Promontorium Posidium* of the ancients—the view hence embraces the still more classic shores of Baiæ, Misenum, Cumæ, and Liternum, the islands of Capri and Procida, and the Gulf of Gaeta, with Monte Circello, the fabulous island of Circe, in the distance. In the one island are cliffs and crags and ruined palaces; in the other mountain and plain, hills and vales, chestnut woods, orchards, vineyards; and on every side the most luxuriant vegetation. Bishop Berkeley—whoever he may have been—described the island as "an epitome of the whole earth." Having neither down nor heath, nor steppe nor prairie, nor savannah nor fen, nor bog nor river, nor lake nor glacier, nor forest nor bush, an epitome of the whole earth it is not; a *multum in parvo*, rather. That it should have been such a favourite residence with the exiled can be easily understood. Were I sentenced to banishment, and permitted to select my place of abode, it is more than probable that I should fix upon it myself. But not the Hermitage on the summit of Monte Epomeo, for a more undesirable residence it would be hard to find. The first to locate on the mountain was a lady—a certain Beatrice della Quadra—who fixed upon it as a "retreat" for herself and some other ladies of her acquaintance to whom the world was out of joint. Their stay was of short duration. Owing to the over-loneliness of the site, or to its unprotectedness, or to the absence of holy fathers to whom to confess their sins, or for some other equally valid and womanly reason, they removed to the Castle of Ischia, and for many years Typhæus had the mountain all to himself. In the reign of Charles III. of Spain, the captain of the island, Joseph Arguth, a German, in fulfilment of a vow which he had registered in a moment of peril, exchanged his casque for a cowl, and took up his abode in the Hermitage, which he forthwith proceeded to enlarge and embellish. By burrowing like a rabbit in the soft tufa, he added a refectory and a few cells for the accommodation of any member of the conine order who might choose to burrow with him; and, that done, he lived, according to tradition, in the

odour of sanctity and of damp tufa until the day of his death, which, unless he had a constitution of iron, must have been very shortly after the completion of his excavations. There being no lack of simpletons in the world, nor of lazy rascals who are ready to live anywhere, and to become anything, rather than perform a stroke of honest work, the Hermitage of San Nicola had, until very recently, its full complement of anchorites. Now there is but one; and I wish him joy of his proprietorship. What with the rains in spring, and the glare in summer, and the lightning in autumn, and the bitter winds in winter, and the damp and isolation at all seasons, Mr. Hermit must have a high old time of it. That his asceticism is like that of the "Monks of the Screw," simply owing to his having nothing to eat, the visitor who has anything toothsome in his luncheon-basket will not fail to discover.

The descent of the mountain by its opposite slope is sufficiently easy. A ride of an hour through plantations of oak and chestnut brings us to the village of Panza, at Monte Epomeo's western base, where the General is, to his evident satisfaction, once again on the level ground, or what is considered level by an Ischian donkey. The country between Panza and Forio, the most important town in the island, is in a high state of cultivation. Bishop Berkeley's description of Ischia in 1717 still holds good:—"The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn, but are mostly covered with vineyards, interspersed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c., they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie everywhere open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chestnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. But that which crowns the scene is Mons Epomeus. Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy, pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about 300 miles in length, from the Promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus."

Leaving Forio, with its numerous mediæval towers, to the left, the road leads through a somewhat uninteresting country to Lacco, a village on the seashore, below Casamicciola. Lacco is industrial, piscatory, thermal, and saintly. It is the head-quarters of the straw-hat manufacture, for which, and for tiles made of clay, the island is celebrated. The work is pretty, flimsy, and cheap. The wages earned by an Ischian girl would scarcely satisfy a Dunstable or Luton straw-plaiter, poorly paid though she be. To make fifteen sous a day, she must be a first-rate hand. A lady's hat can be purchased from the hawkers for one franc; an elaborate hand-basket for one franc and fifty; and the wholesale price can hardly be more than half that amount. The women plait, the men fish; and their united earnings enable them to live tolerably comfortable for southern Italians. The mineral waters, which would, in any other place save Ischia, be veritable streams of Pactolus, add but little to the prosperity of the inhabitants. The Restituta and Isabella springs, which are just as efficacious in rheumatic affections, paralysis, and scrofula as the Gurgitello, perhaps more so, pour their healing waters into the sea, to the benefit, it is to be hoped, of the tunny and other fish which frequent the shores. The sand-baths are more in vogue than the water-baths: they may be taken either at the thermal establishment by payment, or gratis on the seashore, where, by digging to the depth of a foot, a bath can be had at a temperature of 120° Fah.! The shore of Lacco, with its black shining sand and its sulphureous fumes, is perfectly diabolical. The Bay itself is sweetly pretty, but in its case "distance lends enchantment to the view."

Lacco's claims to sanctitude rests on the very flimsy grounds that Santa Restituta was cast ashore there on her voyage from Egypt, and that a lily which she carried along with her (an Egyptian lily, probably) will grow nowhere else on the island. She was not even buried here. Her relics repose in the cathedral of Naples, in a chapel on the opposite side of the nave to that where Januarius and his bottles are stowed away. That she is the patron saint of the town is a matter of course. She is more; she is the patron saint of the island, of which having now seen

the most interesting portion, I am not sorry to see the roof of my hotel. . . . . .

I came for three days, and have stayed three weeks, and would stay three months had I not made other engagements. Now that I have seen Ischia, I have no desire to revisit Capri. Capri is very delightful for two or three days, or even a week; but it is not the place for a lengthened sojourn. After one has seen all that is to be seen in the way of ruins, grottos, cliffs, and rocks, the best thing to do is to go. In Ischia are pleasanter walks, more shade, better accommodation, a daily post, and last, not least, better company. It is slightly the dearer place of the two, but very slightly. In presuming that the "Great Hotel of the Little Sentinel" meant that the bill of charges was high, and the bill of fare little, I counted without mine host. I should have construed it in the other way. Adieu, Ischia! No, not adieu; but *à bientôt.*

CHAPTER XV.

GULF OF SALERNO, AMALFI, AND PÆSTUM.

THANKS to General Pallavicini, to whom was confided the task of suppressing brigandage in the Principato Citra, the Pæstum bound pilgrim no longer requires a cavalry escort to ensure his safety. The road across the Plain of Salerno is now as free from brigands as that from Naples to Baiæ; the only attack to be dreaded, an attack of fever, should the excursion be made during the season of malaria.

The easiest and pleasantest way of doing the Gulf of Salerno is to go there by water and to return by land. In fine weather nothing can be more delightful than a water excursion along the Costiera d' Amalfi, and, by making an early start from Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi, Pæstum, Salerno, and La Cava may all be visited, and the traveller be back in Naples on the evening of the second day. Thus,—

Sorrento, departure, 7 A.M.; Blue Grotto, arrival, 9; Marina of Capri, 10; Salto di Tiberio (donkeys), 11; Capri village, 12; walk to Tragara and lunch, 11.30 P.M.; re-embark, 2; Amalfi, arrival, 6.30. Telegraph to Salerno for carriage to be at the station of Battipaglia at 9 A.M. Sleep. Amalfi, departure, 6 A.M.; Salerno, arrival, 8; Battipaglia, 9; Pæstum, 11; Cava, 5.30 P.M. Dine. Cava, departure, 8 P.M.; Naples, arrival, 10 P.M. By driving through Salerno to Cava time is saved, and the very picturesque four miles of road lying between the two towns seen to much greater advantage than from the railway. When the wind is fair, the journey to Pæstum can be made altogether by water; in that case the carriage must be in waiting at Pæstum instead

of at Battipaglia. A good boat and a stout crew are of course indispensable. Tommaso Aniello (Masaniello), boatman to the Hôtel Vittoria at Sorrento, can provide both. . . . . .

Under a fresh westerly breeze our lateen-sailed craft rounds Cape Minerva, and the Gulf of Salerno opens to the view. To our left stretches the Western Costiera, with Monte Sant' Angelo towering above it; to our right the broad waters of the Gulf, with Point Licosa low down on the horizon; ahead the range of lofty mountains behind Salerno; astern Capri. Two gulfs more dissimilar in every respect than those of Naples and Salerno it would be difficult to find. By doubling the headland which divides them, we have changed not only the scene but the epoch. In the space of thirty minutes we have retrograded as many centuries, and can imagine ourselves the contemporaries of Ulysses—home-returning votaries from that Temple of Minerva which he built. There is absolutely nothing to remind us that we are living in the nineteenth century, in a Christian and not a mythological age. Along this Western Costiera is not so much as a road; and the few villages on the mountain sides are just the sort of aeries that one would imagine Greek or Phœnician colonists to have built.

Our pilot, who has about as much poetry in his composition as an oyster, won't allow me to prolong my reveries of the past. With his confounded twaddle he yanks me back from ever so many centuries before the Christian era into this age of steam, telegraphs, penny papers, cheap excursions, and the rest.

"Excellency! the Galli—the Islands of the Sirens."

"And what are Sirens?"

I might just as well ask him to describe a Megatherium or a Dinornis. Hailing from Sorrento, I should not be surprised were he to tell me that they were in the "public line," *parente* of the portly landlord of the Albergo della Sirena, Signor Gargiulo. That he does not fear the sisterhood is evident; for, instead of giving the islands a wide berth, like the pilot of Æneas, he steers close in, and asks me whether it be my pleasure to land. A very bewitching Siren—a *sirenissima*—might induce me to do so, Signor Pilot; but, as I can't descry her beckoning me with her lily-white hand, ease off your sheet a trifle and let her rip."

And rip it is. As the sun declines in the west the breeze freshens, and, with her sails set wing and wing, our boat flies over the foam-flecked water.

One after another, the towns of Positano, Vettica Maggiore, Praiano, and Furore are left astern; and as the sun sinks below the horizon, we double the promontory of Conca, and open Amalfi and its Eastern Costiera. "Bring her to, my man, and let me leisurely behold the prospect." The traveller in search of the picturesque might travel a good many long years without seeing anything to surpass it. The artist who could transfer it to canvas has yet to be born, as likewise the author who could word-paint it. To give the outline and the predominant colours is the utmost the latter can do: the general effect must be left to the reader's imagination.

Against the western sky, like huge lion couchant, Capri; to its right the Sorrentine peninsula, slanting upwards from Cape Minerva to Monte Sant' Angelo's southern slopes. Between Cape Minerva and the spectator the Western Costiera, with its beetling cliffs, deep ravines, and background of lofty mountains; facing him, and forming the centre of the picture, Amalfi. To the right, the Eastern Costiera, as far as the Capo d' Orso, which hides Vietri and Salerno. In the extreme distance the mountain range behind the Plain of Salerno, culminating in Monte Alburno, behind Pæstum.

Colours:—For the sky, orange, yellow, buff, amber, maroon, crimson, carnation, fading away into rose towards the zenith. For the sea: purple, violet, ultramarine; and in the shadow beneath the cliffs, indigo. For Capri, the Sorrentine peninsula, the Western and Eastern Costiere, and the more distant mountains, purple, sapphire, and ultramarine. For the upper slopes of Monte Sant' Angelo, lilac; and for its summit, brick-red. For the towns of Conca and Amalfi, pale rose. Rub in, rub out, throw your daub aside, and declare the combination impossible, as it is, for any other colourist than Nature.

With its miniature mole, and a strip of shingly beach, its arcaded flat-roofed houses rising higgledy-piggledy, one atop of another, its four-storied green and yellow tiled Moorish campanile, its gorge, cliffs, and ruin-crowned mountain, most

picturesque of all towns is Amalfi. Seen from the water in the soft roseate evening light, it seems almost too picturesque to be real, having far more the appearance of a phantom, a Fata Morgana city than one of stone and mortar. So circumscribed is the space upon which it stands, so short the distance between sea and cliff, that the beholder can scarcely credit its having been at one time a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, the chief commercial emporium and naval arsenal of the Mediterranean, if not of the world. Other cities, which have fallen from their high estate, have some evidences of their former grandeur; Amalfi, not a vestige. There is hardly sufficient standing room for a city of one-fifth the size. No sign of a port, either natural or artificial. What has become of it? Could the surges speak, they might tell him; as they cannot, for enlightenment on the subject he must refer to the pages of history. They will inform him that the city's destruction, commenced by the Pisans, was completed by the elements in 1343, when a violent storm engulfed the shore lying between it and Atrani, which, before the catastrophe, was not a separate town, as at present, but part and portion of Amalfi itself—one and the same haven. Mole, breakwater, quays, docks, slips, water-towers, and bastions, everything that had escaped destruction at the hands of the Pisans was swept away, and the city left in its present exceedingly picturesque but sadly dismantled, condition. The once-famous Amalfitan fleet is now represented by a score of cranky coasting craft and fishing-boats; by a few manufactories of paper and macaroni, the city's ancient trade and commerce. Of all the priceless treasures which Amalfi erewhile possessed, one only, the least precious, remains to it—the body of Saint Andrew, which, minus the head, reposes in the crypt of the cathedral. The grease said to have exuded therefrom, and which, during the middle ages, was considered an infallible specific for every disease and affliction, and paid for accordingly, has ceased to flow, or ceased to be an article of Amalfitan commerce. A shake of the head, and a curt "Non che più," was the sacristan's sole response to my application for a sample. The only oil worth "striking" nowadays is petroleum. One Pennsylvanian "ile well" is of more value (monetary)

than the grease of Saint Andrew and of all his fellow-martyrs put together.

For four-and-twenty hours a charming place is Amalfi. To realize its surpassing beauty in shorter space is hardly possible; a longer sojourn serves but to make apparent its defects, and to dispel the charm and illusion. On a second visit, the disagreeable clatter of the paper-mills and the foulness of the streamlet in the romantic Valle de' Molini are much more perceptible than on the first; the road to the convent seems twice as rugged, and the view not quite so fine; the streets grow narrower, and gloomier, and dirtier each time they are traversed. Even the outlook from the Hôtel de' Cappuccini, which, during the first twenty-four hours, was pronounced "so excessively picturesque, so delightfully Italian, so very charming," is not half so attractive at the end of forty-eight. To sit on the balcony and watch the Phrygian-capped, bare-legged Amalfitans turning the wheat exposed to dry on the mole, and the fishermen mending their nets on the adjacent beach, and the black-eyed, sun-enbrowned women washing their clothes at the brook-side, and the mahogany-skinned children disporting themselves like a school of porpoises in the blue water, is very amusing for a few hours, but not for a few days. As the novelty wears away, one begins to perceive that the turning and sifting of wheat raises more dust than is altogether pleasant; that the unceasing jabber and chatter of men and women, and the shrill screams and laughter of children, are somewhat of a nuisance; and that there are odours other than those of Araby the Blest, which neither the bouquet of Signor Vozzi's wine nor the aroma of his cookery, which is better, are sufficiently potent to dispel.

"*Ponente* the wind, sayest thou, Antonio? So can we sail along the Eastern Costiera as far as Capo d' Orso, and then, with the wind abeam, shape our course for Pæstum."

Is there, I wonder, in any part of the world a more beautiful coast road than that between Amalfi and Vietri. Not that I have ever seen; and my peregrinations have been somewhat extensive. The Cornice is certainly very lovely, as likewise the road from Castellamare to Massa; but, taking everything into consideration, I am of opinion that this along the Eastern Cos-

tiera is superior to both. The distance between the two towns is only eight miles, and yet so innumerable are the bits of scenery worthy the artist's pencil that, were some modern "Luca fa Presto" to attempt to paint them all, death would overtake him before his task was completed.

Situated at the entrance of a deep and gloomy ravine, its white houses overhung by the precipitous cliff, with its tiny beach, its viaduct of ten arches, and quaint campanile, Atrani is scarcely less picturesque than Amalfi, from which it is separated by a projecting headland. Previously to the inundation of 1343 Atrani formed the eastern portion of the city, very probably the more important portion, for it was in the church of S. Salvadore di Bireto that the Doges were elected, and buried in its crypt when they behaved themselves. For tyranny, or some other high crime or misdemeanour, not a few of them were deposed and sent to end their days on the Islands of the Sirens, where stood the prisons of the Republic.

On the hill-side above Atrani, the village of Scala, a stronghold of the Amalfitans in the days of their puissance, and charmingly situated on the opposite side of the ravine, Ravello. In the background Monte Cerreto; a little further down the coast, in the midst of vineyards and orange-groves, Minori; and beyond it, at the entrance of a fertile valley, Maiori, with its ruined castle and monastery. Not a single bit is there along the entire coast which the most fastidious artist could honestly declare unfitted for a picture. From one end to the other it is a continuous succession of pictures, and to do it justice he would have to paint it all. Stanfield's picture of the Gulf of Salerno, taken from the Grotto of the Capucin Convent at Amalfi, gives but a very faint idea of the Eastern Costiera's wondrous beauty.

About midway between Amalfi and Vietri the coast-line is broken by two bold projecting headlands, Capo d' Orso and Capo del Tumolo, which form the left abutment of its western curve, and the right of its eastern, respectively. Perched on a cliff two miles to the eastward of the Capo del Tumolo, is Vietri; and on the sea-shore, about the same distance beyond it, the city of Salerno. The Capo del Tumolo is our point of departure for Pæstum, bearing S.S.W. eighteen miles. With a nice breeze

from the westward we are not long in running them down. In a little over three hours our boat's keel grates on the dreary beach, and with reiterated wishes on the part of her crew that we may enjoy a thousand years of health, we proceed afoot to the famous temples.

The most venerable examples of classical architecture in Italy, highly interesting are they to the antiquary, and right dear to the pedant, as enabling him to show his erudition by quotations from Athenæus, Silius Italicus, and other well-known writers; to the ordinary mortal—to myself simply imposing in their desolation. Being neither Mr. Ruskin nor an architect, not even so much as a master mason, I am unable to regard them with the eye of an expert, or to affirm upon my reputation as an art critic that, "With the exception of those of Athens, these ruins are the most striking existing record of the genius and taste which inspired the architects of Greece." If they be so, it is my humble opinion that the genius and taste of the architects of Greece (Magna Græcia) are vastly overrated. To my untutored eye the temples seem somewhat "squat." For a building 195 feet by 79, columns of 29 feet including capitals, and 6 feet 10 inches diameter at base, appear disproportionate, whilst the yellow travertine of which they are built, although very warm in tone, is not quite so chaste nor so appropriate for Doric fanes as white marble. I am not of the *Nil admirari* sort, but, do my best, I cannot work up my enthusiasm to anything approaching the pitch of the author of 'Notes on Naples,' quoted by Murray. "Approaching these temples from the solitary beach, their huge dusky masses standing alone amidst their mountain wilderness, without a vestige nigh of any power that could have reared them, they look absolutely supernatural. Their grandeur, their gloom, their majesty—there is nothing like the scene on the wide earth. And thus are preserved for transmission to after-generations relics of the art, refinement, and civilization of bygone times as sublime as Homer's verse. And fitly they stand amidst Homeric scenes. The Tyrrhene waters wash their classic shores, and blue and misty through the morning haze lies the Siren isle of Leucosia off the Posidian Point. Minerva's foreland is athwart the sea; and if Oscan tales are

sooth, the Trojan hero landed here at the Posidonian Port." That 's the style in which I ought to write of Pæstum, but I can't. Were I to attempt anything half so fine, I should explode to a certainty. To revisit Pæstum, or to tarry there for more than a few hours, one must be either Corinthian or Bœotian, as, apart from the temples, there is absolutely nothing to see, nothing to interest. Unlike Pompeii, whose history has been handed down, and with the story of whose destruction the least erudite are conversant, of ancient Poseidonia nothing is known, save that six hundred years before Christ it was founded by a colony from Sybaris ; that some three centuries later it became Roman, and its name changed to Pæstum ; that the annexed Poseidonians assembled annually to mourn over their suppressed rites and language ; that it was one of the first cities of Southern Italy which embraced Christianity ; that it was destroyed by the Saracens in the ninth century ; that its ruins were ransacked in the eleventh, by Robert Guiscard, for the embellishment of the Cathedral of Salerno ; and that the environing plain was celebrated for the beauty and fragrance of its roses, which flowered twice in the year—a rather slender basis, methinks, whereon to pile up a Pelion of mytho-historical agony. Ask the custodian of the ruins for what the plain around Pæstum is celebrated, and he will answer, "Fever," and tell you how many grains of quinine he is obliged to take daily to withstand its attacks. Poor fellow! it is not in his cheeks that is to be seen the reflex of the Pæstum roses, unless indeed they were of the yellow variety. The billet of lighthouse-keeper on the island of Anacosti is not a particularly lively one, but I should prefer it to that of temple-keeper at Pæstum. So morbific is the air of the plain that few, save the herdsmen, tough as the buffaloes they tend, can breathe it with impunity. The people who till the reclaimed land live not on the plain, but on the adjacent hills, descending to their work each morning when the sun has dispelled the miasma, and returning of an evening before it has had time to re-form. Some feeble attempts have lately been made to bring the plain once again under cultivation. Although its drainage, in certain parts, presents engineering difficulties, they are not insurmountable ; and had

Prince d'A. and the other great proprietors a particle of energy or enterprise, they would have had it all reclaimed long ago. But that is just what they have not. Their revenues being amply sufficient to enable them to live at ease, to endeavour to add thereto by the reclamation of waste land is, in their eyes, a work of supererogation. Enough is as good as a feast: let them moil and toil who cannot afford to be idle. And so, because their Excellencies have revenue sufficient for their wants, four-fifths of the great plain of Salerno, which might easily be made one of the richest tracts of Southern Italy, is left undrained, uncultivated, to be a bane instead of a benefit to the inhabitants of the district. If they would only plant a few thousand eucalyptus-trees annually it would be something, but they won't give themselves the trouble to do even so much as that. What the dickens is the morbific state of the plain to them? They don't live there; it is not injurious to their buffaloes; the herdsmen in their employ are paid for the risk they run: they who are afraid of fever have only to keep away. Trespass is the very last thing that the Salernitan landowner has to fear; for what with the malaria in summer, and the mire in winter, and the buffaloes and savage sheep-dogs at all seasons, the plain of Salerno is a tract over which few, except the most intrepid sportsmen, care to roam. The buffaloes which depasture thereon are of a particularly uncertain, cantankerous disposition; quick to take offence, and to show their displeasure by charging the disturber of their tranquillity. Their appearance is on a par with their temper, of the least engaging: hides coarse, rusty, and generally thickly bedaubed with mud; backs humpy, tails stumpy, and their little red eyes highly suggestive of treachery and mischief. So dangerous are they, so liable to sudden outbursts of fury, that when sent to market their drovers are by law compelled to perform the journey by night, and even with that precaution accidents are of frequent occurrence. It is not very long since one of them ran amuck in the streets of Nocera, killing four people outright and seriously injuring five others before he received his quietus. Savage with strangers, to their keepers they are not ill behaved, and their intelligence is far greater than their appearance would lead one to suppose; they

know their names, go when called, and stand to be milked in the quietest way imaginable. The cheese made from their milk, *mozzarella*, is fairly good ; but their flesh, whereof a large quantity is sold as beef in the Naples markets, is coarse and rank to a degree.

Between the river Sele, over which a fine stone bridge has lately been built, and the railway station of Battipaglia the quantity of land under cultivation is insignificant ; quagmire and moor alternate, and the landscape is desolate in the extreme. Here was the beat of Manzi, the brigand, and his band ; two miles on the Pæstum side of Battipaglia they kidnapped Mr. Moens, with the story of whose captivity the English-reading public was favoured some twelve years ago. Mr. Moens was not the only foreigner captured and amerced by Manzi ; but the fact of his being an English subject gave to his case an importance ten times greater than those of all the other sufferers put together. A cotton manufacturer of Salerno was kidnapped in the city itself, carried off to the mountains, and forced to pay double the ransom exacted from Mr. Moens. His capture having been effected not on the Pæstum road, where Manzi and his band were known to be prowling, but in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, where was a strong force of cavalry, infantry, and gendarmerie, he considered *his* case a hard one ; but he did not rush into print, nor demand that his grievance should be "taken up" by his Government : he grinned and bore it. But then he was only a German, not a *civis Romanus* and the rest. To list to travellers' tales, to take up the cudgels in their behalf when they get into trouble with the police, to direct the "serious attention" of independent States to the insecure condition of their roads, the prevalence of crime in their midst, the injustice of their judges, and the delinquencies of their police force, and to tender advice as to the manner in which their respective households should be ordered, is the province of one Minister of Foreign Affairs—he who sits in Downing Street : to be at liberty to recount their woes at length in the columns of a newspaper, the privilege of one people—the English. Deeply interesting to the British public must be men with grievances; else would nine-tenths of their jeremiades be consigned by Mr. Editor to his waste-paper basket.

To "Our Correspondent" (*in partibus*), and to "Our Italian Correspondent" more especially, the man with a grievance is a pearl of price; for, in default of news wherewith to fill up his letter, he has always his countryman's "case" upon which to fall back,—"Outrage on an Englishman"; Crime in Naples"; "The Camorra"; "Venality of Italian Judges"; "Brutality of the Carabinieri"; "Degraded Condition of the Populace"; and "The Unhealthiness of the City," form the sum and substance of their letters, of anything pleasing there is never so much as a word. The arrest and incarceration of an Englishman by the carabinieri, some time back, gave them a splendid opportunity for the display of their legal acumen, and kept their pens going for I shudder to think how many weary months. In their native land "the outrage" would not have been worth more than a shilling to the penny-a-liner, nor have occupied a police-magistrate more than ten minutes in its settlement; but under their judicious manipulation it was spun out into entire columns, and made a veritable rod in pickle for the unhappy judges of the land.

The case was of the simplest. The plaintiff accused two carabinieri of having subjected him, without the slightest provocation, to the ignominy and torture of the thumb-screws (the Neapolitan form of handcuffs), and of having thrust him, innocent, into the noisome lock-up of Castellamare. The carabinieri, on their side, pleaded justification. The plaintiff had appealed to them to arbitrate in a squabble that had arisen between himself and some boatman respecting an alleged overcharge, and, on the decision being given against him, had been most abusive in his language, had struck at them with his cane; and that, on his refusing to accompany them quietly, the thumb-screws had been placed upon him, and he had been marched off to answer for the offence at Castellamare. It was oath against oath, and *primâ facie* evidence was in favour of the carabinieri. Taken as a body, more civil, obliging, well-conducted men are not to be found in any country. With an education very much above the average, better clothed, better fed, better paid than their brethren in arms, they consider themselves a *corps d'elite*, to which it is an honour to belong; and knowing that

they will be sent to the right-about for the slightest offence, they are particularly guarded in their behaviour. Was it probable that these two men could have so far lost sight of their own interests, and have subjected themselves to a searching examination and possible expulsion from their corps, merely for the pleasure of putting the thumb-screws on an Englishman? It was *not* probable, and, in default of any direct evidence in his favour, his wisest course would have been to let the matter drop. But, egged on by injudicious advisers, he persisted in his plaint, laying his damages at the modest sum of fifty thousand francs. So long were the judges in sifting his case and giving their decision, so numerous the letters recurring to the "Recent outrage on an Englishman in Naples," that his dearest friends and sympathizers grew weary of the subject; and if his friends, how much more so they who, caring not a straw for him or his squabble, heard day after day, week after week, month after month, his stereotyped question on entering the reading-room, "Anything further about my case in the papers to-day?"

And here a few remarks on the subject of "Outrages on English travellers in Italy," made not in a captious, querulous spirit, but honestly and straightforwardly, without favour or affection for any of the parties concerned.

How comes it that the complaints made by English travellers against the continental police are so far in excess of those made by travellers of all other nationalities? It is not because we outnumber them, nor yet because our treatment at the hands of foreign officials differs from theirs; it is that our bearing is more arrogant, that we conduct ourselves as though we belonged to an army of occupation, that in addressing officials of the higher class we think it unnecessary to salute, and that we speak to a sergent-de-ville or a carabiniere as though he were a servant in our employ or a London policeman to be "squared" with a shilling. We are much too prone to lose our temper, and, in default of a knowledge of the language of the country, to endeavour to add force to our periods by the use of the words "God damn." It is well to have the *fortiter in re*, still better the *suaviter in modo*, and we have it not. The well-bred Englishman is, as a rule, deferential to those in authority, and kindly to

his inferiors; but, of the many thousand English travellers by whom the Continent is annually overrun, the well-bred are in an honourable minority. Unfortunately for us as a nation, the rude and ill-bred largely preponderate; and, thanks to them, we are rapidly earning for ourselves the reputation of being the rudest, the most objectionable of all European peoples. It is well-nigh impossible to impress on the middle-class Englishman that there are other countries besides his own, other nations nearly, if not quite, as civilized as the British; that because a man has the misfortune to be a foreigner he is not necessarily either nasty, beastly, or dirty; that not only is it expedient, but essential, that he should adapt himself to the ways and manners of the people amongst whom he is a sojourner, and, lastly, that the continental police, and the Italian carabinieri more especially, have a high sense of their own dignity and importance, and will not stand "chaffing" or being ridden rough-shod. So imposing are they in their carriage that they have earned for themselves the sobriquet of *Padri Eterno*. Treat them with consideration, and no body of men are more obliging and courteous; behave cavalierly, and they straightway follow suit; and who shall blame them? In free England the policeman, far from being a *Padre Eterno*, is a "bobby," a "peeler," a "bluebottle"—fair game for every one who is not in trouble or "wanted." Clown greases the pavement for him, and when he tumbles on his nose young England claps its tiny hands, and the house rings with laughter. At every theatre and music-hall in the metropolis the "guardians of our safety" are held up to ridicule,—

"She married a nasty policeman;
She married a dirty policeman;
Tootle-tum, tootle-tum,
Tootle-tum, tootle-tum,
Tootle-tum, tootle-tum,
Tay!!!"

That what is considered "all right" in England should be considered all wrong abroad, is what no "fellah" can understand. Brown, Jones, and Robinson, Esquires, *rentiers Anglais*, abroad on their travels, determine to try it on; they get locked up for their pains, and on their release write a piteous account of the

barbarous treatment they have received at the hands of the Italian police. Our Foreign Secretary has thought proper to advise all English subjects travelling in Italy to carry passports: if they will only carry civil tongues in their heads, they will find no need for them. We hear of outrages upon English travellers, but of the misdemeanours of our countrymen we hear nothing. They are not unfrequent; the annals of Capri would furnish a few cases. For many years there was resident in that island an Englishman whose conduct was of such a nature that his presence would not have been tolerated in any part of the United kingdom for a single week; whilst within the last twelve months the carabinieri have been assaulted by an amiable youth, with whose innocent diversions (insulting a girl in the Piazza) they were presumptuous enough to interfere, and the islanders, edified by the sight of a *milordo Inglese* acting the Silenus, and endeavouring to make the townsfolk as drunk as himself by the gratuitous distribution of liquor, to pay for which he borrowed five hundred francs from a poor donkey-man, who up to the present time has not seen the colour of his money. For ill treating his horse, a Castellamare carman was quite recently knocked down by a bold Briton, who allowed his temper to get the mastery of his reason. The Neapolitan Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose aid he invoked, came to the rescue, and he got off scot free. Had he been sentenced to fine and imprisonment, or received a stab from the carman's knife, it would have served him right. The knock-me-down mode of reasoning is thoroughly English. "I'll knock the fellow down!" How many times have I heard those words in the course of my travels! Considerably more, I am thankful to say, than I have seen them carried into execution; else should I have attended more inquests than the coroner for Middlesex himself. Knocking men down in a country where knives, not fists, are the fashion is a very dangerous procedure, and it is rarely that my countrymen allow their valour to outrun their discretion. They say, "I'll knock the fellow down!" but they think better of it. To take the law into one's own hands is, according to our English code, illegal; to attempt to do so in a foreign land is worse than illegal,—it is presumptuous.

Right fortunate is it for my compatriots travelling in Italy that so few Italians read the English papers, since the perusal of them would not increase the love they bear us. I know one who does—a judge of high standing, and his comments on "Our Correspondents'" letters, and the leaders having reference thereto, have on more than one occasion made me feel "real mean." Time and again have I seen in the self-same paper a paragraph headed, "Crime in Naples," "Outrage by the Carabinieri," "Brigandage in Southern Italy," or something of the sort; and another having reference to the increasing number of outrages committed in our own metropolis, the lawlessness of our people, the misdeeds of our police, or some other blot on the national escutcheon. Whilst "Our own Correspondents" are bewailing the prevalence of crime in Italy, abusing the judges of the land, pitching into the police, and painting the entire people in the blackest of black ink, the amount of brutal, cold-blooded crime in our own country is admitted to be startling; the disparity of the sentences passed on offenders by our judges arouses the indignation of all right-thinking men; "justices' justice" is a by-word, and the British ratepayer reads to his dismay that four of the most trusted detectives of Scotland Yard have been found guilty of collusion with swindlers, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, and that the state of the entire Metropolitan Police force is unsatisfactory in the extreme. We set up for being a highly moral people, and endeavour to prove ourselves such by giving Governments "moral support" when they need material assistance, and by giving moral advice to those who desire nothing from us but to be left alone. As the censors (self constituted) of public morality throughout the world, we should be ourselves immaculate: that we are not, nor anything approaching it, we frankly own. Had we been one of the nations of the earth two thousand years ago, outer barbarians would have good reason for saying that the parable of the mote and the beam was to our special address; that the worthy who discovered the mote in his brother's eye was an Englishman. It is a dreadful blow to one's insular pride when the intelligent foreigner, who has mastered our language and is thoroughly acquainted with all the weak places in our own national armour

of self-sufficiency, points his finger to a condemnatory paragraph, and says, smilingly, "Read that!"

To clear the Principato Citra of brigands was not quite so easy a task as people, comfortably seated by their sea-coal fires in densely populated, railway-intersected England imagine. Brigand-hunting in a mountainous, sparsely settled country is a wild-goose chase. From his eyrie Mr. Brigand commands a birds-eye view of the country for miles around, and from sunrise to sunset not a soldier or carabiniere can advance a single step without his cognizance. A night-surprise is out of the question, for the approach to his lair is by goat-tracks winding along the edge of precipices, where a single false step would be fatal; added to which the gentleman has spies in his employ, who give him timely notice of any movement on the part of the troops.

That the general commanding the district has been so successful in suppressing brigandage is neither owing to his strategy nor to the energy of his subordinates, but to woman's aid. When a brigand is taken, ten chances to one that it has been some jealous woman, some discarded mistress, who has put the sleuth-hounds on his track. As with Policeman 92 X, so with the Italian carabiniere; it is seldom by his own astuteness that he has effected the arrest of the prisoner, but "from information he has received."

"Why doesn't the Italian Government stamp out brigandage?" demands Mr. Tomkins, hailing from Tooting, of Mr. Editor, of Printing House Square.

"Why cannot your Government put a stop to agrarian outrages in Ireland?" demands Signor Somebody of your humble servant, who responds,—

"Owing to the difficulty, to the impossibility, of obtaining evidence, and a jury sufficiently fearless and honest to convict."

And so with brigandage in Southern Italy. The people of the brigand-infested districts cannot be induced to give evidence, not so much because the "informer" is held in abhorrence as that they are afraid. And well they may be. To the brigand, every one who is not a friend is an enemy, to be treated as such. It is not sufficient for Antonio This, or Vicenzo That, to declare himself neutral; he must side with one party or the

other, and, if with the Government, let him beware. Brigands' vengeance is terrible and swift. They have not time to sift evidence, nor to listen to what the accused may have to say in his defence. Grave suspicion rests upon him, and he must die. No use crying "Police!" in the Abruzzi. All the poor wretch can do is to meet his fate with fortitude, and curse the Government which was powerless to protect him in the hour of need. It is, or should be, meritorious and decorous to die for one's country—in the cause of justice; but, when it came to the sticking point, there are few of us, I ween, who would not think that in his particular case the cause of justice had been carried a little too far, and who would not cry Peccavi! to be permitted to live, if not for his own sake for that of wife and children.

The gentlemen who imagine the suppression of brigandage in Southern Italy to be such a very easy matter, and who are so incessantly telling Mr. Editor how it should be done, had better form themselves into a Brigandage Suppression Society, and offer their services to the Italian Government. A *permesso di caccia*—a shooting-licence—would be freely accorded them; for, strange though it may seem, the Italians are almost, if not quite, as anxious to see their country cleared of brigands as ourselves. For the extermination of brigands the same "means" would have to be employed as in the conversion of the heathen—powder and money—much money, for the beaters would have to be paid in proportion to the risk they ran. Although fond of shooting, I should not care to take part in the *battue*. In hunting the *fera natura* a line must be drawn somewhere, and I draw mine at brigands. When I meet Mr. Bruin in the forest primeval, I know what I have to expect should I miss my aim; not so with Mr. Brigand. Should I be so unfortunate as to fall into his clutches, it is impossible to foretell what tortures may be in store for me. He may cut off my nose and my ears, draw my teeth, put out my eyes, dismember me piecemeal, and hang me up by the wayside, as the farmer a scarecrow. Even supposing my captor to be humane for a brigand, and willing to take it out of me in money instead of torture, he would, in all probability, demand so much that it would be out of my power to pay it; and although blood be thicker than water, it is not my nearest of kin who would hasten to the

rescue and make up the deficit out of his own pocket. On the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, Fra Diavolo is a delightful rascal, as likewise his helpmate, "gentle Zitella," in song; but in their native wilds it is only with a telescope of the very longest range, and a strong force of carabinieri in the foreground, that I have any desire to see them. When highwaymen rode on Hounslow Heath, and garotters carried on their little game in the streets of our well-lighted, police-protected metropolis, prudent people kept away from the more dangerous localities. To avoid being captured and black-mailed by Italian brigands all the traveller has to do is to give a wide berth to such districts as are, or have been, in evil repute; for brigandage is recurrent, and the road which is perfectly safe to-day may be highly dangerous to-morrow. Brigand bands are of mushroom growth; they spring up in a night. In the assurances of innkeepers and other interested parties that this or that road is perfectly safe no reliance can be placed. The most they can do is to affirm that for such a length of time no case of brigandage has occurred in the district; and that is not sufficient. To the southward of Salerno there is always more or less danger, and, once in the hands of the enemy, it is too late to exclaim, "What a precious fool I have been!" No use telling your captor that you are a *civis Romanus*,—he doesn't understand Latin,—nor that if you are not set at liberty your Foreign Secretary will make the country too hot to hold him; "it is a long cry to Lough Awe,"—still longer from Naples to Downing Street. The *signor Inglese* is his prisoner, and he must either pay the amount demanded as ransom or die. The alternative is not a pleasant one; but whose the fault? Not that of the Italian Government, most assuredly. As well hold our own Government responsible for the safeguard of every idiotic foreigner who visits the British isles.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CAMPO SANTO AND ALL SOULS DAY.

THE substitution of Purgatory for Hades, of St. Peter for Charon, would seem to have intensified rather than diminished that holy horror of everything pertaining to death and the grave which, from time immemorial, has characterized the peoples of the peninsula. If mention of death was considered by the ancient Romans reprehensible, an evil omen to be averted by sign and spell, much more so is it by modern Italians—by the Neapolitans especially. The lugubrious gentlemen whose vocation it is to stop each light-hearted, joyous wayfarer with a "Where are you going?" or similar blood-curdling, marrow-freezing interrogation, would not experience as much good-natured forbearance in Italy as in England, in Naples as in London. If they were not indicted as a nuisance and summarily expelled the city, they would speedily earn for themselves the unenviable notoriety of having the *jettatura* in its very deadliest form, and be shunned as though leprous or plague-stricken.

In enumerating the bad points of the Neapolitan character, one of the worst, if not the very worst, I omitted—disrespect for the dead. To say that the manner in which the Neapolitans treat the bodies of the departed is heathenish, would be a gross insult to the heathen, in whose funeral rites there was little revolting, much that was grand and affecting.

The twenty-four hours accorded for the interment of their dead is considered by Neapolitans a most liberal allowance: were it to be curtailed one-half, they would not murmur. The spirit fled, to rid themselves of its earthly tenement with as much

despatch as possible is the chief solicitude of the family. In an incredibly short time the corpse is laid out, the room arranged, the candles lighted, and everything made ready for the inspection of the public, whose right of entry is by ancient usage and barbarous custom firmly established. Palace or hovel, Death in possession, there is free admission. The livelong day people keep dropping in, and dropping out; the house of mourning presents the appearance of a place of public amusement, and the death-chamber of a raree-show.

The lower-middle, middle, and upper-middle classes, all except the wealthy who have family vaults at the Campo Santo and the very poor who cannot pay the requisite fees, belong to a *congregazione*, or burial-club. A monthly payment of the smallest assures medical attendance during sickness and decent sepulture after death—decent in the eyes of Neapolitans; for, from an English point of view, indecorous in the highest degree, ineffably offensive and revolting, is a Neapolitan funeral, particularly when of the "first class." The bier, with its gold-embroidered crimson velvet pall, and case containing the coffin to match atop; the ghoulish Penitents in their white-hooded surplices, the flaring tapers, the gay liveries, the prancing horses, and the poor Brethren of St. Januarius with their *bandiere* hobbling along in rear of the procession, form an *ensemble* hideous beyond description. The respect shown to the dead is limited to following the bier as far as the parish church: to the priests and *beccamorti* is left the task of conveying the body to the cemetery, and committing it to the earth. The second stage of its journey gravewards is made in a gilt coach profusely emblazoned with the Pluto escutcheon—skull grinnant and thigh-bones saltier—two priests and two acolytes its sole escort. In much snuff-taking on the part of the priests, in much candle-snuffing on that of the acolytes, the busy streets and the umbrageous Strada del Campo are traversed, and the coach pulls up at the cemetery gates. There the body is handed over to the *beccamorti*, who tumble it into the numbered grave prepared for its reception, where it remains for the short space of eighteen months, when it is disinterred and consigned to the resident monks for final purification prior to the deposition of

the bones in the vault belonging to the confraternity of which the defunct was during lifetime a member. That this, my concluding chapter, may not, by smelling too strongly of the charnel-house, disgust the reader, of the obsequies of those unfortunates who belong to no confraternity—of pauper burials, I will say nothing—the Campo Santo Vecchio, with its three hundred and sixty-six dreadful pits of oblivion, shall here find no place.

Unless the visitor be of a particularly inquisitive turn, poking his nose where he has no business, in the Campo Santo Nuovo he will find nothing offensive. Of all European cemeteries it is perhaps the least dismal. The site is superb, commanding an uninterrupted view of the Gulf, Vesuvius, and the Campagna; the ground is tastefully laid out and planted, and the air so redolent of leaves and flowers that one is almost inclined to exclaim with Shelley, it makes one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a spot.

The second of November—the Festival of All Souls—the day specially appointed for visiting the habitations of the dead. To the Campo Santo, my Jehu; and see that you comport yourself in a manner befitting the solemnity of the occasion.

That it is All Souls Day there cannot be the possibility of a doubt, for my Calendar tells me so; and in everything pertaining to fasts, feasts, and saints' days the said Calendar is, although Neapolitan, thoroughly reliable. But without its gentle reminder I should have remained in blissful ignorance of the fact. In the aspect of the city is nothing indicative of mourning or of woe. The streets are as crowded, the people as noisy, as ever; more so, if anything. Were I not absolutely certain as to the date, I should imagine it to be a day of rejoicing rather than of lamentation; race-day, instead of il Di de' Morti—the Day of the Dead. The Brook road, in the palmiest days of Donnybrook Fair, never presented a livelier aspect than does just now the Strada del Campo. Every conveyance, every horse, pony, and donkey in Naples, appears bound for the Campo Santo; and it is "Devil take the hindmost!" A deprecatory shrug, an insinuating wink, an acquiescent nod, and off we dash, full speed. Since racing is the fashion, a race let it be; and a race it is. The pony in the shafts is a one-er to trot; he gives everything in front of him

the go-by, and wins the Necropolis Grand Annual hands down. A proud man is his master; and, to have escaped with a whole skin, a thankful one I, for the shaves have been of the closest.

Well, here I am at the entrance of the cemetery, and in the midst of as joyous a crowd of mourners as any man could wish to see. From the cracking of whips, the "Ah-ahs!" and "Ih-ihs!" of the donkey-boys, the cries of the peripatetic vendors of *sorbette*, water, cakes, and candies, and the jabber, chatter, and laughter of the holiday-attired multitude pouring in through the open gates, the Campo Santo might be a public garden, a Neapolitan Rosherville—"the place to spend an 'appy day." Not a semblance of mourning can I perceive in any direction, not a single dejected countenance, not the trace of a tear. Wine-shops and eating-houses there are in profusion; stalls for the sale of flowers and *immortelles*, as on the road to Père la Chaise and Montmartre, not one.

With its borders of chrysanthemums and other autumnal flowers, bright and gay is the quadrangle where the numbered dead are undergoing the eighteen months' quarantine which precedes the deposition of their bones in the congregational ossuary. The services for the dead are over, and in the surrounding taper-illumined mortuary chapels, of which there are over a hundred, priests and friars are snuff-taking, chatting, and laughing, merry as grigs.

The saying, "Death levels class-distinctions," does not apply to Catholic countries,—Naples least of all. In the trees yonder are the boxes; here the reserved places; the pit is somewhere round the corner: first, second, and third class for the dead, as well as for the living. In the lower portion of the ground, on the sunny hill-side facing Vesuvius, amidst plantations of ilex, laurel, pine, and cypress, are situated the mausoleums of the aristocracy, the private lots of the non-congregational, and the sepulchral chapels of the wealthier confraternities; and there likewise are buried the few men of note who have departed this life since the opening of the cemetery. The *élite* of the mourners are pretty certain to be in that direction, let me go and have a peep at them.

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice. The monuments are

queerish; the circum(-jacence) is spicy. Jack's liberal rendering of Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph might be appropriately inscribed over the entrance-gates; for whilst nothing can possibly surpass the beauty of the site, the monuments are queerish, not to say ugly. A Pietà, by Cali, and a colossal statue of Religion, by Angelini, are the sole works of art worthy the name; and, with few exceptions, the architecture is on a par with the sculpture.

Mercadante! Zingarelli! What! not an *immortelle* nor a flower on the tombs of the great composers? Are the masters and pupils of the Conservatory so wretchedly poor that they cannot scrape together a few sous for their decoration? Surely not. Oblivious must they be, or ungrateful. Patriots have seldom much money of their own to spare; but there is such a host of them in Naples, that a centesimo subscription would have more than sufficed to deck the graves of their departed leaders with flowers. Not so much as a single rosebud. If the people hold their dead in affectionate remembrance, it is evidently not by the floral decoration of their graves that they show it.

For solitary contemplation, I could not have come to a better spot than the national Walhalla. I have it entirely to myself. The "great attraction" must be in some other part of the grounds; by following the crowd I shall probably find it.

Had I, instead of coming in a carriage, been transported hither by the wave of a magician's wand, and were asked to declare where I was, I should answer unhesitatingly, "A zoological garden"; for the aspect of the central avenue, with its double line of tombs and its hurrying crowds, is particularly suggestive of the Jardin des Plantes or the Zoo. at feeding-time. A second glance would suffice to show me that I was mistaken. Wild beasts in confinement, although better cared for than the vast majority of human beings, have not usually liveried servants to wait upon them; and in front of many of the doors footmen, in full gala tog, are yawning and lounging after the manner of their kind. Asked to try again, I should guess a street in Pompeii restored by Mr. Ruskin. That it was a cemetery would only occur to me after, casting my eyes down the lateral avenues, I had caught sight of the urns, crosses, and broken shafts, with

the funereal cypress waving above them. Although I am as certain as mortal can be that the place is really and truly the Campo Santo, and the people I see scampering hither and thither, not merry-makers, but mourners, I can't altogether divest myself of the idea that there must be some mistake in the day—that it is the 1st of January, *Capo d' Anno*, not the 2nd of December, *il Di de' Morti*, and that Carlo Plush and his liveried brethren are on the look-out for callers and a possible tip. On recognizing the livery of an acquaintance, my hand seeks instinctively the breast-pocket of my coat, and, oblivious of the time and the place, I am on the point of dropping a card on——, well, on members of the family, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing, and who I sincerely trust will never give themselves the trouble of returning my call. If it be not the fashion to leave a card on the dead and make inquiries after the family spirits, why should servants be stationed at the doors of the mausoleums? I will watch the gentleman in red plush yonder, and endeavour to discover what his functions may be.

That he is on the watch for somebody or something is evident. He looks up the avenue, and he looks down it. He peeps round one side of the vault, and he peers round the other. Can it be a ghost that he hears? On tiptoe he enters the mortuary chapel, where the wax candles are burning on the altar, puts his hand into the pocket of his claw-hammer coat, and extracts therefrom—a knife, by all that's deadly. Is he mad? Does he imagine that his deceased master has sniffed him, and that, mindful of his many peculations, he is about to show him the stuff of which ghosts are made? Not he. With a dispatch of which I am firmly convinced his living master deems him utterly incapable, he cuts off a good four inches from the end of one candle, and of another, and another, and another, wraps the pieces in his handkerchief, and stows them snugly away in his hat. He afraid of ghosts, indeed! Could he escape detection, he would break into the crypt, force open the deceased gentleman's coffin, take the ring from off his finger, and pick the gold stopping out of his teeth without the slightest hesitation; and, if I am not much mistaken, that greasy old monk would be

perfectly ready to assist him for halves in the plunder. What a wicked world it is, to be sure!

A grave with flowers scattered upon it, and, kneeling beside it, a lady in deepest mourning, down whose cheeks the tears are trickling fast. It is the first outward evidence of sorrow that I have seen. Poor woman! Her bereavement must be of very recent date, that she weeps so bitterly. *Les morts vont vite.* It is astonishing how soon anguish subsides into sorrow, sorrow into resignation, resignation into oblivion. Never shall I forget a conversation I once had with the head gardener of an American cemetery on the subject. I had been expressing my approval of the neatness of the grounds, the pleasure it gave me to see so many flowers.

"Yes, there were some flowers; but nothing like what there might be, did the Cemetery Committee only go to work in the right way."

"And what way might that be?"

"Getting the owners of lots to pay a lump sum down for their floral decoration in perpetuity."

Warming with his subject, my gentleman, who had evidently made human nature his study, proceeded to give me his reasons for preferring a "lump sum" to yearly payments. Here they are.

"Except where the brain is affected, it is contrary to human nature for man or woman to grieve for ever. Let the anguish consequent on the death of relative or friend be never so poignant, sooner or later Time, the great consoler, will effect a cure. During the 'inconsolable' phase, which may be any time from a few days to as many weeks or months,—it rarely lasts an entire year,—there is nothing the bereaved would not give to recall the dead to life, and, that being impossible, to show their affectionate remembrance. Then is the time for the cemetery gardener to present himself, and inquire how much the family feels disposed to pay for the floral decoration in perpetuity of the lot where the dear departed lies buried. Pay!—why, of course, whatever may be required to keep that sacred spot in the tip-toppest state of horticultural loveliness. Out comes the cheque-book, and a draft is filled up for a thundering big sum.

Ask for a year's donation, and the amount will be as proportionately large—probably larger. But the second year.. Ah! then it is very different. 'You have called about the lot. Ye—e—s; some flowers had better be planted. There is a bill to pay for them. Good morning.' The third year. Well, the third year the chances are you get nothing. 'The lot will do very well as it is.'"

There is a story told of a Frenchman, which, if true, goes far to substantiate the old gardener's statement regarding the approximate duration of human woe. During the first year of mourning our Frenchman adorns his wife's grave with choicest flowers. The second year he plants nasturtiums: he is fond of boiled mutton, and thinks that a few nasturtium seeds will be no bad addition to the sauce. The third year he plants melons. The cemetery authorities are scandalized. Plant melons on his wife's grave! It cannot be permitted. Not permitted! Wherefore? Can they be so heartless as to deny him the fruit that the dear departed sends him? Yes. Then he 's dashed if he ever puts foot inside their dirty cemetery again! And he doesn't.

By the crowd in front of yonder mortuary chapel, the great attraction is there. I will just inquire what it may be.

The Marchese d' Afflitto.

The Marchese d' Afflitto—the late Prefect! I am astonished. During lifetime he was the most unpopular man in Naples. Do what he might, he could please no one; and yet here are thousands visiting his tomb. It is really a relief to find that there is at least one whose memory is revered by the people.

"Would I like to see him?"

"See whom—the Marchese?"

"Yes. He has been admirably petrified; is not changed in the least. No one who has seen him in the flesh can fail to recognize him. It is *curiosissimo*."

So that 's the reason of the conflux. It is not the tomb that they have come to visit, but the wonderful petrifaction they are anxious to see. I knew the deceased gentleman by sight, and have heard that his body has been kyanized, or petrified, to a turn. I feel very much inclined to have a peep at him. I

will. "Take this half-franc, my obsequious *guardiano*, and lead on."

"Make way there, you rapscallions, and let the signor forestiere have a look."

At the entrance of the chapel, in a glazed casket, so disposed that a perfect view can be had from the threshold, stiff and stark lies the defunct marquis. Were it not that his complexion is rather too ashen for living man, and that his fingers are slightly drawn, he might be sleeping. His features are not changed in the least. It is the Marchese d' Afflitto to the life, or to the death, rather. One of the liveried showmen at the door is good enough to direct my attention to his deceased master's "points"—the straightness of his nose, the contour of his cheeks, the natural expression of his mouth, the set and colour of his beard, and his "life-likeness" generally. He is evidently proud of the petrifaction which he has on view, and of wearing the livery—I beg his pardon—the uniform of a family which owns such a fossil. I have not the slightest doubt that he looks down with sovereign contempt on the retainers of mummyless families, and will only yield precedence to gentlemen wearing the uniform of the Borromeo family. That the new process of preserving bodies has been in the present instance a complete success there can be no question whatever. Whether it be in good taste to expose the "subject" to public view is a matter of opinion. For my own part, I should certainly decline to give my consent to such a family exhibit. Enough, more than enough. The sight of the leaden face is not exhilarating.

A strange, inconsistent people, these Neapolitans. With a more abject fear of death than the generality of mankind, their predilection for the charnel-house is positively ghoulish. "How is it that you did not keep your appointment yesterday?" said an English lady to a gentleman of her acquaintance. "I have to ask you a thousand pardons for my absence, madame," was the answer; "but, in making the appointment, I entirely forgot that it was the day fixed for the exhumation of my mother, and that filial duty made my presence at the Campo Santo imperative. A beautiful woman she was in her day, madame, as you may imagine when I tell you that, even after eighteen months'

sepulture, she presented the remains of it still." Hamlet was horrified at the thought that "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, might stop a hole to keep the wind away." A Neapolitan would consider it the most natural thing imaginable: in default of whiting to make putty, he would use the pulverized bones of his grandsire. Faugh! Let me leave this throng of heartless mourners, sit me down on the quiet hill-side facing Vesuvius, and smoke the cigar of contemplation.

A splendid day for the time of year. Strange to say, considering that it falls in the middle of the rainy season, All Souls is usually wet! "The angels in heaven, weeping for the poor souls in Purgatory," explain the priests, with an eye to masses. I presume that Purgatory must be pretty empty just now, since all is sunshine. Pity that there should be need of such a place at all.

To far the greater portion of mankind the world we live in is anything but an Elysium. Toil and trouble now; Purgatory hereafter: the prospect is not cheering. Happy they who, dying in infancy, escape the probationary period and go straight to Paradise, without having to halt at Purgatory on the road—providing they have been baptized. That is, I believe, a dogma of the Most Holy Catholic Church. I know that in Neapolitan families there is generally more joy than sorrow on the death of an infant: they have lost a child, but they have gained an angel upon whose intercession they can count. It was only the other day, at Cava, that I saw an infant's funeral. I thought at first that it was a wedding. The corpse, a rose in its mouth, lay exposed on a bier; a bevy of little girls, dressed in white, walked beside it, whilst heading the procession was the town band playing an air from 'Madame Angot.' A pretty sight it could hardly be called; but it was not a tithe so revolting as the funeral of the bishop of the diocese, which took place during a former visit. The old man having, during a long episcopate, conducted himself quietly and meekly (for a bishop), the Cavese determined to give him what in Ireland is designated an "illegant burying." Nothing was easier. They had only to write or telegraph to the Naples Banting, "Bishop dead; make necessary arrangements for first-class funeral.—C. O. D.," and the thing was done. But to do it in that way would have cost money—much money; and

the Cavese are a thrifty race. They wished to honour their dead bishop, but not to mulct themselves. So they put their heads together, and considered ways and means. The old gilt coach-hearse, which had borne so many hundred departed Cavese on their last journey, was, of all others, the most appropriate for the conveyance to the cemetery of the bell-wether of the flock. The horses used for ordinary "black work" would do very well for wheelers; leaders, good enough for the job, could be hired from any *vetturino* on the stand, Noddy Nicolò acting as post-boy. By hook or by crook it could be managed; and by hook and by crook—by various ingenious shifts and expedients—managed it was. The boot of the hearse being several inches too short, the coffin was kept from tumbling out by means of a heel-rope; and as harness for the leaders could not be found, ropes did duty for traces. The horses hired for the occasion (a grey and a chestnut) turned out jibbers; they obstinately refused to collar the hill, and could only be persuaded to proceed after much thwacking and heel-digging on the part of Noddy Nicolo, who, dressed in a "bell-topper" hat, a cut-away coat, grey trousers (a palm too short), blue worsted socks, and highlows, was a postillion whose ditto could only have been found in Ireland—if there. As the gilt "conveniency" came rumbling along, the most serious Quaker that ever lived would have been unable to abstain from laughing. The Cavese rather prided themselves, I believe, on the completeness of the funeral arrangements, and the very creditable way in which their townsman, the undertaker, had done the work. Their bishop had four horses to draw him to his last home: two sufficed for or'nary mortals. His was the burial of a Christian and a dignitary of that holy Church whose ministers so persistently preach humility and abnegation of self, but so seldom set the example. Had I died, they would have buried me like a dog in the Cava potter's field, which, unprovided with a gate, is the favourite trysting-place for all the pigs in the neighbourhood. Christian burial! if the way these Neapolitans bury their dead be Christian, I should much prefer a heathen burial—to be cremated. What a splendid *ustrinum* Vesuvius would make! The dead of the entire kingdom—of half Europe—might be incinerated in the crater with

little trouble, and at less cost than the most economical of economic funeral companies could undertake the work.

"Ashes to ashes! The Vesuvius International Cremation Company, limited. Funebrial trains from all parts of Europe daily in connexion with the South Italian and Crater Junction Railways. Owing to the present active state of the volcano, great reduction in the tariff. For further information, apply at the company's offices," &c. That would be the style of advertisement. *Mem.*—To take shares the instant the company is started. Until it shall be, the bodies of solvent Neapolitans will have to assimilate with mother earth, as heretofore, by an eighteen months' dissolution in the rich soil of the Campo Santo Nuovo; the bodies of the insolvent—of paupers, by——. Well, things are not quite so bad as in Bourbon times; that 's some consolation. Nowadays, none save the very wretched—those who have neither money nor friends—need be buried in the Campo Santo Vecchio. For the small sum of seventeen francs, eighteen months' private accommodation can be had in the municipal quarantine-ground; and for one hundred and twenty more, a family recess in the boundary wall of the cemetery, which has been so constructed as to afford bone-room for several thousand families. But it is time that I were looking after my charioteer. If I remain much longer, he will imagine that, unable to find him in the crowd, I have returned to Naples in another *carrozzella;* or, worse luck still, that his fare must have been a *spirito*—a ghost, whose address is not Riviera di Chiaja, Naples, but Avenue Something, Campo Santo Nuovo.

Patience on a monument smiling at grief! A man, seated on a tombstone, regarding with complacent eyes an adjacent grave, round which some half-dozen wax lights are burning, and which is further adorned with no less than four immortelles. Patience! —impatience seemingly. Every moment he takes out his watch and consults the time. He is in a flurry about something. Hundredth and last time of looking. Time up, evidently. What is he going to do? To breathe a last prayer by the grave-side?—to kiss the sod that covers the dear lost one? No; he carefully extinguishes the candles, makes them into a bundle, and pops them under his arm, slings the four immortelles, and, without

once looking back, makes as fast as he can in the direction of the gateway. He has done his duty to the dead, and is supremely happy that it is done. He has earned a glass of wine —a bottle, and will have it at the first tavern he comes to. He will carry back the immortelles to the florist from whom he hired them for the day's solemnities, utilize the candle-ends, and console himself with the reflection that, if he has not had much enjoyment, neither has he had much expense.

In the numerous taverns and drinking-booths outside the cemetery gates hundreds of mourners, laughing, singing, squabbling, fighting, and sacrificing to Bacchus in a way that would make the reddest-nosed and most jolly of English undertaker's men open his eyes wide with amazement. "Like their Greek progenitors, the Neapolitans on all occasions associate their devotions with their pleasures." True; and never more religiously than on the Festival of All Souls.

LONDON: CHARING CROSS PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PRINTERS, 5, FRIAR STREET, BROADWAY, E.C.

00083688

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 18 July, 2018